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Historical Summary

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The Families United.

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The Families United.

We will unite the White Rose with the Red.
Smile, Heaven, upon this fair conjunction.
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!"

SHAKSPEARE.



Henry the Seventh.

1485. After the battle of Bosworth Henry advanced by slow marches towards London. On his march he sent the young Earl of Warwick, the Duke of Clarence's son, from the Castle of Sheriff Hutton, where he had been confined by Richard III. and shut him up in the Tower of London. Henry was crowned the 30th of October.

1486. Henry married Elizabeth, but entertained such a rooted aversion to the family of York, that though his wife behaved to him with the greatest obsequiousness, he always treated her with indifference. A rebellion broke out, headed by Lord Lovel, a favourite of Richard's, which was soon quelled, and Lovel withdrew from the kingdom.

The Queen was delivered of a prince, who was named Arthur. Simon, a priest at Oxford, set up Simnel, a baker's son, a youth about fifteen, to personate the Earl of Warwick, (who it was rumoured had escaped from the Tower,) and carried him over to Ireland. The Irish revolted and crowned the young man as Edward VI.

1487. The Earl of Lincoln, nephew to Edward IV., whom Richard had declared presumptive heir to the crown, went over to Flanders, and prevailed on the Duchess Dowager of Burgundy to countenance Simnel. She was sister to Edward and Richard, and hearing of Henry's invincible hatred to her family, determined on assisting the person whom they affected to believe the Earl of Warwick, though the true one had been publicly shown in St. Paul's church.

Lincoln and Lovel carried to Ireland two thousand Germans, hired by the Duchess of Burgundy, and being joined there by Simnel and some Irish, they proceeded to England, and landed in Lancashire. The armies of Lincoln and King Henry met at Stoke, near Newark, where the rebels were defeated, Lincoln slain, and the Priest and Simnel taken prisoners. The former was confined, and Simnel, Henry made his turnspit, and afterwards one of his falconers.

Charles VIII. of France attacked Britany, and the English Parliament granted a subsidy for the defence of that duchy. Henry put the money thus procured into his own coffers. The French in July 1488 entirely defeated the Duke at St. Aubin.

1492. Henry, under pretence of a French war, which was always a favourite theme in England, obtained a subsidy from Parliament, and likewise a benevolence from his subjects. He went over to France so late as October, vaunting that he meant to make a conquest of that nation, though at that time a private treaty of peace was carrying on. On his arrival he concluded a peace at Estaples, and immediately returned to England, having obtained by this sham war what he wanted, a large sum of money.

In June the Queen was delivered of a prince, who was named Henry.

1493. The Duchess of Burgundy was continually contriving means for giving Henry trouble. She incited Perkin Warbeck, son of a converted Jew, of Tournay, but who had resided a long time in London, to personate the Duke of York, who she caused it to be rumoured had escaped out of the Tower when his brother Edward V. was murdered. Warbeck went over to Ireland, and assumed the name of Richard Plantagenet; and being very like Edward's family, he was generally looked upon as the real Duke of York. The King

of France invited him to Paris, and treated him as a Prince till the peace of Estaples, when he refused to deliver him up to Henry, but sent him out of his dominions. Warbeck then went to the Duchess of Burgundy and was joined by many people from England; but Henry, by steadiness and perseverance, and the vigilance of his spies, discovered all Warbeck's history, which he made public to the nation, and then put some of the principal conspirators to death.

1495. Warbeck went to Scotland, where King James received him kindly and honourably. James even gave him Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley, a relation of his own, in marriage.

James made an irruption into England, to try how far Warbeck would be supported; but no part of the population offering to move, he retired after ravaging Northumberland. Finding that he could never have a permanent peace with Henry whilst he countenanced Warbeck, he sent the latter and his wife over to Ireland.

1498. A peace was concluded with Scotland, negociated by the Spanish Ambassador.

Warbeck went to England, and, being joined in Cornwall by between three and four thousand men, he laid siege to Exeter. On the King's advancing against him, his adherents immediately dispersed, and he was obliged to take refuge in the sanctuary of the monastery of Beaulieu, in Hampshire; and being offered his pardon if he surrendered, he placed himself in the King's hands and was sent to the Tower.

1499. Warbeck entered into a plot to escape from the Tower with the young Earl of Warwick. This plot being discovered, Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn, and the Earl of Warwick beheaded.

1500. The plague raging in England, Henry and his family resided for some time at Calais.

1501. Prince Arthur married Catherine, fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. He died in April, 1502, and the King, not liking to part with Catherine's dowry, obliged his son Henry to marry her.

1503. The Queen, Elizabeth, died in childbed.

The King, during the subsequent years of his reign, being at peace with all the world, spent his time in the indulgence of his favourite passion, avarice, and by exactions and imposts amassed immense riches. He died in 1509.

The White Rose of England.

Methinks I see it in thy face
What thou should'st be; the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head."

TEMPEST.

The White Rose of England.

It was towards the close of a fine autumnal day, and while the sun was gilding with his brightest beams the domes and spires of the city of Ghent and the rich and fertile scenery which surrounds it, that two ladies, young, lovely, and richly habited, were seen walking on the banks of the river Scheldt, and engaged in earnest conversation. Although both seemed persons of distinction, one appeared, from the deference and respect which her companion paid her, to be of superior rank and importance. She seemed about twenty years of age, was exquisitely fair, tall and finely formed, with features of almost perfect regularity, large blue eyes, long flowing auburn hair, and a gait that seemed to unite the majesty of the swan with the lightness and gracefulness of an aërial being. Her companion would in the absence of her superior have been considered exquisitely beautiful. She was of shorter stature, and of a somewhat bulkier figure; at least, as she stood by the side of her

friend, her form suffered in comparison with the perfect symmetry and elegance of the latter. Her complexion was dark, and her eyes and hair of a jet black hue. She appeared to be exerting her powers of raillery at the expense of her companion, and yet seemed at times to be agitated by a deeper feeling and to be personally interested in the subject of their conversation.

"Nay, gentle Eleanor!" said the fair lady, "spare me, I beseech you. I said but that the youth was handsome and of manners and deportment far superior to his apparent condition; and that since I have been on this visit to the Duchess, he is continually haunting the neighbourhood of the palace. When I go out he is at the gates—he crosses my path in my most retired and distant walks, and when I return I find him at the gates again. Thinkest thou, Eleanor, that I with the royal blood of Scotland in my veins, can be mad or weak enough to cherish affection for a nameless, an unknown, perhaps an infamous person, especially when I have by my side so noble an example as thou, who being the daughter of a Scottish Baron, wast too proud to wed an English Knight, Sir Robert Clifford?"

"Nay, nay, Madam," said Eleanor, "nameless

and unknown he is, but I will not believe that he is infamous. He has features that seem formed to be surmounted by a diadem, and a step that would mount a throne with becoming majesty and grace! I said nought to disparage the youth, Lady Katherine; neither when I rejected the proffered hand of Sir Robert Clifford, was his inferior rank the only cause that prompted my refusal."

The zeal and fervour with which Eleanor disclaimed any intention of disparaging the merits of the youth were such, that had the Lady Katherine really entertained an affection for him, they might have awakened jealousy in her mind. She did not, however, seem distinctly to hear her friend's words, or to notice the tone and manner in which they were spoken, her attention being at that moment diverted to another object. "Behold! Eleanor," she said, "behold!" pointing to a tuft of white roses, which grew low down on the shelving bank of the river—"those beautiful flowers! never did I behold such fair white roses since I last visited the country in which they grow in the greatest perfection, merry England."

"They have the real English hue and fragrance, Madam," said Eleanor, "and have doubtless been transplanted from that country."

"Then I will win and wear them, Eleanor," said the Lady Katherine: "I love England and its white roses. Would, would that the latter flourished there in the high places as heretofore!"

Thus saying, the Lady Katherine began to descend the steep bank of the river, for the purpose of gathering the roses which grew about midway between the path on the top of the bank and the bed of the stream. "Stay, stay, gentle Madam," said Eleanor, endeavouring to detain her. "Know you not the tradition relative to your noble house—

> 'Ill shall betide the Gordon fair,
> Who would the White Rose of England wear?'"

"Idle girl!" exclaimed the Lady Katherine, laughing. "Have you brought your old wives' Scottish traditions to haunt us in the palace of the Duchess of Burgundy? I will wear the white rose, Eleanor, come what come may."

Thus saying, she sprang towards the fair flowers, for the purpose of gathering them, and planting them in that fairer bosom that bended over them as she stooped down; she however advanced with incautious haste towards them, and just as she had plucked them from their stem, her foot slipped, and she was precipitated into the river.

Eleanor uttered a dreadful shriek, and was looking around for help, but none appeared in sight. Suddenly a young man sprang from a neighbouring thicket, rushed hastily past her, and plunged into the river. At that moment the Lady Katherine, who had sunk beneath the wave, emerged from it. The youth, who appeared to be a dexterous swimmer, immediately caught her in his arms, and, supporting her head above the water, bore her towards the bank. Terror seemed almost to have deprived her of life; but she clung as it were instinctively to her deliverer, who soon reached the edge of the river and leaped on shore with his lovely burden in his arms. Eleanor ran to clasp her mistress in her arms and to join her in her expressions of gratitude to her preserver. The terror and alarm of the ladies, great as they were, were however not sufficient to hide the deep blush which mantled over the cheeks of both, as they recognized in the young man the person who had so recently formed the subject of their conversation. The graces of his person fully accounted for the interest which he appeared to have excited in the hearts of Katherine and Eleanor. He was somewhat above the middle size, slightly but elegantly formed, of a fair and ruddy complexion, and his features were not only remarkably handsome, but

wore such an expression of dignity and majesty as struck the beholder at once with admiration and awe. He was plainly and neatly, but not richly, dressed; and to the romantic imagination of the ladies, appeared to be an emperor in the disguise of a peasant.

"Lady!" said the youth, gazing passionately on the wan but still beautiful features of Katherine Gordon; "I trust that you have sustained no injury?"

"My greatest hurt," replied the lady, "has been the terror that I have suffered;" but her heart told her that her lips spoke false, for her greatest hurt was there. The affection which had been long growing in her bosom, although she was herself scarcely conscious of it, for this unknown youth, was strengthened and confirmed by the incident which had just now occurred. The jealous eye of her attendant soon discovered this fact, and read it in the manner in which she encountered his gaze, and the tone in which she answered his inquiry.

"It is growing late, Madam," said Eleanor; "and the best cure for the alarm that you have undergone will be repose and slumber. Let us hasten to the palace."

"The lady counsels well, Madam," said the youth. "The chilly night dews are descending and

your immediate return to the palace will be your best precaution against any injurious results from your accident." He did not with his lips ask permission to accompany her, but his eyes pleaded so eloquently as he proffered his arm, that the lady placed her fair hand within it, and followed by Eleanor, proceeded with a beating heart, in which a thousand various emotions were at war, towards the palace. Arrived there, the youth, after having procured permission to call on the following day for the purpose of inquiring after the health of the Lady Katherine, took a respectful leave, and bent his steps moodily and dejectedly towards his own humble dwelling in the suburbs of the city.

The Lady Katherine Gordon was one of the most celebrated persons in Europe for her beauty and her accomplishments. She was also of illustrious birth, being daughter to the Earl of Huntly, and a near kinswoman of James the Fourth, King of Scotland. The King of Scotland was at that time a firm friend and ally of the Lady Margaret, the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy. This lady was sister to the deceased King of England, Edward the Fourth, and consequently an inveterate foe of the House of Lancaster, and of the reigning monarch of that country, Henry the Seventh, who, to add fuel to her anger

and hatred, was reported to behave with great neglect, unkindness, and even severity to her niece, Elizabeth of York, whom, as a matter of policy, he had espoused. The whole business of her life seemed to consist in devising measures for the annoyance of Henry, and rendering his seat upon the throne uneasy, if not insecure. She had encouraged the Earl of Lincoln in his rebellion, and assisted him with men and money. She had also countenanced the imposture of Lambert Simnel, who had personated the Earl of Warwick, son to the deceased Duke of Clarence. Both these schemes having failed of success, her restless brain was now teeming with some new intrigue. She caused it to be reported, that the Duke of York, the second son of King Edward the Fourth, who was commonly supposed to have been murdered at the same time with his unfortunate brother, Edward the Fifth, had escaped from the assassins, was still living, and would shortly appear at the court of his aunt, the Duchess of Burgundy, for the purpose of claiming the assistance of her and her friends in recovering his inheritance, the crown of England. She was only in want of some fit agent to personate this Duke, whose years, character, and capacity, would correspond with the history which she intended to invent for him. She

strove anxiously to secure the friendship of the neighbouring princes, and especially that of the King of Scotland, whose enmity to Henry and the contiguity of whose dominions to those of the latter, rendered him a most important ally. She invited his kinswoman, the Lady Katherine Gordon, to her court, where she treated her with the utmost respect and distinction. This lady was accompanied by Eleanor Lyndsay, the daughter of the deceased Baron of Glenlock, whose father having left her portionless, she entered into a sort of honourable service on the Lady Katherine. Her poverty did not make her forget her high birth, of which she was so tenacious that when Sir Robert Clifford, a wealthy English knight, who stood high in the favour of King Henry, tendered her his hand, she rejected it with scorn. Love, however, could make her forget her birth, although power and riches could not. While Katherine and Eleanor were at the court of the Lady Margaret, they could not fail to observe the attentions of the young man, who has been already introduced to the reader, and which attentions each lady imagined were directed to herself. The youth was evidently in a humble walk of life. The timidity and hesitation of his gaze showed that he feared he was guilty of unpar-

donable presumption when his eye wandered towards the Lady Katherine and her companion. The lovely form and features of the former had arrested his attention at the first glance. It happened that he was among the crowd at the moment that she and her attendant landed at the quay. He formed one of the admiring crowd who followed her to the palace-gates, and long after every other individual of that crowd had returned to his home, he was still there watching and waiting for the reappearance of that fair and high-born lady, for whom it seemed little less than madness in a person in his situation to nourish a feeling of affection. The next day he was again at the palace-gates, anxiously expecting to catch a glimpse of the Lady Katherine. That day, however, overcome by the fatigue of the yesterday's journey, she did not venture out; but on the ensuing day she proceeded from the palace in company with the Lady Margaret, and attended by Eleanor Lyndsay, to participate in the diversions of the chase in the woods which adorned the environs of the city of Ghent. The love-stricken youth was at the gate when she came forth, and soon afterwards was seen near her in the chase, well-mounted and eager in pursuit of the deer. As Eleanor was always near the person of her princely mistress, her

mistake in ascribing the attentions of the youthful inamorato to herself is easily accounted for. She soon, however, perceived that Katherine also was smitten with the personal charms of the youth, and jealousy began to exercise its influence over a bosom in which heretofore love and loyalty towards the person to whose service she had devoted herself, had held undivided rule. Hence arose the conversation with a short reference to which this narrative began, and which was followed by the events already detailed, the accident which happened to the Lady Katherine, and her rescue from its effects by the interposition of the person who had formed the subject of that conversation.

The youth, after taking his leave of the two ladies at the gates of the palace of the Duchess of Burgundy, directed his steps homewards. Arrived there, he threw himself on his couch, and made the feelings which agitated his bosom audible, although he was in utter solitude. "Alas! alas!" he said, "wherefore do I allow this fatal passion and these wild hopes to disturb my peace? How dare I, the son of a humble clothworker in the town of Tournay, drawn to Ghent in the hope of obtaining a situation in the army of the Duchess of Burgundy, lift my affections so high as the princely heiress of

the house of Huntley, in whose veins runs the blood royal of Scotland? Yet an irresistible destiny seems to impel me towards her. Some unseen being seems to whisper in my ear, that her fortunes and mine are indissolubly linked together. Are they the oracles of fates, or the juggling counsels of some lying fiend that I am listening to? Surely the hopes that swell my bosom, the visions of power and glory that rise before my imagination like things of celestial birth dropt suddenly from heaven, the crown that appears to encircle my brow, the sceptre that I so often seem to grasp,—surely these are glimpses at the volume of futurity, which some superior and benevolent being has opened to my gifted eye." His mind continued to brood over such ideas as these; wealth and dominion and pomp seemed to surround him, but, amidst all these dreams of splendour, the lovely form of Katherine Gordon appeared to mingle as the presiding deity of the whole, and he felt that to be possessed of her he could resign all the other glittering phantoms that presented themselves to his imagination.

At an early hour of the next day he proceeded, in pursuance of the permission granted him by the Lady Katherine, to inquire after the health of the person whom he had been so fortunate as to rescue

from a watery grave. He was immediately ushered into a stately chamber, whose costly decorations were in perfect accordance with the magnificence and opulence of the princely owner of the palace. Here he found at the upper end of the chamber, seated on an elevated platform beneath a canopy, a lady who, although evidently considerably advanced in years, still retained much of personal grace and beauty. Her long flowing locks were white as silver; her face, although time had planted his wrinkles there, wore an extraordinary expression of mingled majesty and sweetness; and her large black eye seemed yet to sparkle with the fires of youth, and bent a glance on the youth as he approached that appeared to penetrate his very soul, and seemed to denote a mind of dimensions correspondent to those of her tall and almost gigantic form. By her side sat the Lady Katherine Gordon, whose slender and elegant figure was advantageously contrasted to the dignified and majestic, but somewhat masculine deportment of the Duchess of Burgundy. Behind the former stood Eleanor Lyndsay; while on the chair of the latter leaned an old man of pale and withered features, a low and sunken but sparkling grey eye, diminutive form, and with a curled lip and lowering brow that indicated the practised intriguer

and wily politician. To this person the Duchess whispered, while a mingled expression of surprise and pleasure mantled over her features, as the young man bent his knee before her.

"'Tis the youth, may it please your Grace," said the Lady Katherine, "to whom I was yesterday indebted for the preservation of my life."

"And right welcome, fair cousin," said the Duchess, "is he into our presence, were it but for thy sake; yet his noble features and his princely demeanour carry, methinks, with them their own recommendation. He is wondrous like my brother, Frion," she added, turning to the old man behind her chair, and speaking in the English language, whereas she had as yet expressed herself in French.

"He is the very person," replied Frion, speaking in the same language, "of whom we have been so long in want. If his mental powers equal his personal endowments, (and, methinks, if I have any skill in physiognomy, that they do,) this is the bolt that, hurled by your vigorous hand, shall dash the tyrant from his throne."

"By Heaven!" said the Duchess, who, during this colloquy had narrowly watched the expression of the youth's features, he comprehends the nature of our conversation. "Young man," she added, turning towards him, "you understand English?"

"Even so, Madam," said the youth; "it is indeed my native tongue. My father's business drew him for awhile to reside in the famous city of London, in the days of your royal brother's time, King Edward the Fourth, of glorious memory. There his wife brought me into the world, and the King, out of a religious nobleness, because my father was a Jewish convert, stood godfather to his child."

"Ha!" said the Duchess, her eye flashing still more brightly at every syllable which the youth uttered. "Tell me thy name and age."

"My name," he said, "is Perkin Warbeck; and at my next birth-day I shall be twenty-three years of age."

"By the Mother of God!" said the Duchess, again turning to her aged counsellor, "'tis the very age which my nephew the Duke of York would have attained had he been now living. And what," she added once more, addressing Warbeck, "is your business in Ghent?"

"My parents," he replied, "by whose industry I was supported, are dead. I cannot bend myself to the trade which they followed. I burn to distinguish myself in arms; and hearing that your Grace was raising an army against the English tyrant, Henry Tudor, who has usurped the throne of my royal godfather, I have bent my steps to Ghent in

the hope that you will permit me to enlist myself in your service."

"Gallant spirit!" said the Duchess; "it is indeed the very being whom I have been so long seeking. Fair cousin," she added, addressing the Lady Katherine Gordon, and putting a chain of gold of exquisite workmanship around Warbeck's neck, "permit me to present this testimony of regard to your brave preserver, and to hope that a more substantial reward is yet awaiting him. Young man, we will talk to you more anon. My secretary, Frion, shall call on you at your residence, and acquaint you more at large with my intentions towards you. It is in your own power," she added, in a lower tone, which was audible only to Warbeck, "if you follow implicitly my counsels and instructions, to become the foremost man in Europe. Away! and remember that wealth, and power, and honour, attend on those who are honoured with the friendship of Margaret of York; but that ignominy and destruction are their lot who slight her favours and reject her benefits."

Warbeck bent his knee, made a lowly obeisance, and then retired from the apartment and the palace. The wild dreams which he had entertained seemed to be converting themselves into realities. The

dubious and uncertain hopes that agitated his bosom to be expanding into substantial certainties, the cloud that had stood darkling between his present obscure state and his ambitious visions of futurity, to be melting away, and revealing in all its brightness the glorious destiny which was reserved for him. Dark and mysterious as were the words of the Lady Margaret, the sanguine youth could not help hoping that they pointed at the probability of an union between the fair Katherine Gordon and himself. An alliance with the royal family of Scotland, seemed indeed a destiny sufficiently illustrious for the son of a poor clothworker, but it was love of the purest and most disinterested kind that filled the bosom of Perkin Warbeck, notwithstanding the distinguished rank of its object. The fair face and gentle spirit of Katherine would have won his heart, although she had been born in a station as lowly as his own. Ambition indeed was a leading feature in his character, but it was now subdued and rendered but a secondary feeling by love. "Could I but make thee mine, sweet lady!" he mentally said, "my good sword and my proud spirit should soon prove me worthy of thy choice." Such were the thoughts which occupied the mind of Warbeck, during the whole of that and the succeeding day, while he was

anxiously expecting the promised visit from the Duchess's secretary, Frion. In Frion he fondly hoped to meet the messenger of love, who would inform him that his passion was returned by the Lady Katherine, and approved of by the Duchess of Burgundy. In the evening of the third day, the secretary made his appearance: Warbeck flew to meet him, his heart overflowing with hope and love.

"Young man," said Frion, "lend me your attention for a while. I have matter of serious import to communicate to you. Endeavour to elevate your mind to the height of the glorious destiny which the Duchess is preparing for you."

"Say on, say on," exclaimed Warbeck, "my mind is already prepared! I burn with desire to know the beneficent intentions of the Duchess."

"In your interview with the Lady Margaret," said Frion, "you expressed your hostility to Henry Tudor, and your desire to see the injuries of the House of York avenged."

"I would shed the dearest blood in my veins," said Warbeck, "I would endure captivity and famine, ignominy and death, to attain such a consummation."

"You are not asked," said Frion, "to undergo

all or any of these sufferings to attain that end. On the contrary, you are asked to accept of wealth and honour, to encircle with a diadem your brows, to place the regal purple on your shoulders."

"What mean you?" said Warbeck in a tone of mysterious wonder. "She whom I adore may boast, indeed, that the blood of kings runs in her veins; but she is far distant from any prospect of wearing the diadem on her brow, or the regal purple on her shoulders."

It was now the secretary's turn to wear a look of wonder. "Young man," he said, "you seem not to understand my meaning. I must be more explicit. You have heard of the adventures and fate of Lambert Simnel."

"The young protégée of the priest Simon," said Warbeck, "who was mad enough to assume successively the characters of the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of York; one of whom is now a prisoner in the Tower, and ten long years have rolled over the grave of the other."

"Ten long years have rolled over the grave of the Duke of York, say'st thou?" said Frion. "Who ever saw his grave, or knows that he ever descended into it? That madness of Simnel's, as thou callest it, would have shaken King Henry from his throne,

had the youth possessed thy genius, thy aspiring mind, and thy wonderful resemblance in form and feature to the deceased King, Edward the Fourth."

Warbeck started, as a sudden light seemed to flash upon his mind, the precursor of the storm by which in an instant afterwards his whole frame was agitated. He sunk into his chair, and hid his face for several minutes, in his hands, while his breast heaved tumultuously, and the cold drops poured down his brow. Frion fixed his keen, soul-searching gaze upon him, and was silent until he saw that his pupil's emotion was somewhat moderated.

"These, Master Secretary," said Warbeck, starting from his seat, and pacing hurriedly up and down the apartment, "are dark and mysterious words. I comprehend them not. I expected a message of a different import from you. I pray you, speak no longer in riddles; show me your meaning undisguised."

"Then know, young man," answered Frion, "that the people of England are weary of their tyrant, and his Lancastrian myrmidons. They believe that the Duke of York is yet alive, and in some place of concealment, under the maternal care of the Lady Margaret. Let any person assuming his name come forward, acknowledged by the Duchess of Burgun-

dy, and assisted by the Kings of France and Scotland, and his road to the royal throne of England is easy and sure."

"And where," said Warbeck, "can you find an impostor bold enough to attempt an enterprise so wild and perilous?"

"I can find him, I think," said Frion, "in one whose aspiring soul even now spurns his inglorious station; in one whose lofty and ardent mind is well typified in his princely and majestic person; in one whose first presence opened to him a place in the heart and affections of Margaret of Burgundy; in Perkin Warbeck!"

Though Perkin had now for some time anticipated the design to which Frion's discourse was tending, yet when the avowal came, he again felt his soul shaken to the centre by the daring boldness of the enterprise which was proposed. He again strode hastily up and down the chamber; his face was a volume in which a thousand unutterable and incessantly varying thoughts might be read; his hair bristled on his head, as though a troop of spectres passed before his eye, and the hue of his cheek was changeable as the effect of sunset on the Alps; one moment glowing red as volcanic fires, and the next pale as molten silver. At length, the

mental struggle seemed to subside; his eye assumed the steady glance of determined resolve; his lip ceased to quiver; and approaching Frion, he said:

"Never, never, never! It is true that aspiring thoughts have crossed my mind; that dreams of ambition have disturbed my imagination. I have sighed to attain power and fame and glory, but I have never chalked out for myself any other path towards their attainment than that through which honour led. I have wished to give distinction to the name of Warbeck, not to play the part of a vile impostor. No more, no more!" he added, interrupting Frion, who was about to remonstrate with him, "my resolution is made. My name may descend with me to the grave unknown to fame, but it never shall be tarnished with dishonour!"

As the young man spake, his flushing cheek, his fiery eye, his imperious brow, and his expressive gait and gesture, struck the secretary with admiration, and convinced him at the same time that Warbeck would not lend himself to the Duchess's enterprise, and yet that he was the very person fitted to prosecute such an enterprise with effect. "Warbeck," he said, "I will communicate your determination to the Duchess, whom the interest which she takes in your welfare has alone prompted to

make this proposal to you. Promise me, therefore, that the zeal, perhaps the imprudent zeal, which has animated her in your behalf, shall not in any way tend to the prejudice of herself or her friends; and that you will hold the fact of this interview a sacred secret in your breast never to be divulged. I ask but your plighted word to this effect, which when once given, will, I am persuaded from what I have this day observed, be held inviolate?"

"Thou hast it, thou hast it!" said Warbeck; "but, I pray thee, let me never more be importuned upon this subject. Thou hast roused a demon in my heart, which I had thought was too pure to hold such an inhabitant. That I have been able to quell it, I owe to the existence of a passion there, spotless as the snow upon the untrodden summits of the Alps; although its object is as far beyond my reach,—as distant, as unattainable."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Warbeck, when the departure of the secretary had left him in solitude, "through what fearful vicissitudes of feeling have I passed, and in how short a period! Love, ambition, hope, fear, self-contempt, and self-approval, by turns have agitated my bosom. Yet what am I now? A friendless and houseless wanderer, who has implacably offended the only person who ever

showed a disposition to serve him; and besides, nurses a fatal passion in his heart, which it is worse than madness to entertain. Wherefore was I not born to attain power and greatness at a court, or Katherine to be content with poverty and humility in a cottage. Yet love has been known ere now to level ranks! The heart wears no diadems; the affections cannot be clothed in purple robes. That she regards me with a feeling of gratitude, I know; that a tenderer emotion mingles with that feeling, I believe. Presumptuous Warbeck! darest thou nurse so wild a hope!"

As he thus spake he rushed into the streets of the city of Ghent, as though he sought in the refreshing coolness of the evening to relieve the fiery temperament both of his mind and body. He walked along for a considerable time in a state of perfect mental abstraction, from which he was only aroused by feeling his elbow gently pulled, and finding a paper in his hand. He turned round, but could see no one. He stood alone in one of the principal squares of the city. The night had now set in, and thick darkness had gathered over all things. He therefore returned hastily home, where, on his arrival, he lost no time in examining the contents of the paper of which he had become possessed in so mysterious

a manner. With a beating heart he unfolded it, and read the following words:—

"Lose no time in proceeding to the Palace. The lady on whom you have placed your affections, notwithstanding the disparity of rank, returns your passion with equal ardour. She offers you her hand and heart, and is ready to accompany you to the church of St. Gudule, where the good priest Arembert waits to unite you in the holy bands of matrimony. Present yourself at the eastern gate of the Palace. Be speedy and be secret."

Warbeck's eyes ran over with the tears of joy and wonder as he perused this epistle. "Perish all the Duchess's ambitious projects!" he exclaimed, "my self-denial is rewarded infinitely beyond its merit in the triumph of my love. The husband of Katherine Gordon need not envy the occupant of the English throne."

Warbeck ran, or rather flew, to the eastern gate of the palace. There he found the person whom he sought, waiting for him, but muffled up in coarse garments and with her face closely veiled. An exclamation of rapture was bursting from his lips, but she caught his arm and whispered in his ear—"Be silent or we shall be discovered." Warbeck could easily understand the motive of the Lady

Katherine's desire for secrecy and silence. Should the Duchess, or should any of the haughty Scotch nobles who accompanied their sovereign's kinswoman to the Burgundian court, discover her intention to contract so mean an alliance, they would doubtless take effectual measures to prevent her from accomplishing that intention. He therefore placed her arm silently in his, and with noiseless steps and mute lips they proceeded towards the cathedral. They were challenged by one sentinel as they passed, whom Warbeck knew to be a Scotchman, and well acquainted with the features of the Lady Katherine. He was therefore in an agony of fear, when he saw him lift the lady's veil and gaze in her face. He immediately, however, let the veil drop, and motioned them to pass on; and Warbeck's heart beat high as he found that they were beyond the precincts of the palace, and that the entrance to the cathedral was before them. They entered, the lady grasped his hand more firmly than ever, and after they heard the cathedral doors close behind them, she threw herself into his arms and uttered an exclamation of joy. Warbeck pressed her fondly to his heart. A monk approached, holding a lighted torch in his hand. "Remove," said Warbeck, "this now unnecessary cloud, which veils the features of

so bright an orb!" Thus saying, he lifted up the veil, and was about to imprint a kiss on the lips of the Lady Katherine, when he started back full of wonder and disappointment, as he found that the fair burden in his arms was no other than Eleanor Lyndsay.

His surprise had so far overcome his gallantry that he relinquished his grasp, and the lady would have sunk on the pavement of the cathedral, had not the monk rushed forward and received her falling in his arms.

"Dearest Perkin!" said Eleanor, as she saw his changing features, "are you ill?"

"I am bewitched!—bewildered!—in a dream!" he exclaimed. "Where is the Lady Katherine?"

"The Lady Katherine!" ejaculated both the lady and the priest; "Heaven forefend that she should be near us at this moment!"

"What then am I to understand by this?" asked Warbeck, drawing the paper from his bosom.

"'Tis my appointment with you," said Eleanor, "which you flew on the wings of love to honour."

The youth now perceived his error, and drawing the father aside, briefly explained to him the mistake.

We will not attempt to describe the feelings or

the conduct of Eleanor, when she became acquainted with the situation of embarrassment in which she was placed. Insulted love turned to hatred, jealousy, revenge, all took possession of her bosom,—and she rushed from the cathedral in a state bordering upon frenzy. It had occasioned no small effort to tame down her proud spirit so far as to acknowledge, even to herself, that she returned the affection which she imagined that young Warbeck entertained for her. When she found, however, that all those symptoms of affection which she had discovered in him, were directed towards the Lady Katherine and not to her, she determined if possible to effect the ruin of both those young persons. She was so fortunate as to regain her chamber in the palace without her absence having been perceived, and passed an anxious and restless night in revolving in her mind the best mode of effecting her revenge. She came at length to the determination of denouncing them both to the Duchess of Burgundy; one as being guilty of overweening and even traitorous presumption, and the other of unworthy forgetfulness of her high birth and station. Such accusations, she had no doubt, would awaken the anger and indignation of the Duchess, and end in the Lady Katherine's being sent over, disgraced and a

prisoner, to Scotland, and the permanent loss of Perkin's liberty, and perhaps even of his life. At an early hour, therefore, in the morning, she sought an interview with the Lady Margaret, before whom she laid her discovery, without however informing her of the manner in which she had made it. She told her, that being commissioned by the Lady Katherine to bestow on Warbeck a gold chain in token of her gratitude, the youth had avowed to her that he looked for a yet higher reward, that he was enamoured of the Lady Katherine, and that the attachment was mutual. She added, that from what she had observed of the lady's manner and demeanour, she was convinced that the youth's assertion was no vain boast, but that the royal blood of Scotland was in danger of being contaminated by a mixture with the base stream that flowed in the veins of the offspring of a Flemish clothworker. The Lady Margaret heard her narrative with unaffected surprise, but with an apparent sorrow and indignation by no means equally sincere. She saw that she had now discovered the spring by which she might wind up Perkin Warbeck to her purpose; she saw that his principles of honour were sufficient to fortify his mind against the blandishments of power and glory; but she hoped that they were not sufficiently power-

ful to cope with the omnipotent influence of love. She therefore thanked Eleanor for her intelligence, told her that she would take prompt and effectual measures for preventing the family of her royal ally from being so disgraced; but immediately on her departure sent for her secretary Frion, to consult with him on the best means of applying this unexpected discovery towards the furtherance of her plot for disturbing King Henry upon his throne. The result was, that Frion was once more despatched to Perkin, with instructions to bring him immediately into the presence of the Duchess of Burgundy.

"Young Sir," said the Lady Margaret, as the youth once more appeared before her, "you seem to value but lightly the favour of princes and sovereigns. We have already deigned to acquaint you with our wishes, and you spurn them as though a beggar petitioned you to grant him a mercenary alms.

"Pardon me, gracious Madam," said Warbeck, "my heart is penetrated with your kindness; but I dare not, must not, listen to the proposal made to me by your Grace's secretary. I am of humble birth, of slender talent, and aspire to no higher destiny than that of serving in your Grace's ranks against the tyrant of England; or in any other service that your Grace may be pleased to assign to me."

"Thou aspirest to no higher destiny?" said the Duchess. "Then what a lying fiend must that have been that whispered in my ear that Perkin Warbeck, of such humble birth and slender talent, had the presumption to aspire to become the possessor of the hand and heart of Katherine Gordon, the near kinswoman of the royal majesty of Scotland!"

The blood rushed to Warbeck's cheek, yet he did not hesitate for a moment in his reply. "It is most true, princely Margaret! it is most true that my heart, though rocked during its infancy in a peasant's cot instead of a monarch's palace, is not insensible to the charms and the merits of the Lady Katherine. It is also true, that that heart is so sensible of the unapproachable distance between itself and the object of its passion, that it is already preparing itself for the grave, in which it can alone cease to nurse the feelings that consume it."

"Thou art right, Warbeck, thou art right!" said the Lady Margaret, "for how canst thou, the poor, despised offspring of a humble tradesman of Tournay, persuade the princely James of Scotland to bestow his lovely kinswoman upon thee; she who is fitted to adorn a throne, and who, if I read the stars aright, is infallibly destined to sit upon one."

Warbeck sighed, for he knew that the Lady

Margaret was skilled in divination and astrology, and the words which she had just uttered seemed to place an impassable barrier between his hopes and their fulfilment.

"But," said the Duchess, approaching him, and taking his hand in hers, "wert thou to appear before the royal James, as Plantagenet, and the Duke of York, with the troops of France and Burgundy in thy train, and acknowledged by the sister of King Edward as entitled to assume that character,—then would the King of Scotland smile graciously on thy suit, and then might Perkin Warbeck himself sit upon a throne, with the Lady Katherine, his princely consort, by his side."

Perkin lifted up his eyes; they encountered the Lady Margaret's. He seemed fascinated as by the gaze of a basilisk, fell upon his knees, seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and exclaimed:—"Do with me as you will, I devote myself to your guidance! I am Plantagenet, York, Richard, what you please. Make but the Lady Katherine mine, and Perkin Warbeck is your pliant instrument for ever!"

The Duchess drew up her stately figure to its utmost height; and as she gazed in a mirror before her, was conscious of the smile of mingled contempt

and triumph that mantled over her features. She instantly tamed down the offensive expression of her countenance, before it had been observed by Warbeck, and, taking his hand in hers, said—"My royal nephew—the White Rose of England—for such shall henceforth be thy designations, I congratulate thee on the glorious determination at which thou hast arrived. The Lady Katherine is thine. A word, a breath from me, will be to her royal kinsman and guardian as the oracles of fate. In a few days, however, she must take her departure for Scotland; and it will be well, that until thou hast better perfected thyself in the part which thou hast to play, thou shouldst not have farther converse with her. In the mean time, the King shall know that I shortly expect my restored nephew at my court, and that I claim the fair daughter of the Earl of Huntley for him as his bride."

The events which followed are matters of history which are very generally known. The reader must, however, be presented with a brief summary of them, in order to render this narrative in itself intelligible and complete. "The Lady Margaret," says Lord Bacon, in his history of King Henry the Seventh, "viewing Perkin well, and seeing that he had a face and personage that would bear a noble

fortune, and finding him otherwise of a fine spirit and winning behaviour, thought that she had now found a curious piece of marble to carve out an image of the Duke of York." She kept him by her a great while, but with extreme secrecy, instructing him by many private conferences, first in princely behaviour and gesture, teaching him how he should keep state, and yet with a modest sense of his imputed misfortunes. Then she informed him of all the particulars and circumstances concerning the person of the Duke of York, whose name and character he was to assume; describing the individuals and features of the King and Queen, of his pretended brother and sisters, of various other individuals who were near the Duke of York in his infancy, and many incidents, some secret and some well-known, which were likely to have lived in a child's memory until the death of King Edward. Then she added the particulars of the time, from the King's death until the Duke of York and his brother were committed to the Tower. As for the history of the two princes' residence in the Tower, the death of Edward, and the pretended escape of Richard, she knew that they were things in which very few could detect him. She therefore taught him only to tell a smooth and probable tale of those matters,

warning him not to vary from it. It was agreed likewise between them what account he should give of his adventures abroad, intermixing many things which were true, and to which others could bear testimony, for the credit of the rest, but still making them to hang together with the part which Warbeck was to play. She taught him likewise how to avoid captious and tempting questions; but in this she found that she might safely rely on his own wit and readiness. Lastly, she raised his thoughts with present rewards and farther promise, setting before him the glory and fortune of a crown, if things went well; a sure refuge at her court if the worst should befall; and above all, the certainty of an union with the Lady Katherine Gordon, as she had received letters from the King of Scotland, assuring her of the pride which he felt in the prospect of an alliance between the two families. It was resolved that as soon as a war broke out between England and France, Perkin should land in Ireland; but the Duchess knew that if he went immediately from her court thither, he would be suspected for a new impostor of her setting up. She therefore sent him into Portugal, where he remained above a year under the care of the Lady Bampton, an English lady, and some other emissaries of the Duchess. At

length Henry the Seventh declared war against the King of France. Perkin Warbeck landed in Ireland, and proclaimed that he was Richard Duke of York, the second son of King Edward the Fourth, and announced his arrival to the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, who with other powerful nobles and their retainers joined his standard.

He did not, however, remain long in Ireland, finding that no arrangements had yet been made there to enable him to assert his claim with success. Being invited by the King of France to visit his court, he left Ireland, and arrived at Paris, where the French King treated him with great distinction, styled him by the name of the Duke of York, and lodged and accommodated him in great state. Sir George Neville, Sir John Taylor, and about a hundred other Englishmen of quality, also repaired to him there, and made him a tender of their services. Peace, however, being soon afterwards concluded between England and France, Perkin found that the latter was no longer a safe asylum for him. He therefore went to Flanders, to the court of the Duchess of Burgundy, pretending that having been variously tossed by fortune, he directed his course thither as to a safe harbour. The Duchess received him with apparent suspicion and coldness, pretend-

ing that she had learnt wisdom by the example of Lambert Simnel, and would not easily again be deceived by a counterfeit. She pretended at the first, in the presence of others, to examine him with great caution, and put questions to ascertain whether he were really and truly the Duke of York. Seeming at length to receive full satisfaction from his answers, she then feigned to be transported with joy and wonder at his miraculous deliverance, receiving him as if he were risen from death to life, and inferring that God, who had in so wonderful a manner preserved him from death, had likewise preserved him for some great and prosperous fortune. The Duchess therefore did him all princely honour, always calling him her nephew, and as the last scion of the House of York, giving him the delicate title of "*the White Rose of England.*" She also appointed him a guard of thirty halberdiers to attend his person.

Warbeck's heart, however, was still occupied with his passion for Lady Katherine Gordon; and in private he took frequent opportunities of reminding the Duchess that he acceded to her scheme, on the express condition that he should be speedily united to that lady. The Duchess, on these occasions, always assured him that she had not forgotten the condition, and was taking steps for its fulfilment. One day

she came unexpectedly, and in a hurried and disordered manner into Warbeck's chamber, and exclaimed "My Lord of York, I have letters from Scotland; you must proceed immediately thither."

"Transporting news!" said the Duke of York, for so we must for the present style him; "yet what say your letters touching my suit to the fair Gordon?"

"King James," said the Duchess, "is anxious that the espousal between the Duke of York and the Lady Katherine—your friends, both English and Scotch, have an equal anxiety on that subject—but for the Lady herself——" Here the Duchess paused, and seemed fearful to conclude her sentence.

"Torture me not, I beseech you," said the Duke; "let me know the worst! When I see the extent of my calamity, I may perhaps learn to bear it; but while it is involved in darkness and obscurity, I start at shadows that otherwise I should despise."

"Then know that the Lady Katherine refuses to listen to the proposed union with the Duke of York; and that her attendant, Eleanor Lyndsay, has acquainted the King with a secret passion which she entertains for another person."

"Death to my hopes!" exclaimed the Duke.

"Farewell thrones and sceptres and dignity and power, unless Katherine Gordon participate with me in their enjoyment. But tell me, who is that supremely blest person on whom she has bestowed her affection?"

"'Tis a poor wandering Fleming," said the Duchess, "whom she accidentally saw in Ghent while she was a visitant at my court, one Perkin Warbeck."

"Ha!" said the Duke, "is't possible?"

"'Tis even so," said the Duchess; "the accusation of her attendant was made so abruptly in the presence of the King and of herself, that she was constrained to admit its truth. She, however, disclaimed any intention of corrupting the royal blood in her veins by an union with a person so far her inferior in birth, but protested that she could never bestow her hand and heart on any other."

"Hasten, gracious Lady!" said the Duke, falling on his knees and pressing the Lady Margaret's hand to his lips, "hasten my departure to Scotland!"

"All things are now ready for your departure. Frion shall accompany you. I have also letters from England which bring us cheering intelligence. The people there are incensed against the King.

The loss of Britany, the peace of France, his injurious treatment of your sister his wife, his exactions and his tyranny, have roused against him a host of enemies. Nor are these discontents vented in mere murmurings—Sir William Stanley, his Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Fitzwalter, Sir Simon Montfort, and Sir Thomas Thwaites, have entered into a secret conspiracy to favour your title. Their active agent, Sir Robert Clifford, is now in Edinburgh, as well for the purpose of soliciting assistance for you from King James, as to advance a private suit of his own. He has long been enamoured of the fair Eleanor Lyndsay, the Lady Catherine's companion, who has rejected his suit with scorn. She will wed no one under the rank of a peer. It will be in your power, when recognized by the royal James as King of England, to bestow upon him that dignity, and so to prosper his suit to the fair Eleanor, and to bind him still more firmly to your cause."

Perkin felt as though he listened to the temptations of a fiend, to whom he had sold himself, body and soul. He felt the danger and rashness of his enterprise, but he also felt that if he abandoned it, he abandoned all hopes of becoming the husband of Katherine Gordon. He therefore wholly resigned himself to the guidance of the Duchess, and

on the following day set sail for Scotland with a numerous and well-appointed army of Burgundians and English, resolved to gratify at once his ambition and his love, or to perish in the attempt.

In the mean time, the Lady Katherine resided in the palace of Holyrood, a prey to the deepest melancholy and distress. The death of her father having left her to the guardianship of the King, her fate was entirely in his hands, and at the last interview which she had with him, he had insisted, with much sternness and severity of manner, on her accepting the Duke of York, whose arrival in Edinburgh was daily expected, as her husband. "Would," she said, as she was one day walking solitarily in the gardens of the palace, "that I had been born a peasant! then might my hand have been bestowed according to the dictates of my heart; no odious state policy had stood in the way of my affection, and happy and humble I had lived and died."

As she spoke, a rustling in the leaves of the bower in which she sat, attracted her attention, and lifting up her eyes, whose gaze had been fastened to the ground, she beheld Perkin Warbeck standing before her.

A deep blush mantled on the lady's cheek, as her eye encountered that of the very person by whom

her thoughts had been just occupied. She saw the same noble and majestic face, the same brilliant and soul-searching eye, and the same stately and well-proportioned form which had won her heart on the banks of the Scheldt. Instead, however, of the mean habiliments which he then wore, he was now clothed in silk and purple, the insignia of the order of St. George was round his neck and on his leg, and a coronet sparkled in his cap. He approached her, nevertheless, timidly and respectfully; and, sinking on his knee, placed a letter in her hand, in the superscription of which she recognized the writing of the Lady Margaret.

"Ha!" exclaimed Katherine, holding the letter in her hand unperused, and keeping her eyes fixed upon Perkin, "who is't that I behold?"

"Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York," said the youth, "or, if that name offend thine ear, Perkin Warbeck; but whether Warbeck or Plantagenet be the name by which thou wouldst rather designate him, believe that it is thy own true lover who stands before thee."

"Thou Richard Plantagenet! thou Duke of York!" exclaimed Katherine; "it cannot be!"

"Read, gracious lady, read," said Warbeck; "the letter of my aunt of Burgundy will inform you of my wondrous destiny."

"Thy aunt, of Burgundy!" said Katherine, with a look of incredulous wonder. She then broke the seal of her letter, and soon became so absorbed in the interest excited by its perusal, that she seemed for a time to have forgotten that the person whose marvellous history it narrated stood before her. Warbeck fixed his gaze upon her, and anxiously watched the expression of her changing features as she read the letter. At first, he could read only the most unyielding incredulity there. Soon, however, these unwelcome symptoms became softened, and he could see that wonder took possession of her soul. As she read on, her bosom heaved; the letter trembled in her hand; the tears gathered in her eyes; and letting the epistle drop to the ground, she exclaimed, "Merciful Heaven! inscrutable are thy ways, and thy decrees past finding out!" She then sunk on her knees before Warbeck, and said: "Pardon, most mighty Prince, any ignorant boldness that I may have committed in thy presence. I knew not as yet that I was indebted to the Duke of York for my preservation from a watery grave; or that the person whose services I tasked with so much freedom, was heir to the throne of England."

"Rise, gracious Madam!" said Warbeck, lifting her from the ground, "I beseech you, rise; and

now," he added, himself sinking on his knees before her, and taking her hand in his, "it is my turn to supplicate. Scorn not the proffer of a heart that beats but for you; listen and accede to the wishes of the gracious King James; fulfil the wishes of all the friends of the House of York, and let Katherine Gordon be the bride of Richard Plantagenet."

The lady blushed, Perkin felt her hand tremble in his, and read in her soft blue eyes the confession which could not find utterance from her tongue. He started to his feet, pressed her in his arms, and imprinting a kiss upon her lips, the compact which made them indissolubly one was instantly and irrevocably sealed.

"Sweetest Katherine!" said Warbeck, "farewell for a short interval. I have but this moment arrived in Edinburgh, nor have I yet been presented to the King. I hastened first on the wings of love to the place where I learned that I might gaze on the star that rules my destiny." Thus saying, he once more pressed his lips to hers, placed her fair hand upon his heart, and disappeared.

The news that the Duke of York was in the Scottish capital, was to be assisted by the King with men and money to enable him to recover his inheritance, and was to marry the beautiful

Katherine Gordon, soon spread far and wide. Many were incredulous as to the identity of the young adventurer with Richard Plantagenet, but all agreed that if the King did indeed assist him in his enterprise, and give him his young kinswoman in marriage, he must have received the most convincing evidence to assure him that Warbeck was indeed the person whose name and character he assumed. The news that Perkin Warbeck and the Duke of York were one and the same person, was listened to with the utmost wonder and interest by Eleanor Lyndsay: the fires of hatred and jealousy now burnt with tenfold vehemence in her bosom. She determined, if possible, to effect the destruction of both the lovers, and she was not long before she found a fit associate to enable her to carry her enterprise into effect.

Robert Clifford, the chief agent of the English malcontents in Scotland, had, as the reader has been already informed, been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Eleanor Lyndsay. His hopes, however, had never been entirely extinct; and now that he found himself once more near the lady, he began to renew his solicitations. From the peremptory repulse which he had formerly undergone, he was prepared to meet with no very gracious recep-

tion: his surprise was therefore great, to find that the lady treated him not only with courtesy, but gave much tacit encouragement to his suit.

The lady dropped mysterious hints as to the reward to which her affection entitled her, and sighed for the days which were gone, when a lover held the slightest wish of his lady, to be entitled to more respect than the commands of monarchs, or the interests of nations. Clifford was so infatuated with his passion, and felt so grateful for the change in the demeanour of his once haughty and distant, but now kind and condescending mistress, that he fell at her feet, intreated her to acquaint him with her wishes, and vowed that no power on earth should stand between them and their accomplishment, if he possessed the means of effecting the latter. Eleanor then informed him that she could not wed a partisan of Perkin Warbeck; and that if he hoped to become possessed of her hand, he must make King Henry acquainted with the details of the plot which was brewing against him, and with the names of those persons in his own court who were nearest and dearest to him, that had entered into the conspiracy. The knight was deeply pledged to assist the enterprise of Warbeck, but the fascinations of Eleanor Lyndsay worked upon him like a

spell. She offered the cross of pearls which hung around her neck, for him to swear upon it that he would perform her wishes. The knight took the oath, and the cause of Perkin Warbeck was irretrievably ruined.

The doubts which were entertained as to the course which King James meant to pursue, were entirely dissipated on the day when he gave a public reception to the young adventurer. Seated on his throne, in the presence of the great nobles of the kingdom, and the ambassadors from foreign states, with the Lady Katherine Gordon placed on his right hand, he commanded his master of the ceremonies to inform the Duke of York that the King waited his coming. Warbeck immediately entered the presence-chamber, followed by a goodly retinue of knights and lords of England, France, and Burgundy. The King immediately descended from his throne, and after having embraced him, resumed his seat. Warbeck then bowed gracefully to the monarch, and, after retiring a few paces backwards, with a loud voice and animated and expressive gestures, spake the following words:

"High and mighty King! your Grace, and these your nobles here present, may be pleased benignly to bow your ears to hear the tragedy of a young

man, that by right ought to hold in his hand the ball of a kingdom; but, by fortune is made himself a ball tossed from misery to misery, and from place to place. You see here before you, the spectacle of a Plantagenet, who hath been carried from the nursery to the sanctuary, from the sanctuary to the direful prison, from the prison to the hand of the cruel tormentor, and from that hand to the wide wilderness, as I may truly call it,—for so the world hath been to me. So that he that is born to a great kingdom hath not ground to set his foot upon, more than this where he now standeth by your princely favour. Edward the Fourth, late King of England, as your Grace cannot but have heard, left two sons, Edward, and Richard Duke of York, both very young. Edward, the eldest, succeeded their father in the crown, by the name of King Edward the Fifth; but Richard Duke of Gloucester, their unnatural uncle, first thirsting after the kingdom through ambition, and afterwards thirsting for their blood out of desire to secure himself, employed an instrument of his, a confident to him as he thought, to murder them both. But this man that was employed to execute that execrable tragedy, having cruelly slain King Edward, the eldest of the two, was moved, partly by remorse and partly by some other means, to save

Richard his brother; making a report, nevertheless, to the tyrant, that he had performed his commandment to both brethren. This report was accordingly believed, and published generally; so that the world hath been possessed of an opinion that they both were barbarously made away with:—though truth ever hath some sparks that fly abroad, until it appear in due time, as this hath had. But Almighty God, that stopped the mouth of the lion, and saved little Joash from the tyranny of Athaliah, when she massacred the King's children; and did save Isaac when the hand was stretched forth to sacrifice him; preserved the second brother:—for I myself, that stand here in your presence, am that very Richard, Duke of York, brother of that unfortunate Prince, King Edward the Fifth, now the most rightful surviving heir male to that victorious and most noble Edward, of that name the Fourth, late King of England. For the manner of my escape, it is fit it should pass in silence; or at least, in a more secret relation; for that it may concern some alive, and the memory of some that are dead. Let it suffice to think that I had then a mother living, a Queen, and one that expected daily such a commandment from the tyrant for the murdering of her children. Thus, in my tender age escaping by God's mercy out of London,

I was secretly conveyed over sea; where, after a time, the party that had me in charge, upon what new fears, change of mind, or practice, God knoweth! suddenly forsook me; whereby I was forced to wander abroad, and to seek mean conditions for the sustaining of my life. Wherefore, distracted between several passions, the one of fear to be known, lest the tyrant should have a new attempt upon me; the other of grief and disdain to be unknown, and to live in that base and servile manner that I did; I resolved with myself to expect the tyrant's death, and then to put myself into my sister's hands, who was next heir to the crown. But in this season it happened that one Henry Tudor, son to Edmond Tudor, Earl of Richmond, came from France and entered into the realm; and by subtle and foul means obtained the crown of the same, which to me rightfully appertained; so that it was but a change from tyrant to tyrant. This Henry, my extreme and mortal enemy, so soon as he had knowledge of my being alive, imagined and wrought all the subtle ways he could to procure my final destruction; for my mortal enemy hath not only falsely surmised me to be a feigned person, giving me nicknames,—so abusing the world; but also, to defer and put me from entry into England, hath offered large sums of money to

corrupt the princes and their ministers with whom I have been retained, and made importune labours with certain servants about my person, to murder or poison me; and others to forsake and leave my righteous quarrel, and to depart from my service,—as Sir Robert Clifford and others. So that every man of reason may well perceive that Henry, calling himself King of England, needed not to have bestowed such great sums of treasure, nor so to busy himself with importune and incessant labour and industry, to compass my death and ruin, if I had been such a feigned person. But the truth of my cause being so manifest, moved the most christian King Charles, and the Lady Duchess Dowager of Burgundy, my most dear aunt, not only to acknowledge the truth thereof, but lovingly to assist me. But it seemeth that God above, for the good of this whole island, and the knitting of these two kingdoms of England and Scotland in a strict concord and amity by so great an obligation, hath reserved the placing of me in the Imperial throne of England for the arms and succours of your Grace. Neither is it the first time that a King of Scotland hath supported them that were bereft and spoiled of the kingdom of England,—as of late in fresh memory, it was done, in the person of Henry the Sixth. Wherefore, for that your Grace

hath given clear signs that you are in no noble quality inferior to your royal ancestors, I, so distressed a prince, was hereby moved to come and put myself into your royal hands, desiring your assistance to recover my kingdom of England; promising faithfully to bear myself towards your grace no otherwise than if I were your own natural brother; and will, upon the recovery of mine inheritance, gratefully do you all the pleasure that is in my utmost power."*

This address, graced as it was with the rich, full tones of Warbeck's voice, the varying expression of his noble and majestic countenance, and the natural and unforced, but at the same time graceful and appropriate, action with which he accompanied it, wrought with wonderful effect on the feelings of his auditors. Occasionally a deep hum of sympathy and approval was heard, sometimes an ejaculation of indignation, and at others the clash of steel, as some zealous partizan half drew forth his dagger, and then returned it violently into its sheath. When Perkin had concluded his address, every sword leaped from its scabbard, and almost every voice shouted, "God save King Richard the Fourth!"

* Bacon.

The King of Scotland, who evidently participated strongly in the feeling which Warbeck's oration had excited, now once more descended from his throne, and taking the youthful orator by the hand, said: "My Lord of York, the long hidden but now happily discovered White Rose of England, I greet you well! Trust me, fair Sir! that you shall never have cause to repent that you placed yourself in my hands: and, in token of the love that I entertain for you, behold! I give you the fairest flower in Scotland to grace your enterprise. Sweet cousin," he added, addressing the Lady Katherine Gordon, and placing Warbeck's hand in hers, "wear the White Rose of England in your bosom; and may its future blossoms be numerous and long enduring!"

Warbeck clasped the lady to his heart; and though a pang shot through it as he thought of the unworthy imposture which he was practising upon her, yet he felt that he had now an imperative motive to continue that imposture, if it were but to reward with a throne the trusting heart which had implicitly relied on his truth and honour. "Come what come may," he mentally said, "now will I wear the diadem of England, or perish in the attempt!" Katherine, too, felt some misgivings as she

sunk into the arms of her lover. The mysterious warning rang in hers,

> "Ill shall betide the Gordon fair,
> Who would the White Rose of England wear."

"But," she thought, "it is she who *would*, and not she who *doth* wear the fair flower, against whom the fatal prophecy is directed." And as Warbeck wound his arms around her neck, she felt assured that the ominous saying could not have any reference to her.

Three years elapsed after the marriage between Warbeck and his lovely bride, before the ill-boding prediction was fully accomplished; and then, among the memorials of the dead in the church of Saint Margaret at Westminster, on a plain unornamented tablet, might be read the name, "Katherine Gordon." Spirit-humbled, heart-broken, and exhausted by the vicissitudes of evil through which she had passed, this unfortunate lady, while a captive in the power of Henry the Seventh, sank into a premature grave. The events which led to this catastrophe are well known:—Clifford betrayed all the secret details of Warbeck's plot; and accordingly, when the King of Scotland entered England, with a small but gallant army, to enforce his claim, ex-

pecting to be joined by numerous partizans in the counties through which he passed, before Henry was aware of his expedition and prepared to repel it; and expecting also to hear that Stanley, Fitzwalter, and the other friends of the supposed Duke of York in London, had openly revolted and seized the person of the King, he found that the English, instead of joining him, treated the pretensions of Warbeck with indifference or ridicule; had to encounter a numerous and well-appointed army under the Earl of Surry; and received intelligence that Fitzwalter, Stanley, and their associates, had expiated their intended treason by the forfeiture of their heads. Peace was soon afterwards concluded between the Kings, Henry and James. Warbeck found that the dominions of the latter could no longer afford him an asylum, and after enduring various vicissitudes in England and Ireland, finally perished ignominiously on a scaffold at Tyburn, having first read to the assembled populace a full confession of his imposture.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

Henry the Eighth.

HENRY VIII. and his Queen Katharine were crowned in June 1509.

Thomas Wolsey, a butcher's son at Ipswich, who was bred to the church, was introduced at court by Bishop Fox, and soon gained ground in the King's favour.

1512. The King declaring war against France, the Parliament granted a subsidy to carry it on.

1513. Wolsey was made prime-minister, and had the preparations for the French war committed to him.

Henry carried over his army to France, and laid siege to Terouenne, which he took, after beating the Duke de Longueville at Guinegate. This engagement was called the Battle of Spurs, from the French flying so quickly. Instead of advancing towards Paris, he lost his time in taking Tournay; the Bishop of which being dead, he bestowed the administration of the see on Wolsey, and then returned to England, taking the greatest part of the army with him. When Henry went to France, the King of Scotland raised an army and ravaged Northumberland, but was defeated and slain by the Earl of Surry, at Flodden Field.

1514. Henry made peace with Louis, King of France, and gave him his sister Mary in marriage.

1515. Pope Leo X. created Wolsey a Cardinal, he having a little time before been made Archbishop of York.

1516. The Queen was delivered of a princess, who was named Mary.

1520. The Emperor Charles V. paid the King a visit in England. The King went over to Calais, and had an interview with Francis, King of France, betwixt Guines and Ardres; where there was so much magnificence displayed, that it was called the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

1521. The political jealousy betwixt Charles and Francis broke out into hostilities, though both pretended that they wished for peace; for which reason a Congress was held at Calais, where Wolsey presided, to try to accommodate matters; but without effect. Wolsey then had an interview with Charles at Bruges, where he formed a league with him and the Pope, against France, and contfacted the Princess Mary to him. Henry wrote a book in defence of the Catholic religion, against Luther, which he sent to the Pope; who in return bestowed upon him and his successors the title of "Defender of the Faith."

1522. The Emperor paid another visit to England.

1524. The English and Imperialists invaded France. Francis nevertheless sent an army, under Admiral Bonnivet, into Italy; but being deserted by the Swiss he was obliged to retreat into France, with the loss of all the duchy of Milan.

1525. Francis laid siege to Pavia, where he was defeated and taken prisoner by the Imperialists, and was soon afterwards removed to Madrid, where the Emperor then resided.

Henry entered into an alliance with the Regent of France.

1526. Francis, to recover his liberty, entered into a very disadvantageous treaty with Charles; but as soon as he arrived in France he refused to fulfil it. The Pope and many other powers joined Francis in a league against the Emperor.

1527. The Imperial army attacked and plundered Rome, and took the Pope prisoner.

Henry and Francis declared war against Charles.

The King began to affect to have scruples about the validity

of his marriage with Katharine, his brother's widow; which were not a little assisted by the charms of Anne Boleyn, maid-of-honour to the Queen.

On the Pope's being applied to, he privately seemed inclined to grant a divorce; but durst not speak out, as he was at that time the Emperor's prisoner. He was soon afterwards released, on Francis sending an army to Italy under the command of Lautrec.

1528. The Pope threw various obstacles in the way of the divorce, being afraid of the Emperor, who constantly threatened him. He associated Cardinal Campeggio with Wolsey, as legates, to inquire into Henry's reasons, but with private orders to delay the divorce as much as possible.

1529. Whilst Henry was in hopes of seeing the affair of the divorce finally settled by the two legates in England, the Pope made a peace with the Emperor, recalled his commission, and evocated the cause to Rome. Henry was so much exasperated at these proceedings, that laying the whole blame of them on Wolsey, he seized on all his riches, and banished him from Court; but afterwards restored him to some small degree of favour.

Peace took place among all the powers of Europe.

1530. Wolsey was banished to his see of York, whence the Earl of Northumberland in a short time was ordered to conduct him to London, in order that he might be tried for high treason; but he died at Leicester Abbey, on his way to the metropolis.

1532. The King determined on withdrawing from all subjection to Rome. He procured his marriage with Katharine to be annulled in England, and publicly married Anne Boleyn. The Pope declared Henry's marriage with Anne null and void.

1533. Queen Anne was delivered of a princess, who was named Elizabeth.

1534. The Parliament abolished all papal authority, and only allowed the Pope the title of Bishop of Rome.

1535. Pope Paul III. excommunicated Henry.

1536. Three hundred and seventy-six monasteries were suppressed.

A translation into English of the Scriptures was ordered.

The King grew jealous of Anne Boleyn, caused her to be beheaded, and married Jane Seymour.

Queen Jane was delivered of a prince, who was named Edward. The Queen died a few days after her delivery.

1538. Henry suppressed all the remaining monasteries.

1540. Henry married Ann of Cleves; but contrived in a short time to be divorced from her, and she lived in England on a pension, during the rest of her life. Cromwell Earl of Essex was disgraced and beheaded.

The King married Catharine Howard, niece to the Duke of Norfolk.

1541. The King created six new bishoprics, and endowed them out of the revenues of the suppressed monasteries.

1542. The Queen was tried for adultery, found guilty, and beheaded.

1543. The King married Catharine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer, and daughter of Sir Thomas Parr of Kendal.

1546. A peace was concluded betwixt England, France, and Scotland.

The Pope made a league with the Emperor against the Protestants, the chief patrons of whom were the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse.

1547. The King died, on the 28th of January.

The Rings;

A TALE OF

THE FIELD OF, THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

"Her honour first drank poison, and her life,
Being fellows in one house, did pledge her honour."

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

"Those twin glories—those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde."

SHAKSPEARE.

The Rings;

A TALE OF

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

It was a fine autumnal morning in the year 1520, and the sun was riding high, and gilding with its brightest beams one of the loveliest prospects in all France. The Castle of Chateaubriant, on the banks of the river Vilaine, in the province of Britany, then towered in all the grandeur of feudal strength and majesty, and its massive walls and lofty battlements became softened into gentleness and beauty, in the picture which they reflected on the still expansive bosom of the river. Vineyards, groaning under the wealth with which they were loaded, extended along the high banks of the river, down to the water's edge. Behind the castle spread an enormous forest, whose myriads of leaves were tinted with an infinite variety of hues by the autumnal sun, while a ridge of lofty but fertile hills, waving with yellow cornfields and purple vineyards, and placed in strong relief against

the deep blue sky, terminated the horizon. At the castle-gate stood two steeds, and on each side of the noblest and most richly caparisoned was a cavalier, one of whom, from his style and bearing as well as from his costume, appeared to be of a rank very superior to the other. Between him and a lady, of a majestic figure, and such a face as poets and artists have grown mad in contemplating, a conversation of intense interest appeared to be passing.

"Sweet, Françoise!" he said, "dry these tears. I go not now on any enterprise of peril, to dye my sword in the blood of the Infidel or of the Spaniard, or to humble the haughty Islanders who flout us in our own fair town of Calais; I go to swell the train of our gallant King in the vale of Ardres, to kiss the hand which laid on my shoulder the badge of knighthood, to make a short and a reluctant sojourn amid scenes which have now lost for me all their attractions, and then to return to those arms, the dear ark within which all my happiness abides."

"Farewell then, farewell, Henry!" replied the lady; "but you will write to me often?"

A cloud came over the cavalier's brow as he grasped his lady's hand, and said in a suppressed tone, "I will write, Françoise; but trust not, believe not, obey not, aught that I may write upon that subject

about which we conversed yesterday, until I send the token. The atmosphere of courts is deceitful and betraying. The tongue utters what the heart does not dictate. The smile that plays upon the lip there, costs a more painful effort than the tear that flows in solitude and seclusion—and the pen traces characters at which the soul revolts as at ignominy and falsehood. My letters, although addressed to thee, are intended for the eyes of others, unless accompanied by this;" and then he touched a ring of a singular workmanship, which he wore upon the forefinger of his left hand.

As he spake these words, he parted the dark locks which shadowed the fair forehead of the lady, gazed on her fondly, and imprinted a lingering kiss on her lips. Then springing into the saddle, and motioning to his attendant, he waved his hand to the lovely mourner, and followed by other horsemen, proceeded at a rapid pace down the long avenue of trees which led from the castle to the road. Often and anxiously did he look back to return his lady's signal, and he sighed as her white kerchief looked less and less in the increasing distance. At length, emerging from the avenue, he lost all sight of the mansion of his ancestors, and found himself on the high road which led to the town of Chateaubriant.

The day was fine, and the scenery through which the travellers passed was full of that melancholy beauty which autumn impresses upon every object. The fragrance which they inhaled was the last of the year; the leaves which rustled over their heads, denoted by the very beauty and variety of their tints how soon they were to perish; and many, at the very moment that they were glowing under the influence of the autumnal sun, were shaken from their branches and scattered by the somewhat fresh breeze.

"We all do fade as a leaf!" mentally exclaimed the cavalier; "we spring up like trees; but the statelier and nobler we become, the broader is the shadow which is thrown around us. We put forth our most precious hopes and affections only to perish like leaves upon the branches. Some are nipped in the spring-tide of our lives by an untimely blast; some in their summer-strength are plucked away by the hand of violence; myriads fall in the autumn, just as they arrive at beauty and maturity; and a few linger out a cold and lonely existence through the winter of our days, until the blast which tears us up by the root, levels all in undistinguishing ruin!"

This train of thought was becoming painful, and

our traveller was about to seek relief from the oppression of his own mind by entering into conversation with his attendant, when a sudden turning of the road brought him into contact with a person richly dressed and well mounted, who was travelling at a very rapid pace. The stranger was about to bow slightly as he passed; but as he caught the eye of our hero he checked his steed, and exclaimed in a tone of mingled pleasure and surprise, "Chateaubriant!"

"St. Foix!" exclaimed the latter; "what lucky chance brings you into our poor province of Britany?"

"No lucky chance," replied St. Foix, "but a good steed, and a king's message to the most noble Count de Chateaubriant."

Another of those dark clouds which would sometimes steal across the fine open brow of Chateaubriant, and which had even thrown a gloom over the parting interview with his beautiful Countess, now gathered on his features, and it was not without some difficulty that he contrived to suppress his emotions as he said to St. Foix—"With me His Majesty's pleasure need only be known to be obeyed."

"The King," returned St. Foix, "commands me

to express his sorrow and surprise at the last intelligence which he received from you. He trusts, notwithstanding, that your lady will accompany you to Ardres. It will look neither seemly nor loyal, that on an occasion when all the rank and beauty in France will surround the throne, the place of so distinguished a lady as the Countess de Chateaubriant should remain vacant."

"I have used, my Lord," said Chateaubriant, "every effort in my power to induce her to accompany me, but she remains inexorable. Indeed, her rustic manners and natural timidity are but ill fitted for such a sphere. You know, St. Foix, that I stooped much below my rank when I married, for, although distantly related to the House of De Foix, she was herself born of humble parents, and has but little to boast of on the score of education and accomplishments."

Although Chateaubriant had completely recovered his self-possession, St. Foix saw, or fancied he saw, a sinister expression on the features of the attendant while his master was speaking, which led him to doubt the truth of the excuse which the latter made for the nonappearance of his lady at court.

"I am sorry, Count," he said, "to inform you that the King takes this matter much to heart, and

that he considers it as a slight put upon himself. In order to convince him of your sincerity in endeavouring to overcome the inflexibility of your wife, it might be as well for you to send a letter to her by me, once more urging upon her the propriety of her accompanying you to the court."

The attendant, who continued within hearing, and had listened with great apparent interest to this conversation, now fixed his eyes with much curiosity upon Chateaubriant, as if anxious to ascertain the effect which this proposition would have upon his master. His own features denoted considerable surprise at perceiving those of the latter brighten, and assume an air of gratification at the proposal.

" Most willingly, noble St. Foix," answered Chateaubriant, " will I give my sovereign this proof of my zeal and loyalty. We are now within half a league of the town of Chateaubriant, and if you will turn your horse's head the same way with my own, I will, on my arrival there, give you the letter which you desire."

They had no sooner arrived at the town, and entered the mansion of Chateaubriant, than the latter redeemed his promise by writing the following letter, and putting it into the hands of St. Foix.

"The bearer, beloved Françoise, is the Viscount St. Foix, one of my oldest and most valued friends, who brings a message from our gracious sovereign, requiring you to accompany me to Ardres. As you value my peace and favour with the King, hasten to this place, whence I will provide means for escorting you to Picardy."

"What think you now, Pierre?" said St. Foix to the attendant, as the latter assisted him to his saddle, "is not the twig well limed?"

"I know not, my Lord," answered Pierre; "the bird may be warier than either of us imagines."

"Well! continue faithful and secret, and you shall be well rewarded. Some persons may think that you might be more honestly employed; but what task can be nobler and more chivalric than that of rescuing a fair lady from a dull castellated prison in Britany, and transplanting her into the harem of the gallant Francis?"

"The dull fool thinks my conscience needs a salve," muttered Pierre, as St. Foix struck his spurs into the horse's flanks, and bounded from his view; "No, no, if gold were not sufficiently powerful, what cannot hate,—fixed, invincible, irrevocable hate,—achieve!"

"What! soliloquizing, Pierre, and at the gate of

a hostelry. It is a goodly place, truly, to whisper to the world your secret machinations!"

The person who uttered these words, was a female of apparently little more than twenty years of age, of a slight but pretty figure, and a face in which might be traced the remains of beauty ruined by early sorrow or dissipation, or probably by both. While she was speaking, a melancholy smile played over her wan features, which was quickly succeeded by an expression of a darker and more malignant character, as she added: "You are surprised to see me here; but I bring news—rare, invaluable news!"

"Tell it me, sweet girl! Have our plans succeeded?"

"Nay, not so fast, Pierre! But know, that though Chateaubriant may write, and that often and angrily, Françoise will not leave Britany, and her lord will smile upon her the more sweetly for her disobedience."

"Thou talkest riddles, Therese; I pray thee unravel them."

"I can unravel them but in part," she replied; "but this I have gathered from the Countess, that Chateaubriant carries about him some token, unaccompanied by which all his letters are but wasted ink, and all his mandates are empty air."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks, Therese! for this timely intelligence. St. Foix, who has just started with a letter from Chateaubriant to the Countess, will have but a fruitless errand: but it shall be my care that the next journey speed better, and I trust that ere I have been long in Picardy, I shall extract from the easy confiding disposition of the Count, all that is necessary for me to know. In the mean time, Therese, be faithful—be secret!"

"Away!" she exclaimed indignantly; "Are not my wrongs heavy as thy own. The vengeance of Therese never—never will be appeased, until she sees him a widower and a murderer, howling over the mangled corpse of Françoise."

There was a tone of truth and earnestness in this avowal of unslaked revenge, which removed every suspicion from the mind of Pierre, if he had before harboured any. He clasped Therese in his arms; but she repelled him with firmness, and even dignity. "Avaunt! begone!" she said; and then added in a more melancholy tone—"No, no! never more shall human lover press these lips; the cold worm alone shall revel there. There is no falsehood in his embrace: the heart-ache does not follow it; and the pillow which we shall press together will never be wetted with my tears."

The hard heart of the ruffian who was coolly

plotting his master's dishonour, was melted by this involuntary ebullition of feeling. He took her hand, and gazed silently in her face, while tears stood in his eyes.

"Pierre," she said, withdrawing her hand, as if she feared that the touch of humanity would soften her from her purpose, "the world is over for me. Hope, fear, sorrow, joy, love, all the emotions of the heart have perished within me; and what am I but a lifeless corpse, into which Revenge, like a fiend, has entered, and imparted to it a transient animation. The Demon will go out of me when his work is accomplished, and then I shall sink into the grave, which has been too long defrauded of its prey."

She looked earnestly at Pierre as she uttered these words, then drew her dark mantle over her face, and gliding down the street, vanished from his sight.

The conversation between Pierre and Therese, will have enabled the reader to divine that the Viscount St. Foix returned from his mission without having been successful in its object. The result almost led him to believe in the sincerity of Chateaubriant, and the pertinacity of his lady; but the short interview which he had with the latter, convinced

him that what her husband had alleged of her mind and manners was untrue, while her beauty beggared the wildest pictures which his imagination had pourtrayed. He rejoined his friend at the town of Chateaubriant, where they both passed the night, and in the morning St. Foix took the direct road to Picardy; while Chateaubriant, whose affairs required him to pass through the metropolis, made the best of his way to Paris.

As nothing of moment occurred between the departure of the Count from Chateaubriant and his arrival at Ardres, we shall avail ourselves of the interval, by acquainting our readers with some particulars in the history of the personages who have been introduced to them.

The Count de Chateaubriant was one of the most gallant and accomplished noblemen of France. He had served in Italy, Navarre, and the Low Countries, and had been desperately wounded at the battle of Ravenna. He was not more distinguished for his prowess in the field, than for his polished manners, and the grace and suavity with which he mingled in the gaieties of the Court, and among the refined society of the French metropolis. During the intrigues which Francis carried on after the death of the Emperor Maximilian, Chateaubriant

finding no employment either civil or military to occupy him, retired to his beautiful domain in Britany; and soon afterwards his late associates of the Court were astonished by the intelligence that he had given his hand in marriage to a person of very inferior rank, without fortune or any thing to recommend her, but her personal charms. Of the latter, exaggerated reports circulated in every direction; and when the election of the King of Spain as Emperor, left Francis once more at leisure for his darling pursuit, gallantry, he heard of nothing more frequently than the beauty and accomplishments of the Countess de Chateaubriant. The curiosity of the King, as well as some less venial passions, were excited by these accounts; and when Chateaubriant hastened to Paris to do homage to his sovereign, the latter inquired after the health of his Countess, and begged that she might be introduced at Court. Chateaubriant, who knew the amorous and intriguing disposition of the King, and foresaw in this introduction the death-blow of his happiness, excused his lady on the ground of her naturally shy and timid disposition, her unpolished manners, and the invincible repugnance which she felt to mingling in public life. The King, who instantly saw through Chateaubriant's excuses, was

not so easily baffled. He set on foot secret inquiries, from which he learned that the mind and manners of the Countess were not surpassed even by her beauty. A deep and uncontrollable passion for this unseen object fired the heart of the King, and he determined to possess himself of the prize at any hazard. In the Viscount St. Foix, an ancient comrade and bosom-friend of Chateaubriant when at the court, he found a ready and pliant instrument. This man, to great talents, and a polished exterior, joined a most depraved mind. His knowledge of human nature was profound, and his influence over Chateaubriant unlimited. He perceived, however, that to execute his plan thoroughly, he should want confederates, and it was not long before he found in Pierre, the favourite servant of his friend, the very man of whom he stood in need.

This person had been reared from boyhood in the family of the Count, and had been always treated with peculiar favour, and admitted into extraordinary confidence by his master. He had formed an early attachment to a beautiful peasant girl of the name of Annette Delville, who resided in the neighbourhood of the castle. Pierre had been accepted both by the girl and her parents, and a day was fixed upon for their nuptials, when unhappily for

the lovers, Annette caught the eye of Chateaubriant. The youth, the beauty, the wealth and accomplishments of the courtier, soon triumphed over the virtue of the fair peasant girl; she remained for some time the avowed mistress of the Count, who at length, however, grew weary of his easy prize, and neglected her. The beautiful Françoise de Foix, soon eclipsed the humbler charms of the poor peasant girl, and in process of time became the Countess de Chateaubriant. Annette no sooner heard the rumour of the intended marriage, then she became moody and melancholy, and one morning was missed from her accustomed chamber in the castle. A long and anxious search was made for her, for Chateaubriant himself became sensible of his unworthy conduct, but without success. The river in the vicinity was dragged, couriers were despatched to make inquiries in the adjacent towns and villages, and large rewards were offered for the slightest intelligence, but neither Annette nor the faintest clue to her movements, could with all their exertions be discovered.

It may be imagined that these events made no slight impression on the mind of Pierre. From exerting the utmost devotion and fidelity to his master, he became his bitterest and most implacable enemy. His own wrongs, as well as those of An-

nette, for whom all his fondness revived when he perceived the altered conduct of the Count towards her, goaded him to revenge. He did not, however, let his master perceive this alteration in his feelings, but affected to laugh at the loss of Annette, as a prize too worthless to be regretted. He professed still more devotion than ever to the interest of Chateaubriant, in whose favour and confidence he continued to make rapid advances.

In this state of mind he was discovered by the wily St. Foix, while in attendance on his master at Paris. The King's gold, added to the deep-rooted sense of his own injuries, was irresistible, and the ruin of the Countess was determined on. When he found Chateaubriant inflexible in opposing his wife's journey to Paris, Pierre resolved to do what he could towards corrupting her mind at home. For this purpose he introduced a female attendant to her, who was entirely under his influence. He found little difficulty in prevailing on his master to accept the services of any person whom he recommended, and the wishes of the Count were received as laws by his lady. Therese was accordingly received into her service and confidence.

Against this triple and secret league, it may easily be imagined that the unfortunate Chateau-

briant found it a task of no slight difficulty to defend himself. To the repeated requests and even commands of his sovereign, he was obliged to reply by excuses and evasions, which had been practised so often that he could scarcely hope that they would continue to be successful. At length, the period arrived when all the nobility of France were required to attend their sovereign to the vale of Ardres in Picardy, on his expected interview with the King of England. Châteaubriant, aware that he would be more sorely pressed than ever to exhibit his hidden treasure to the wondering gaze of the King and courtiers, and that nothing would satisfy the former but a written mandate under his own hand, to the Countess, resolved upon defeating his purpose by an ingeniously conceived stratagem. He had two rings made, of an ordinary appearance, but of so very peculiar a construction, that it was impossible that they could be mistaken, by those acquainted with the secret, for any others. One of these he kept in his own possession, and he gave to the Countess its counterpart, enjoining her, at the same time, not to obey any message which he might send, or any letter which he might write, unless it was accompanied by the ring which he had reserved to himself. The Countess promised to comply with this request, and

Chateaubriant left his paternal mansion lighter of heart than he had felt himself for a considerable time previously.

It was not until the very morning on which the memorable interview of the Field of the Cloth of Gold was appointed to take place, that Chateaubriant arrived in the vale of Ardres. He found himself, at an early hour of that morning, about half a league from the town of Guisnes, and in front of a most magnificent square castellated palace, whose walls were apparently of freestone, raised upon a deep plinth or basement, of red brick work. Chateaubriant started as if some magical allusion had presented itself to his eyes, for although he was well acquainted with the vicinity of Guisnes, and had very recently visited this spot, he had never before beheld the stately edifice on which he was now gazing. It seemed to be near two hundred feet in height; the grand gateway, or entrance, was formed by an arch, whose archivault rested on the capitals of two Corinthian pillars, forming the architrave which covered the jambs of the door way. On each side of the gateway were two large transom bay windows, separated from each other by a square freestone tower, which was carried up above the battlements of the parapet, and terminated by

a large projecting moulded cornice. The walls were kernelled at the top; and fortified at their angles, as also on each side of the grand gateway, by a circular tower of brickwork, pierced with loop holes.

The building was ornamented by several free-stone statues in various attitudes. Above these ornaments was a grand armorial escutcheon, charged with the arms of France and England, quarterly, supported by a lion and a dragon. The initial letters H. and R. were placed one on each side of the escutcheon, and the whole was surmounted by an imperial crown.

On the plain before the castle stood two superb conduits, placed at a small distance from each other; both were running with red wine, and surrounded by a populace which was availing itself, with the least possible loss of time, of the festivity allowed to them on the occasion of the approaching ceremony.

"Heavens, Pierre!" said Chateaubriant, "sure some necromancer has been waving his wand over this place, and has called from the entrails of the earth yonder gorgeous pile."

"No necromancer, my lord," replied the valet, "but Sir Edward Belknap, by the assistance of the three thousand cunning artificers who accompanied him from England, has reared this pile. This must

be the buiding which my Lord St. Foix informed us was to be sent over by King Henry, on the occasion of his interview with our gallant sovereign."

Pierre's account was correct. The building, which was of timber, had been sent ready framed from England. The outside was covered with canvas, painted in imitation of freestone and rubbed brick-work, and the interior was ornamented with a variety of sculptures. Chateaubriant, who was gazing in stupifying amazement, was roused from his trance by the report of a cannon which was fired from Guisnes, and was answered after a short interval by another from Ardres.

This was the signal for the two monarchs to proceed to the place of interview; and presently afterwards Chateaubriant perceived, both to the right and left, indications of the approach of a numerous cavalcade.

He turned his eyes in the first instance towards the town of Guisnes, whence the English procession issued. The advanced part of the procession was the Yeomen of the Guard, mounted on bay horses, and carrying halberts in their hands. These were followed by three ranks of men on foot, five in each rank, and all of them unarmed. Five persons on horseback next appeared; the middlemost was dressed in

a black gown, and bore in his right hand a cross; on his right was a person in a scarlet gown, carrying a cardinal's hat on a cushion. The two persons on the right and left of these were dressed in black, and wore massy gold chains hanging down from their shoulders, while he on the extreme right was habited in a white linen surplice. These who, as Chateaubriant afterwards learned, were officers in the household of Cardinal Wolsey, were succeeded by two horsemen clothed in orange-coloured gowns, and supported on their right and left by a mace-bearer clad in crimson. Then followed two other horsemen, supported in the same manner, with black bonnets on their heads, and gold chains round their necks.

The thickening crowd, as well as the increasing interest depicted in every countenance, gave Chateaubriant to understand that the more distinguished personages of the cavalcade were approaching. A cry of "Garter! Garter!" resounded over the plain, as a gallant cavalier pricked past him, mounted upon a piebald charger richly trapped and caparisoned, whose high mettle he found great difficulty in restraining within the solemn pace of the procession. He was bareheaded, wearing the tabard of the Order of the Garter, and was supported on his

left hand by a mace-bearer mounted upon a black horse. These were indications which enabled Chateaubriant to recognize Sir Thomas Wriothesley, the English King at Arms.

He was followed by a nobleman, also bareheaded, mounted on a beautiful dun horse, and carrying in his hand the sword of state in the sheath, upright. He was superbly dressed in a gown of cloth-of-gold, and by the side of his horse ran a brace of milk-white greyhounds, with collars round their necks.

Shouts of "Vive le Roi!" intermixed with cries of "Largess, largess!" now resounded on every side; and the Yeomen of the Guard on foot, carrying their partizans on their shoulders, as well as two of the King's henchmen, also on foot, indicated the approach of royalty itself.

Henry was mounted on a stately white courser, most gorgeously caparisoned; the trappings, breast-plate, head-stalls, reins, and stirrups, being covered with wrought gold and highly embossed. On his head was a black velvet cap with a white plume, and studded with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. He wore a damask garment of cloth-of-gold, thickly ribbed with silver, over a jacket of rose-coloured velvet; from his shoulders hung a beautiful large collar, composed of rubies and

branches of pearl set alternately; and on his breast was a rich jewel of St. George suspended by a ribbon of the order. His boots were of yellow leather, and he held a small whip in his hand.

Abreast of the King, mounted on a bay horse, rode Cardinal Wolsey. He was habited in the full robes of a Cardinal, and the magnificence of his dress surpassed even that of his master; while innumerable multitudes crowded around him, some waving their caps, and some prostrate on their knees, craving his blessing. In his right hand he held a small ivory crucifix, which he pressed to his bosom, while his left was outstretched, as if dispensing his benediction to the populace. He had tortured his features into an expression of excessive mildness and humility, but master as he was of the art of dissimulation, he had not been able to tame the fiery eye, or to curb the writhed lip which too plainly indicated his haughty and imperious temper.

A long train of noblemen, knights, and gentlemen of distinction, brought up the rear of the procession. Their fine forms, their gorgeous apparel, and the beauty and spirit of the noble animals upon which they were mounted, beggared all description. The whole collected wealth of England appeared to have been lavished on the Vale of Ardres. Here and

there, a nobleman of more than ordinary distinction was followed by the principal officers of his household and a numerous body of his tenantry, who made the welkin ring with their shouts of "a Howard!" "a Percy!" or "a Clifford." Occasionally a prelate rode by, amid the prayers and genuflexions of the assembled populace; and sometimes a renowned warrior, followed by their deafening acclamations.

Chateaubriant's attention had been so much engaged by the splendid cavalcade to the right, that he had not observed what was going forward at a short distance from him on the left. He, however, now spurred his steed towards the French procession, followed by his valet. The van of the procession, consisting of the great officers of state, and other distinguished persons, with their retinue, had already passed by; and was now forming into ranks on the left hand of the palace, in front of the English, who were ranged on the opposite side: but the deafening acclamations, the delight and eager interest visible in every face, and the involuntary movement by which the whole crowd appeared to be simultaneously swayed, announced the near approach of the King of France.

Francis was less gorgeously apparelled than his

brother monarch, and indeed his whole appearance, as well as that of the gallant steed on which he rode, evinced a less eager love of pomp and magnificence, but at the same time indicated a finer taste and greater simplicity of feeling. His train was as numerous, and composed of persons of as high rank and distinction, as that of his brother monarch.

As the King rode past Chateaubriant, the latter fancied that St. Foix whispered in the monarch's ear. An indefinable expression played upon the King's features, and our hero hardly knew whether it was one of displeasure or surprise. The King's eye, however, soon caught his, and a smile played upon his lip as he beckoned Chateaubriant towards him. He instantly rode up to the King and saluted him. "Ye have been long coming, my Lord, but ye see that I have kept the post of honour vacant for you. Ride on my right hand; and although my retinue is not graced with the presence of a Cardinal, I shall not feel ashamed to meet King Henry with one of the gallantest peers of Europe in my train."

A blush of mingled bashfulness and pride mantled on the cheek of Chateaubriant, as he made his obeisance to his sovereign, and fell into the ranks of the procession, in the order in which he was com-

manded. He thought that he heard something like a murmur among the peers of higher and more ancient rank, who rode behind him; and although he could not restrain a certain feeling of exultation in his breast, he was not without some fearful misgivings at this distinguished proof of his sovereign's favour. "Françoise," he mentally said, "is this meant as the price—" with an involuntary shudder he endeavoured to break off from the painful train of feeling which was suddenly awakened in his breast; and apparently with so much success, that during the remainder of the day,

"His brow belied him if his heart was sad."

At a signal from Cardinal Wolsey, the grand master of the ceremonies, the bugles sounded, and the two monarchs rode briskly towards each other,—Henry attended by a young English nobleman, and Francis by Chateaubriant; shouts of "Henri!" "François!" "Les deux Grands Rois!" arose on every side.

The Kings of France and England were esteemed the two most handsome and accomplished men in Europe, and none who witnessed their appearance on that memorable day, could feel disposed to question the accuracy of the general opinion. Both

were then in the flower of their age, had given signal proofs of their personal gallantry and prowess, were liberal patrons of the fine arts and their professors—and one, Henry, had himself evinced a talent for poetry. Their personal appearance was such as must have claimed the approbation of the most sullen enemy of royalty. The form and features of each were remarkable for manly beauty, and yet were finely contrasted with each other. The bluff, round, ruddy face, blue eyes, and well-proportioned yet somewhat bulky figure of Henry were equally admired, although strongly opposed to the keen and intelligent, but, perhaps, too sallow features, the dark fiery eye, and the spare but elegant figure of Francis.

The two monarchs saluted on horseback; then dismounted, and, after having embraced each other with great apparent cordiality, amidst the clang of bugles, the roll of drums, and the deafening shouts of the assembled multitude, retired into the tent, which we have described, preceded by Wolsey, and followed respectively by the young nobleman whom we have mentioned, and the Count de Chateaubriant.

Of the political matters which transpired during this memorable interview, the historians of the age

have given full details. We have nothing new to lay before our readers on the subject, and we do not mean to inflict upon them the thrice-told stories of the ancient chroniclers. The most memorable incident which occurred was the circumstance of Henry, when he began to read the proposed treaty, stopping at the words "*I, Henry, King,*" and then merely adding, "*of England,*" without subjoining "*and France,*" the usual style of the English monarchs. Francis remarked this delicacy, and expressed by a smile his approbation of it. The treaty was signed and ratified at the same time by both sovereigns, and although attended by fewer and less solemn formalities than the treaties of modern times, it turned out, as our readers well know, to be as hollow and faithless, and as mere waste-paper a contract as ever received the signature of plenipotentiary or potentate.

"And now," said King Henry, after the mere business of the interview was concluded, and as he surveyed with an approving smile the manly form and gallant bearing of Chateaubriant, "having received and returned the friendly greeting of our royal brother, may we crave to know the name of him by whom he is so worthily attended?"

"It is Henry de Chateaubriant, Sire," said the

Count, bending his knee, "who has the honour to approach your Majesty's presence."

"By the Mother of God!" said the King, using his favourite oath, "the gallant Breton! the possessor of the noblest mansion and the fairest lady in all Armorica; a lady, my Lord," he added, turning to his youthful attendant, "who, if report say true, would prove a dangerous rival to thy far-famed Geraldine."

"Sire," said Wolsey, "the charms of the Countess de Chateaubriant, it would seem, are such as stand in no need of the paltry homage of puling poets, whatever those of the paragon of Kildare may do."

"Ha! ha!" shouted the monarch, as a hearty laugh discomposed the gravity of his bluff features, "my Lord Cardinal looks somewhat askew at the whole tribe of poets, since that rascal Skelton treated him so scurvily. But my Lord Chateaubriant," he added, as he put upon the Count's finger a large and precious emerald, which had sparkled upon his own, "wear this ring for my sake, and tell your fair Countess that Henry of England wishes her well."

Chateaubriant knelt down and kissed the monarch's hand in token of respect and gratitude.

"Thanks, my brother," said King Francis, "for my gallant servant's sake; but I take shame to myself that I have allowed you to outstrip me in this race of courtesy. My Lord of Surry," he added, as he plucked a jewel from his bonnet and placed it in the hands of the noble bard, "wear this for my sake. I knew not until now that I stood in the presence of him whom the united voice of Europe acknowledges as the first poet, as well as the most accomplished chevalier of his age. Wear it, and let it sometimes bring to your remembrance Francis of France, who knows and admires the efforts of your genius, although not fitted by being, like your own sovereign, accomplished in the same divine art, to appreciate them duly."

Surry knelt down, and received the French King's courtesy with due grace and thankfulness; while Henry, whose eye at first flashed with the fires of jealousy, was tamed into good humour by the compliment to himself with which Francis concluded. The latter and his attendant then took their leave of the English monarch, and shortly afterwards the bugle was heard announcing the return of the French cavalcade to Ardres.

On the evening of the same day as Pierre was assisting his master to his couch, he observed, on the

finger of the latter, the precious ring which had been given to him by King Henry.

"Put this, Pierre," he said, "into my escrutoire, and lay the key beneath my pillow. It is a King's gift, and must be guarded carefully."

"It is indeed, my Lord," said Pierre, "a jewel of great price and most exquisite workmanship, and methinks becomes your Lordship's finger far better than the poor toy which you used to wear at Paris."

Chateaubriant looked at his finger, and a sudden emotion of distress and surprise appeared to overwhelm him. "Almighty God!" he exclaimed, and turned as pale as ashes.

"What ails your Lordship?" said Pierre, hastening to the assistance of his master.

"Ruined, Pierre! ruined past redemption. That ring, that toy, as thou callest it, was more precious in my eyes than all the wealth in the united treasuries of France and England. It is the talisman which protects my honour and my peace; it is the magic circle within which all my happiness and my hopes abide, and, like a gaudy fool, hastening to sport my bravery amidst these mummeries on the plains of Picardy, I have left my treasure behind me at Paris."

"Nay, my Lord, if that be all, it is safe enough where you have left it; and if not, methinks you are compensated for its loss a thousand fold by the splendid gift of King Henry."

"Pierre," said Chateaubriant, "thou art ignorant of the precious prize which is staked upon this cast; and trusty though I know thee to be, I will not even breathe into *thy* ear the secret of my bosom's happiness. But haste thee, ere the hour-glass is once more turned, to Paris; purchase the noblest and fleetest steed in all Guisnes, and keep it for thy pains; take this key, which will unlock the casket that contains my treasure, bring it to me safely and speedily; and then, to show thee how highly I prize thy service, King Henry's ring shall be thine own."

Pierre gazed at his master for a moment in a stupor of mingled astonishment and delight; then, suddenly recollecting himself, made a low obeisance and retired.

"It is done! it is achieved!" exclaimed Pierre. "Vengeance, thou dear delicious cup which I have thirsted for so long, I now shall quaff thee till my full soul is saturated with the delightful dew! Oh, God! Oh, God! how am I changed! A few short months ago, and for this man—this Chateaubriant,

whom I am now hurrying to perdition, I would have bared my neck to the headsman's axe to save a hair upon his head from injury. Annette! Annette! thou who wert the angel of my peace, art now the phantom that haunts me to destruction, the fiend who beckons me to the same precipice where thou thyself wert lost; and by thy wrongs, and by my hatred, and by the invincible spirit of revenge, I will not fail to do thy bidding. I come! I come!"

The next moment saw him in close conference with St. Foix; and shortly afterwards, the fleetest steed that could be selected from the King's stables, bore him proudly on its back towards Paris.

The reader's attention must now be diverted from the plains of Picardy to the forest in the neighbourhood of Chateaubriant's castle in Britany, which, as at the close of a fine autumnal day, Thérese was wandering solitary and lost in the contemplation of her own thoughts, she gave utterance to the following soliloquy:—

"Am I turned fiend to plot the destruction of one so good, so gentle, so beautiful? Ha! my heart, wilt thou betray me once again? Hast thou not already paid enough for thy fatal softness? Have not hatred and injury, and scorn, been thy reward? Is there not poison in these veins, and madness in

this brain, and misery on this brow; and do I not see *her* beloved, and blessing, and being blest? Am I turned fiend, did I say? Rather should I ask, am I not relapsing into infantile imbecility? Can I forgive?—Can I forget? Forget! It is a word that is blotted from my vocabulary. It is a word unknown in heaven and in hell, and among the lafter spirits of the earth. Forget? Therese forget her love or her hatred, her injuries or her revenge! Ha! ha! ha!"

As she concluded this incoherent soliloquy, Therese made the forest in which she was wandering, ring with her maniacal laughter. It was repeated in a still louder tone by a voice which seemed to belong to a more substantial organ than that of the echoes of the forest, and turning round she beheld Pierre at her side.

"Has the passionate expression of my sorrows conjured up a fiend indeed? Welcome, thou unwearied minister of my revenge! welcome to thy native woods!"

"And welcome, a thousand times welcome, sweet Therese, to this devoted bosom."

"Unhand me, fool! what have we to do with the vanities of love? I tell thee, Pierre, again, my heart is shut to every human emotion save one. Attempt

to disturb that master-passion, or to enthrone a feebler in its place, and, by Heaven! its lightning, although directed mainly at a loftier head, shall not disdain to fall upon thy own."

"Well, well," said Pierre moodily, "thou art right; thy heart is constant to its purpose, nor deem that mine has wavered; our work is finished, our vengeance is achieved."

"He is not dead?" asked Therese anxiously, and her face grew black as night as she made the inquiry.

"No, no," said Pierre, "I have not done our work so bunglingly; he lives to writhe in tortures more exquisite than the malignant wit of man ever invented. The bolt has not yet fallen; but a sign, a breath, a word, Therese, and our feet are upon the neck of our victim."

"Now, thou Almighty Destiny! I will accuse thy purposes no more. Bitter is the cup which thou hast made me quaff, but how does it enhance the sweetness of revenge! Tell me, Pierre, tell me all; my thirsty soul gasps for the delicious draught."

"Behold this ring," said Pierre, taking Chateaubriant's treasure from his bosom; "this is the token, unaccompanied by which, as thou toldest me, all his

letters to the Countess are but wasted ink, and all his mandates empty air."

"I'st true, is't possible? My senses stagger; I dare not, must not believe it."

"Then listen to me, girl."

Pierre then related to her the circumstances which led to his mission to Paris, and informed her of his becoming possessed of the precious ring.

"A cunning artificer of Paris, Therese, made such a copy of it, that thy own blue eye bears not more resemblance to its fellow, than this did to its original. The counterfeit I gave to Chateaubriant; the original is the talisman which must lure his Countess to the embraces of King Francis."

"And did he truly reward thee with King Henry's precious gift?"

"Behold it here! take it, Therese, 'tis thine; a mean reward for thy services in our common cause."

"Mean indeed!" she said, as she returned the ring indignantly; "take back your bauble, Pierre; I want no reward but one, and that I shall grasp speedily."

"Speedily, I trust," replied Pierre. "I have come to Britany in attendance upon the Viscount St. Foix, who is the bearer of a letter from Chateaubriant to the Countess, and have ridden in advance

to announce his coming to your lady. His letter contains an earnest request to her to set off with us for Guisnes in the morning; a request, her compliance with which will be secured when she sees this ring."

"And when thou hast conducted her to Guisnes, what hast thou done, but led her to the longing arms of her husband?—faithful as the turtle dove in his absence, thinkest thou that his presence will tempt her to inconstancy?"

"We must trust to the blandishments of the court, to the arts of Francis, and to the weakness and vanity of a woman's heart," returned Pierre.

"Peace, peace, babbler!" said Therese: "what knowest thou of woman's heart, of what it can achieve, or what it can endure. Chateaubriant must be removed from Picardy, or our vessel is wrecked even in sight of port. Give me the ring."

"The ring! Therese, what ring?"

"King Henry's ring. The bauble has within a few short minutes acquired a value in my eyes. Adieu!"

"Adieu, sayest thou? whither art thou going?"

"To the plains of Picardy."

"Surely thou art not mad!" said Pierre, as he attempted to stop her.

"And if I were, and if I were," exclaimed Therese, lifting her hands and eyes to Heaven, "have I not cause? But Heaven is not so merciful. It has given me the tortures of madness, without its lethean balm. I am going to Picardy; ask not when, or how, or wherefore; delay the departure of the Countess but one day, and then the victory is our own."

"This is illusion," said Pierre, as he gazed upon the slight figure of Therese disappearing amidst the recesses of the forest; "madness is in her eye and on her lips; but her actions, strange and inscrutable as they appear, have tended to one object, and have ever accelerated the completion of our design."

"Why, Pierre," said St. Foix, as he came up with the valet, "thou hast forgotten thy accustomed diligence. I thought that ere this, thou hadst announced my arrival at the castle: wherefore hast thou loitered thus?"

"I met Therese, my Lord, in the forest, to whom I unfolded the history of our plot, and who, I fear, for very joy has gone distracted. She snatched King Henry's ring from off my finger, and darted from my sight to go, as she told me, to the plains of Picardy."

"Fear her not, Pierre; her heart has meditated too long and too intensely on her wrongs to suffer her to deviate from the high road which leads to the accomplishment of her revenge. But now, Pierre, as we are so near to the castle, we may as well proceed together; only as we must not be seen in its neighbourhood indulging in too much familiarity, do thou fall a little in the rear."

They now continued their journey towards the castle in silence. Each was too much occupied with his own thoughts, to feel inclined to intrude upon the taciturnity of the other. Pierre especially, who with all his dark passions and too well remembered injuries, had more of human feeling in his composition than the heartless courtier, was wrapt up in the contemplation of the business in which he had engaged. "I am a robber, and a traducer! and shall be a murderer!" It was thus that he conversed with his own dark thoughts; "but I cannot arrest the wheels of destiny in their course—that course in which they will eventually crush me as well as mine enemy—me, whom they have already bruised so fearfully. Had I never been injured—had this snake, this reptile of the court, this Chateaubriant, never crawled between me and my love—had he never defiled that couch, on which I had hoped to

rest my heart and head together, I had not been what I am now, a blighted branch, a cankered flower, poisoning the air in which I breathe, killing the sweet shrubs which grow around me. And yet I mar the sanctity of my hatred, I profane the righteousness of my revenge, by taking bribes to spur me on, by receiving fees from this St. Foix and his master. Therese, thy purpose is as black as mine, but thou walkest towards it in a holier road. I am a villain, a sordid villain—but this trash," he added as he took from his bosom a bag of gold, and surveyed it wistfully, "although love alone could sweeten the cup of life, this trash may help to soften its acidity."

With such reflections as these, in which hatred, revenge, avarice, and self contempt, were mingled but without the slightest feeling of relentfulness or remorse, was his bosom occupied until the lofty turrets of the castle of Chateaubriant met the gaze of the travellers.

Something of a softer feeling came over his heart as he looked at the birth-place of himself and his father; but the sight of a little white cottage at the entrance of the avenue of elms which led to the castle gate, seemed to turn all the blood in his veins to poison. "Vengeance is at hand," he exclaimed;

"Blood must atone for lust—bitter remorse and torturing agony must be the price paid for unhallowed joys, and violated oaths!"

The Countess de Chateaubriant had, since the absence of her lord, remained strictly immured within the castle and its adjacent grounds, and had neither paid nor received any visits, except the one short audience which she had given to St. Foix, when he was the bearer of her husband's letter. Her principal attendant and favourite was Therese, with whom she felt more than ordinarily interested on account of her superior intelligence, far beyond her station, and of the indications which she displayed of deep internal suffering, occasionally mixed, as the Countess feared, with symptoms of insanity. The kindness and attentions of the Countess only appeared to root the melancholy of Therese more deeply. Some slight compunctious visitings, not of remorse or of irresolution, for she never once wavered from her purpose—but of sorrow would come across her that she was obliged to doom to shame and misery a being whom she felt that under happier circumstances she could have revered and loved. Could the ruin of Chateaubriant have been effected as completely and signally in any other way, Therese would have been glad to have

saved the Countess. But she was the casket which contained all the jewels of her husband's soul—his hopes, his fears, his joys, his love, his honour. Poverty or banishment, or disgrace, or death, would be nothing in comparison to the loss of that affection and innocence which he found enshrined in the pure bosom of Françoise.

As these thoughts passed in her mind, Therese became more and more confirmed in her purpose. "She shall die," she said, "but not yet: and he shall be tortured into frenzy, but it shall be by degrees." The pensive and melancholy expression which deep thought now cast upon her brow, more than ever interested the compassion of the Countess, and she little thought that the gloom which she so much commiserated, was only a shadow from these machinations which were plotting for her own destruction. Therese was much addicted to solitary wanderings, and the forest in the neighbourhood of the castle, with whose mazes she appeared to be acquainted in an extraordinary degree, considering the short period of her residence there, was her favourite haunt. Here she would frequently spend whole days, from the earliest hour in the morning, and return at night, sinking with hunger and fatigue.

Such was the state of affairs in the castle, when St. Foix and Pierre stood before the Countess. She received the first with much coldness, remembering the purport of his last mission; but her eyes sparkled with delight, which she neither wished nor was able to conceal, when she encountered those of Pierre.

"Welcome, good Pierre! welcome! Tell me, how fares my Lord? What think the gallants, who are assembled in Picardy, of Henry de Chateaubriant? What says King Francis of his gallant subject?"

"My honoured Lord is well, Madam," returned Pierre, "and as happy as he can be while separated from you. The cavaliers, both of England and France, acknowledge him the most accomplished knight in Christendom, and both monarchs vie in testifying the favour which they bear him."

"Now may all good angels shield thee for being the bearer of such happy tidings! And what message sends my Lord to me, Pierre?"

"That, Madam, the letter of which my Lord St. Foix is the bearer will best inform you."

A cloud came over the lady's brow. "No message Pierre?" she asked faintly; "I would rather listen to ten words warm from his heart, and preserved warm in the memory of a faithful servant, than peruse all the frigid epistles that ever were indited!"

Our fair readers will possibly not agree with the Countess, in her comparative estimate of the value of a lover's message and his letter; but they will remember that Françoise had her lord's own word to assure her that his letters were compositions to which, although penned by his hand, his heart was an utter stranger.

"Madam," said St. Foix, "I have once more the honour to be the bearer of my Lord Chateaubriant's letter to your ladyship; and the message for which you vainly enquire of Pierre, was also entrusted to me:—that you would read his heart's undisguised sentiments in that letter, and that he hoped you would lose no time in complying with the request which it contained."

A melancholy and incredulous smile played over the features of the Countess, as she took the letter and began listlessly to read its contents; and tears gushed from her eyes when she had finished the perusal.

"Heavens, Madam!" said St. Foix, "why this emotion? My Lord, I believe, merely requests that you will put yourself under the protection of me and Pierre, who are to be your escort to Guisnes?"

"And it is a request, my Lord St. Foix," re-

turned the Countess, "to which I have only the same answer to make as on the last time when you honoured the castle with your presence. I cannot comply with it. Adieu, my Lord, adieu!"

St. Foix now saw that it was necessary to make use of the ring, which he was anxious, if possible, to avoid doing, in order to escape the necessity of making any explanation to Chateaubriant.

"Nay, Madam," he said, as he gently prevented her exit from the apartment, "his Lordship's valet is the bearer of a token which, I believe, will silence all your doubts."

Pierre approached the Countess, and bending on one knee, he took her hand, which he kissed respectfully; and then placed the ring upon her finger.

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed, "can I believe my eyes!" and she looked alternately at both rings. "It is indeed the token which I have so anxiously looked for, and which is to reunite me to my lord. My Lord St. Foix, I pray you, pardon my apparent coldness. But solitude, and hope deferred, and trembling anxiety, have made me cautious and suspicious. Pierre, saddle the fleetest steeds in my lord's stable:—we will depart instantly!"

"Nay, Madam," said St. Foix, smiling, "you

will stand in need of repose before you take so long a journey; and Pierre and I, I fear, would scarcely at this moment be a competent escort. On the day after to-morrow, if your Ladyship pleases, we will bid adieu to Britany."

"Methinks it is an age, a dreary age," said the Countess; "but I am indeed forgetful of the fatigues incurred by my honoured guest and my Lord's faithful servant. Therese shall bring some refreshment, and then, my Lord, I have a thousand anxious questions with which to weary your patience."

She clapped her hands, and a female servant entered. "Where is Therese?" inquired the Countess.

"Therese, Madam, has been missing all the day. She was observed to be more thoughtful than usual last night, and this morning her chamber was found deserted."

"Poor Therese!" said the Countess; "it is thus that she will wander for hours together. She has borne my Lord's absence even more painfully than I."

A bitter smile played on the features of St. Foix, and a cloud gathered on those of Pierre, while the Countess spake. The former was incapable of any deeper feeling than malignity, but a thousand varied

emotions agitated the breast of the latter, while they followed the Countess into the refectory.

The day's residence of St. Foix at Chateaubriant afforded no incident worth recording, except that during that period an anxious but fruitless search was made for Therese, whom the Countess wished to accompany her to Guisnes: and on the second morning after the arrival of the confederates she departed for Picardy in a travelling-carriage, escorted by St. Foix and Pierre on horseback. The English and even the French reader, in the present halcyon days of travelling, will be surprised to hear that the journey from Chateaubriant to Picardy occupied four days, and that it was not until the morning of the fifth that the travellers found themselves in the plains between Ardres and Guisnes. Here the Countess, whose heart as well as her limbs had been shut up in her husband's château, and whose wildest wishes never roamed beyond it, except during the absence of Chateaubriant, was positively bewildered by the gay scenes through which she passed. The accomplished and gorgeously apparelled cavaliers—the beautiful and still more splendidly attired females—the gallant steeds—the gay equipages—the passage of heralds and messengers between the two kings—the magnificent tents or temporary

dwellings erected by the English—the stirring effect of the martial music resounding on every side, and the banners which waved around her, displaying all the colours of the rainbow, altogether formed a scene in which her senses were overpowered with astonishment and delight.

Only one cloud passed over this atmosphere of pleasure, and that was gone in a moment. A carriage, closely guarded by an equal number of French and English soldiers, and apparently containing a prisoner of distinction, came up to them; and as it passed the equipage of our heroine, she heard a dreadful shriek from some one within, and saw an attempt to let down the carriage window, which was prevented by the guards.

"Alas!" said she to St. Foix, who was riding by her carriage window, "what unfortunate person was that?"

"I know not, Madam," said St. Foix. "It is probably some maniac who has been disturbing the festivities, and whom the King has thought proper to send to Paris."

"Alas!" thought she, as she sank back in her seat, "even amid scenes of gaiety and magnificence like these, madness and misery will intrude, to teach kings that they are subject to the accidents of mor-

tality, and to breathe into the ears of pleasure the harsher but truer lessons of pain."

These thoughts filled her mind with sadness, and she sank into a reverie, from which she was not roused until she heard the carriage wheels rattling over the paved entrance of the fortifications of Ardres.

In the meantime, tilts and tournaments, and every varied species of amusement, had been going on in the plains of Picardy. The nobility of France and England, vied with each other in pomp and magnificence; and such was the profuse expenditure of all who accompanied the two kings in this memorable interview, that the spot on which it took place acquired the name of "*Le Champ du Drap d'Or.*"

There were still many cautious ceremonials when the two kings met, indicative of mutual suspicion and distrust, which shocked the frank and generous temper of Francis. "The number of their guards and attendants," says Hume, "was carefully reckoned on both sides; every step was scrupulously measured and adjusted, and if the two Kings intended to pay a visit to the Queens, they departed from their respective quarters at the same instant, which was marked by the firing of a culverin; and the moment that Henry entered Ardres, Francis

put himself into the hands of the English at Guisnes."

Francis determined to put an end to these ungenerous forms, by an incident which strongly marked his romantic and chivalrous character. Accordingly, on the day before that on which the Countess de Chateaubriant arrived at Ardres, the guards at Guisnes were much surprised at seeing the King of France ride up to the gates, attended only by a single cavalier. "You are all my prisoners!" he exclaimed! "carry me to your master." The guards, as soon as they recovered from the stupefaction occasioned by their surprise, opened their gates, and admitted the monarch and his attendant. The news spread with great rapidity, and the whole population of the town had thronged around the illustrious visitor before he arrived at the palace gates. "Chateaubriant," said the jocund king, for it was our hero by whom he was accompanied, "go from us to our brother England, and tell him that we summon him to yield himself and the garrison of this fair town our prisoners; and exhibit in thy own person the mighty armament which we have equipped in order to compel him to obedience." The Count made his obeisance, alighted from his steed, and was ushered into the presence of the King of England.

He found Henry seated under a canopy of state, with Cardinal Wolsey at his right hand, and several yeomen of the guard behind him. He was richly dressed in a garment of cloth of gold edged with ermine. The sleeves were crimson, and the doublet and hose of the same colour, and the badge of the Order of the Garter was suspended from his neck by a collar of pearls of inestimable value.

"A messenger from the King of France, may it please your Majesty," said the usher, "craves admittance to your royal presence."

"Let him enter," said King Henry, in a tone of surprise, and immediately Chateaubriant was on his bended knees before him.

"Ha!" ejaculated the King, while his large eye glowed like a ball of fire, and his brow grew black as midnight. Signs of intelligence passed between him and Wolsey, and the latter whispered one of the yeomen, who immediately left the apartment. "Rise, my Lord," said the King to Chateaubriant; "what is our royal brother's pleasure?"

"He bids me, Sire, in his name, demand of your Majesty the surrender of your person, and of the garrison of this town, as his prisoners. He has himself arrived in Guisnes to enforce this demand with

a powerful armament, the whole of which is at this moment in your Majesty's palace."

"Ha!" said Henry, and a hundred varied emotions made their transit in an instant over his capacious brow.

"Is King Francis now in Guisnes?"

"He is, may it please your Majesty."

"And how, say you, attended?"

"By the pomp and power, Sire, which reside within the limbs which are now prostrate before your majesty."

"By St. Thomas of Canterbury!" said Henry, as he again extended his hand to raise Chateaubriant from his knees, "we are fairly outstripped in this race of courtesy. Hasten, my Lord, to your master, and tell him that his prisoner waits to surrender himself into his custody."

Francis was soon in the presence of his brother monarch. "My brother," said Henry; "you have here played me the most agreeable trick in the world, and have showed me the full confidence I may place in you. I surrender myself your prisoner, this moment." He then took from his neck the precious collar of pearls of which we have already spoken, and putting it about Francis's, he added, "I pray you to wear this for the sake of your prisoner."

Francis received the collar, which was valued at 15,000 angels, but at the same time took a bracelet from off his own wrist which was worth double that sum, and putting it on Henry's, he said—"My prisoner must wear this fetter, the badge of his captivity."

"And now," said King Henry, turning to Chateaubriant, "I marvel, my Lord, that you should have come into our presence without that ring which we placed upon your finger when we saw you last. It was a king's gift, and methinks a fitter occasion could not have been found for wearing it than the present."

Chateaubriant's colour changed. The ring he had given to Pierre, and he was fearful of incensing the King of England by declaring that fact, as well as of exciting the curiosity and suspicion of his own sovereign, as to the nature of the service which could have called for so costly a reward.

"I own myself in fault, may it please your Majesty," said Chateaubriant confusedly; "but I trust it may be excused in consideration of the hasty and unexpected summons which I received from my gracious Lord here to attend him this morning."

The eyes of both Kings being fixed upon Chateaubriant as he spoke, increased his embarrassment and confusion. "I trust, my Lord," said Wolsey, "that

you have not considered the King of England's present so trifling a bauble, as to part with it to any loose companion of your hours of dalliance, to any frail female who may have been unable to resist your fascinations and solicitude."

Chateaubriant, whom the first part of this address had somewhat alarmed, felt re-assured by the conclusion of it, and he gave an emphatic negative to the accusation which it implied.

"Call in the witness!" said King Henry; and immediately the yeoman, who had retired from the presence on Chateaubriant's arrival, re-entered, leading by the hand a female whose face was muffled in her cloak, but by whose dress and figure Chateaubriant easily recognized Therese.

"Know you that female?" asked Henry in a voice rendered almost inaudible by passion.

"I do, Sire," said the Count; "she is an attendant upon my wife."

"When did you last see her?"

"At the castle of Chateaubriant, before I had the honour of my first admission into your Majesty's presence."

"Sirrah," said Henry, "you are an attendant upon my royal brother, or I would on the spot make you repent the utterance of so insolent a falsehood to a

king. Did you not give that ring, which I presented to you, to that girl?"

"My last answer, Sire," said Chateaubriant firmly, "is an answer also to this question—I never did."

King Henry's face became swollen with fury. "Death! traitor!" he exclaimed; "do you mean to assert that you are innocent of the crime of triumphing over the innocence and virtue of your wife's servant?"

"I am most innocent," said Chateaubriant; "so help me Heaven and all its Saints!"

"Thou art a liar and a slave!" said Therese, throwing back her hood, "wert thou twenty times Count de Chateaubriant."

Chateaubriant retreated several paces, as though he had seen a spectre, and his face assumed the ghastly hue of death, while every limb quivered with astonishment and fear. Therese's hair and brows, which had always been of a jet black hue, were now of a bright auburn colour; and her face, instead of that swarthy glow which denoted an oriental origin, was exquisitely fair. She wore a necklace of pearls, which Chateaubriant recognized as his own gift, round her neck, and King Henry's ring upon her finger, while her dress, being the same as

she had uniformly worn before her disguise, completed the *eclaircissement*, and revealed to the eyes of the astonished Count the form of the injured Annette Delville.

The behaviour of our hero was construed by both the Kings into a confession of his guilt, and Henry's eyes sparkled with the expression of a wild beast's when it has secured its prey, while Francis, whom surprise had hitherto kept mute, said, "I perceive, my brother, that your princely gift has been most unworthily appreciated. The Count de Chateaubriant is your prisoner, to be disposed of as you may think fit."

"Did he owe allegiance to me, my brother, my sentence should be more severe," said Henry, "but your attendant and confidant, however unworthy of his honours, demands some consideration from me. I will therefore beg that he may be sent back a close prisoner to his own castle under the surveillance of an equal number of French and English guards."

"Be it so," said Francis: and Henry immediately motioned to the yeomen of the guard to take Chateaubriant into custody.

The Count, whom the sudden apparition of Therese had struck dumb, now attempted to speak, but could not obtain a hearing. "Away with him!"

shouted the tyrannical Tudor; "and on the morrow, with our royal brother's approbation, he shall be escorted to his place of exile." The sentence was one with which Chateaubriant felt rather pleased than otherwise, as it would restore him to the society of his Countess; and believing that he should have an opportunity of vindicating his honour to the satisfaction of his own sovereign, he did not make any farther attempt at an explanation, but bowed respectfully to both monarchs, and retired.

"Farewell, my noble Lord, most upright and honourable Count de Chateaubriant," whispered a female voice in his ear, when he had proceeded about twenty yards from the royal chamber. He turned round and beheld Therese.

"Annette," he said mournfully, "perhaps at your hands I have deserved this. And yet, think not that the heart of Henri de Chateaubriant has ever been indifferent to your welfare. I have suffered much on your account, and my bosom is relieved of half its sadness by seeing you again. But tell me, Annette, tell me truly, how did you become possessed of that ring?"

A bitter laugh was the only answer to this inquiry.

"You have dishonoured me before two Kings.

You have driven me from their presence with the brand of ingratitude and perjury fixed to my name: and yet," he added smilingly, "I can scarcely complain, for you have been the occasion of sending me some months earlier than I expected to the castle of Chateaubriant, the casket which contains the jewel of my soul."

Annette grasped his hand, while a fiend-like smile played upon her lips. "Sayest thou so, fond fool!" she exclaimed. "Go then—go to the valleys of Britany; you will find the casket safe enough, but the jewel is stolen from it."

"Ha! sayest thou so," said Chateaubriant, in an agony of surprise: "what meanest thou? Tell me, for the love of Heaven," he added, endeavouring to detain her, but she eluded his grasp; and as she glided from his sight he heard the long corridor through which she disappeared echoing with her boisterous laughter.

That night Chateaubriant remained a close prisoner in one of the English tents, and the brutal Henry refused him even those indulgencies and attentions which were suitable to his rank. His mind, however, in consequence of what he had heard from Therese, was in a state which rendered him incapable of feeling, and still more of resenting

this petty malignity. He was far, however, from giving implicit credence to the intelligence of Annette. He knew that the ring was still in his own possession, and as he gazed at it on his finger, he smiled at the durance in which he was held, since with it he had purchased the safe possession of the precious token.

"It is only a malignant invention of Annette's," he said, "fabricated either for the purpose of disturbing my repose, or of defaming the reputation of my sweet Françoise; only a few hours, heavy and tedious hours indeed, but still only a few, and all my fears will be removed, and all my torturing anxiety will be allayed by the certainty of bliss."

Still his mind was in a state of too great excitation to allow him a moment's repose during the night, and it was not until the noonday sun was pouring its radiance into the tent, that he was discovered asleep by the commandant of the escort which was to convey him to Chateaubriant.

"We wait for you, my Lord," said this officer, awakening him. "We have King Henry's commands to lose no time in conveying you to Britany."

"I shall not give either King Henry or you, Sir,"

said Chateaubriant, "much trouble by delaying you in the execution of his orders. I have seen enough of courts and kings to return without a broken heart to my own peaceful mansion, on the banks of the Vilaine."

"Doubtless, doubtless," said the officer, shrugging up his shoulders as if expressing a concurrence of opinion; "but it was a dangerous thing in you, my Lord, to part with the King's present as you did. Had you been an English subject," added he, looking cautiously round the tent, "your head would have been in a much more precarious situation than it is at present."

"I am innocent, Sir, of the crime which has called forth King Henry's displeasure, and am at this moment ignorant of the way in which the ring came into the girl's possession."

The officer shook his head incredulously, and then, with a waggish smile, asked, "Am I to have the honour of escorting the young lady as well as your Lordship?"

"No, Sir," said Chateaubriant haughtily. "I am now at your service; and as I perceive that I am addressing a person who doubts my word, I beg that we may converse during the journey as sparingly as possible."

Thus saying, they proceeded to the travelling carriage which stood at the door of the tent, and in which Chateaubriant seated himself. The officer then mounted a horse which stood abreast of the carriage, and giving the signal to the six men under his command, three of whom were French and three English, they proceeded on their journey.

Chateaubriant, whose temper had been considerably ruffled by the short conversation which we have just related, was now left to his own thoughts, which again began to assume a painful character. He was soon roused from his reverie by the noise of wheels, and he was panic-struck as he looked through the carriage-window, to see his own family carriage, which he had left at Britany, approaching at a rapid pace. He almost doubted the evidence of his senses until he saw his friend St. Foix riding abreast of it, and Pierre at a short distance; and as it passed him he saw the Countess in the inside apparently buried in deep thought. The horrible conviction of Annette's veracity, and of the cause of his present captivity, flashed upon his brain, and he uttered a heart-piercing scream as he endeavoured to let down the carriage window. In this he was prevented by the commandant, who placed one hand on the window and with the other brandished his sword.

"Beware! Count," he said; "give me but another instance of a refractory disposition, and I have orders which I shall be compelled, however unwillingly, to execute."

"For God's sake!" said Chateaubriant, "pursue that carriage. I'll make the fortune of the man who arrests its progress."

"Nay, Sir, nay," replied the other; "the men at present under my command have other duties to perform; and as it was formerly your desire, so it is now mine, that we should converse as sparingly as possible—we will, therefore, drop this subject."

Chateaubriant's distress was too great for resentment or anger to find a place in his bosom for a moment: he supplicated the officer in language more humiliating than his pride had ever allowed him yet to use, but the latter was inexorable. In the mean time the distance between the two carriages widened, and at length Chateaubriant, exhausted by the violence and variety of his emotions, sunk back in the carriage in a state of listless stupor.

Years rolled over the grey turrets of Chateaubriant's castle, but the lovely Countess was no longer seen within its walls, enlivening by her beauty, grace, and intelligence, the gloom around her, or wandering, "herself a fair flower," through the

beautiful plantations which were attached to the old castellated mansion. The result of the treachery which lured her to Paris may easily be divined. Exposed to the arts, the fascinations, and (for if necessary such would not have been spared) the violence of Francis; receiving no answer to the letters which she almost daily addressed to her lord, but which of course were never suffered to reach their destination, and believing from this circumstance, as well as from having received the fatal ring, and from the protracted absence of Chateaubriant, that he had made a base barter of her freedom and her honour, and was no longer worthy of her regard, she at length fell into the net which was every where spread around her.

The Count in the mean time continued in the mansion of his ancestors. For above a twelvemonth he was a close prisoner; but on a war breaking out with England, Francis did not feel himself obliged to keep one of his own nobles in captivity as the prisoner of his enemy. Long before the period of his liberation, however, Chateaubriant had heard of the dishonour of his Countess, and Paris, which in the early part of his durance he had panted ardently to revisit, was the place which of all others he abhorred. He therefore continued voluntarily shut

up in his castle, where his only solace was the society of his daughter, a beautiful child of about nine years of age. Although her extraordinary resemblance in feature, voice, and manner, to her mother, served only to feed his melancholy, still he was never so calm as when in her company. She retained also a strong recollection of her mother, and of the affectionate parting embrace which she had received from her about three years before, and the artlessness and simplicity of the inquiries which she would occasionally make after her, wrung the unfortunate Chateaubriant to the heart.

At length the King of France set out on his Italian wars, and, at the fatal battle of Pavia, was made prisoner by the forces of the Emperor of Germany: of the three brothers of the Countess de Chateaubriant who followed him on that expedition, two were made prisoners, and one was slain. Deprived thus of the protection both of her royal paramour and of her relatives, she found herself in a very forlorn and destitute situation. Among the females, she whom they had once envied now became their scorn; the men persecuted her with addresses, which she received with abhorrence and disgust; and the family of the monarch looked upon her as an object which they were bound to consign to in-

famy and contempt. At length the King's mother, the Countess of Angouleme, who was regent of the kingdom during her son's captivity, determined to send her home to her husband, and directed a mandate to the Count, requiring him to receive her into his castle. Passive obedience was the order of those days. The Count bowed submissively, and kissed the royal mandate, although his heart recoiled at its contents, and Françoise became once more an inmate of the mansion which had been the scene of her happiness and felicity.

Chateaubriant, with a mingled feeling of horror at her crime and dread of her fascinating influence, resolved never to admit her into his presence, but assigned her a suit of apartments where she lived more like a prisoner than an ordinary occupant. Pierre took care to confirm him in this resolution, dreading nothing so much as an interview, except the *eclaircissement* to which he naturally expected it would lead. This fiend in human shape was also continually goading his master to the destruction of the unhappy Countess, a course towards which he felt but too much inclination; but the recollection of his daughter always intervened like a guardian angel between this purpose and its perpetration. Nevertheless, to carry his designs of revenge and

punishment into execution as much as possible, he caused her to be confined in an apartment hung with black, and with a singular refinement in the art of mental torture, he hung upon this gloomy tapestry numerous portraits of the King, so that wherever she turned her eyes they encountered an object of shame and painful recollection.

Françoise finding all her entreaties for an interview with Chateaubriant of no avail, begged at least that she might be permitted the society of her daughter. Pierre even opposed this indulgence, but the remonstrances of his wife's female attendant and the tears and entreaties of the child triumphed over the resolution of Chateaubriant.

In the society of this beautiful and indeed improved miniature copy of herself, Françoise forgot half her sorrows. Her daughter had but a very indistinct knowledge of her mother's history, but she saw that she was unhappy, and her heart soon believed that she was ill-used.

The child became more and more attached to her mother, while for her father she gradually learned to entertain feelings approaching to hatred. The pictures with which the room were hung particularly excited her attention, and she would often ask the Countess if the King was as beautiful and as

finely formed as his portraits represented him to be, and added, that she had a great desire to see him, and that when he returned from Spain she would ask her father to take her to court.

To observations of this nature, Madame de Chateaubriant could only reply by sighs; but feelings of a still bitterer and more poignant nature would often be excited by the artless inquiries of the child. "Wherefore does not my father come to see you; and why do you never go to him? Why are you always shut up in this chamber, instead of walking out in yonder beautiful wood with us?" Then she would throw herself on the neck of her mother, and with tears in her eyes beseech her to take a walk with her, or to tell her why she refused.

"It is the will of Heaven, my dearest child," said the Countess, "and we ought to submit patiently to all which that will ordains."

"Nay, nay," answered the child, "I know that it is my father who orders this; but I will so besiege him with my supplications and my tears, that he shall grant my request, or I will never see him any more, and will always remain with you."

In vain did the Countess beg her to abandon her intention; on the very day on which it was formed it was executed. As she every evening related

to her father all that had passed between her mother and herself, she that night reproached him with his cruelty, and begged that he would release her mother from her confinement, and that they might all go together to visit some relations in Dauphiny.

The Count regarded her with a severe glance, and bid her, as she valued his favour, to speak no more upon the subject.

"Speak no more upon it!" she exclaimed; "then must not I see you more; for whenever my eyes behold my mother's persecutor, my tongue shall not be silent upon my mother's wrongs." Thus saying, with a lofty brow, but with tears in her eyes, she rushed from the apartment.

"The brat is well tutored, my Lord!" said Pierre. "Doubtless, you have chosen for her the society of a person well fitted to inspire her with sentiments of filial affection and respect towards yourself!"

"Thou sayest truly, Pierre," said Chateaubriant, "she shall no longer visit Françoise—I mean, that woman. Let her durance be sad and solitary, as her shame was open and avowed."

"Durance," said Pierre, "durance!" and then fixing his eyes upon his master, he added, in a subdued tone, "methinks there were a shorter way."

"Rouse not the fiend within my bosom, Pierre.

How could the murderer of the mother bear to gaze upon the face of the daughter ?"

It was, however, determined that that mother and that daughter should be separated. The former bore her fate with more resignation than had been anticipated, but with the child it was far otherwise ; the green stalk of her life

was snapped,
" And the flower drooped as every eye might see."

She turned away with disgust from every attempt to amuse her, and took scarcely any nourishment. The efforts of her father to console her only redoubled her despondency ; and at length a violent fever ensued, which terminated in an affection of the brain. During her paroxysms, she was continually calling for her mother ; and when the Count approached her bed she hid her face from him, and only answered his inquiries by saying that she wanted to see her mother. At length his heart was softened, and he gave his consent once more to an interview between them.

Both mother and daughter derived great consolation from this interview, and the former continued in the sick chamber until the evening of the day on which it took place. Chateaubriant then caused

her to be removed to her own apartment, and himself visited the juvenile sufferer. He found his child in a state of still greater danger than she had ever yet been: the violence of her fever increased rapidly, and after passing several hours in great agony, she expired in the arms of her father.

Thus early did the grave close over the ill-starred existence of the heiress de Chateaubriant. The minds both of the father and mother immediately experienced a revolution. The latter found herself more than ever alone in an unhospitable world, and the former gave himself entirely up to the demon of revenge which raged in his bosom, and which had hitherto been only restrained by his affection for his daughter. The intelligence that the King had returned from his long captivity, which arrived about the same time, gave wings to his design, and Pierre at length obtained from him an authority for the destruction of his Countess.

On the evening of the day on which this deed of blood was to be achieved, Chateaubriant was pacing his apartment with hurried step and faltering bosom, in expectation of the arrival of his trusty valet with the announcement. At length the dark visage of Pierre, with an expression of malignant delight upon it, appeared at the door of the chamber.

"Is the deed done, Pierre?" asked Chateaubriant in a low and stifled tone.

"She has not an hour's life in her," returned the other.

"There, there, take thy reward!" said Chateaubriant, throwing a purse to him. "I thank thee; but never let me see thee more."

As soon as Pierre had left the apartment, Chateaubriant sunk down into his seat, and covered his face with his hands; cold drops of sweat stood on his brow, and his whole frame shook with the violence of his emotions.

"Poor Françoise!" he exclaimed, "thy crime is expiated. I could now look upon thee and curse thee not; I could weep in very fondness over thee; I could press thy lips to mine as I used to do. Gracious God!" he added, and started up, "was it for this that I watched so tenderly over thee, that I suffered not the wind to blow too rudely on thee, lest thy fair and fragile frame should suffer injury. Yet, wherefore should I mourn, save that one tomb will not contain us both;—that whilst thou goest down at once into the silent depths of the grave, I must rot piecemeal on the stagnant waters of life, and only know that I exist by the keenness of my misery."

A low rustling sound attracted his attention, and he started as if he had seen a spectre, when he beheld Françoise enter the apartment.

Chateaubriant fancied that she had never looked more beautiful, although the paleness of death was upon her face. The exquisite fairness of her features was no longer relieved by the blooming roses on her cheeks; but her full black eyes, although wet with tears, sparkled more brilliantly than ever, and her stately figure was drawn up to its utmost height, and appeared to dilate amidst the dubious shadows of the approaching twilight.

"Henry!" she said, in a mournful tone, "I was told that you were about to leave the kingdom, and I came before your departure, not to ask for your blessings or even your forgiveness,—but for your pity,—Chateaubriant, your pity!" Tears streamed down her cheeks as she uttered these words.

"Thou hast it, Françoise, thou hast it: my compassion, my forgiveness, my blessing, thou hast them all! and may the God which is to judge thee, be equally merciful!"

"Amen, amen!" responded Françoise. "Noblest of men, farewell!"

Chateaubriant gazed at her as she was about to leave the apartment, with feelings of the bitterest

anguish. Cold sweat mingled with his tears, his knees knocked against each other, and a feeling of suffocation was in his throat. All the strength he could command was exhausted in calling "Françoise!" and he sunk feebly into his seat.

She approached at first timidly; but seeing the violence of his paroxysm, she ventured to draw nearer, and supported his head upon her bosom.

"For the love of Heaven, Françoise!" he exclaimed, "waste not these precious moments in idle cares for me."

"What mean you?" she said; and then drawing back, added, "true—true, I am not worthy! And yet, Chateaubriant, but for you this bosom might now have afforded you as pure a resting-place as when it pillowed your head in our own peaceful mansion of Britany."

"Woman," he exclaimed sternly, "no more of this! I would not now utter one reproachful word. That mansion might, however, have been peaceful still, if you had not deserted it."

"And never, never, would I have deserted a home so dear; but your strong bidding, accompanied by the fatal token, lured me to destruction."

"I pray thee, Françoise, do not—do not mock me now! Thou knowest not why I touch so ten-

derly upon thy frailties; but soon, very soon, the secret will be revealed to thee."

He gazed wistfully in her face. She approached him once more, and with one hand grasping his, held up the other, on which sparkled both the fatal rings.

"God of my fathers!" he exclaimed, and started up, "this is delusion—it cannot be!" He then rushed with frantic haste to the cabinet in which he had deposited the counterfeit token, burst it open, and taking out the ring, compared it with those on the finger of the Countess. Away from its prototype it was impossible to discover the cheat, but when placed in juxtaposition it soon became apparent. A conviction of the horrible truth soon flashed on the mind of Chateaubriant.

"Treason! sacrilege!" he shrieked; "Oh Françoise, how have we been betrayed!"

"Did you not write to me, requiring my attendance at Court? and was not Pierre the bearer of your letter?"

"It is most true—say on!"

"And did you not intrust him with this ring, in token that you wished the mandate of that letter to be obeyed?'

"Never, never! Villain! heartless, remorseless treacherous villain!"

She wrung her hands in agony, and sank upon the ground! Chateaubriant leaned over her in speechless horror. A dreadful pang shot through her whole frame.

"Support me! save me! Oh! whence proceeds this torture! I cannot, will not bear it."

"Oh! Françoise! it is now my turn to sue. Pity me; pardon me! The wine which you just now drank was poisoned!"

A dreadful shriek burst from her lips, which was quickly succeeded by another of those convulsive pangs.

"Oh! save me—save me, Henry! Do not let me die! Have mercy on me—mercy!"

The poison seemed to have imparted a supernatural strength to her, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Chateaubriant held her in his arms. This, however, soon gave way to more than feminine weakness. Her colour varied from black to red, and thence to a mortal paleness. Her eyes, which at first gleamed with an unnatural brightness, became glazed and filmy, and the throes with which her bosom heaved became fainter and fainter, until she lay perfectly motionless in the arms of her husband.

"She's dead! she's dead!" he shrieked, and

throwing himself upon the body, gave vent to his agony in tears. He had not been long in this situation before he drew back with redoubled horror, for the corpse, instead of exhibiting those appearances which wait upon "soft natural death," was swollen and distorted, and the face was spotted over like a leper. A bitter fiend-like laugh rang in his ears at that moment, and turning round he beheld Therese.

"What means this intrusion?" he said indignantly; but added, on perceiving who the intruder was, and who had not before been seen in the castle since her abrupt departure—"Whence and wherefore come you now? Is not thy insatiable spirit of revenge at length satisfied?"

"It is, it is!" she shouted wildly:—"and now, thou base and earth-born clay, yield a passage for the inhabitant who has too long endured thy galling fetters."

As she spake these words she produced a poniard which was instantly sheathed in her bosom. She fell bathed in blood at the feet of her seducer, who recoiled with horror at the sight of this second tragedy. The wretched girl, however, evinced no feeling but that of exultation, and the last sound which she uttered was a faint and stifling laugh.

Such, gentle reader, is the history of "the Rings," for little remains to be added. Chateaubriant, as may be easily imagined, felt little attachment to the scene in which so dismal a drama had been acted, and spent the remainder of his days in exile. Of Pierre nothing more was heard; and St. Foix lived to a grey old age, a pimp of quality, in the enjoyment of honour and opulence.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

Edward the Sixth.

1547. EDWARD was only nine years of age when he succeeded to the throne. The Earl of Hertford, his maternal uncle, was declared Protector during his minority, and created Duke of Somerset. He encouraged the Reformation, and allowed no one to be about the young King who was not of the protestant persuasion. Bishop Gardiner opposed the progress of the Reformation, but to very little purpose.

About two months after Henry's death, Francis, King of France, died, and was succeeded by Henry II. a prince of abilities, but who, being much governed by the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal Lorraine, listened to their advice, and sent immediate assistance to Scotland, where the Reformation was making rapid progress. Cardinal Beaton burnt one of their most popular preachers, Wishart; for which a few days afterwards he was assassinated in his palace. Somerset, determined on adhering to Henry's wish, of uniting Edward to the young Queen of Scotland, marched an army into Scotland; but being strongly opposed by the Queen-mother and the Catholic clergy, a battle ensued at Pinkey, in which the Scots were entirely defeated; after which the Protector, hearing that some cabal was carrying on in England against his authority, returned to London.

1548. About 6000 French, under D'Esse, arrived in Scotland; but not being able entirely with that number to check the English, the young Queen was sent over to France, and contracted to the Dauphin.

Lord Seymour, the Protector's brother, being of a violent ambitious temper, and having married Henry's widow, formed many projects against the Duke; and his wife dying in childbed, he was in hopes of marrying the Princess Elizabeth.

1549. Seymour was attainted and beheaded.

An act passed forbidding images in churches, commanding the service to be performed in English, and allowing the priests to marry.

The King of France attempted to take Boulogne, but without effect.

A conspiracy was entered into against Somerset, which obliged him to resign the Protectorship. The Earl of Warwick, who then governed the affairs of the nation, supported the Reformation.

1550. A peace was concluded with France, in which Scotland was comprehended. Boulogne was restored on payment of four hundred thousand crowns.

The Princess Mary, a determined Catholic, was supported by the Emperor, who threatened to declare war if she was not allowed liberty of conscience.

1551. Gardiner and some other prelates were deprived of their benefices for not conforming to the protestant religion.

Warwick was created Duke of Northumberland, and finding Somerset still popular, had him arrested and tried for treason and felony, for intending to assault him, being a privy counsellor. He was acquitted of the treason, but condemned for the felony.

1552. Somerset was beheaded on Tower Hill, much regretted by the people.

Northumberland persuaded the young king to exclude his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, from the succession to the crown, and to nominate Lady Jane Grey, as his successor.

Tonstall, bishop of Durham, was deprived of his bishopric for not conforming strictly to the protestant religion.

1553. The young King visibly declined in health. A Parliament was drawn up settling the succession on the heirs of the Duchess of Suffolk.

The King died of a consumption, brought on by a violent cold, on the 6th July.

The Oak of Reformation.

"Up Fish Street! down St. Magnus corner! kill and knock down. Throw them into Thames."

Second Part of K. HENRY VI.

The Oak of Reformation.

During the reign of Edward the Sixth, the insurrections of the common people, the astonishing success which for a considerable time attended them, and the ease with which they were finally put down and punished, are the most romantic incidents which occurred. Of these insurrections, perhaps the most remarkable was that which took place in the county of Norfolk, and which was headed by John Ket, a tanner of Wimondham. The motives which impelled the leaders of this insurrection, are by the annalists of the time represented to have been similar to those which influenced Jack Cade and his associates in the reign of King Henry the Sixth, who were indignant at the discovery that the King's council were not good workmen, and that the nobility thought it scorn to go in leathern aprons. The gentry of the county, however, were accused by the insurgents of inordinate avarice and pride, and of exercising rapine, extortion, and oppression upon their tenants and

poorer neighbours. The numerous inclosures of common land too were loudly complained of, and the first act of open violence committed by the insurgents was the breaking up of some hedges and ditches, which had been made by a person of the name of Green, near the town of Altiborough, for the purpose of inclosing a part of the common pasture belonging to that town.

This riotous act was speedily followed by others of a similar nature: the numbers of the rebels daily increased; and John Ket, a tanner of Wimondham, and a man of great boldness and enterprise, was unanimously chosen their leader. They then advanced to the little town of Bowthorpe, threw down all the hedges and ditches in the neighbourhood, and encamped in the town during the night. Here Sir Edmund Windham, the High Sheriff of Norfolk, came to them, proclaimed them traitors and rebels, and, in the name of King Edward, commanded them to disperse. This proclamation, instead of awing them, exasperated them to a state of absolute fury, and they attempted to possess themselves of the person of the Sheriff. Sir William Windham being well mounted, broke through the ranks of the mob which surrounded him, and made his escape unhurt into the city of Norwich, which

was not above a mile distant. During the night a vast number of the lower orders, or, as Holinshed calls them, "lewd people," joined the rebels from Norwich and the surrounding country, bringing with them weapons, armour, and artillery.

The next day they established themselves on St. Leonard's hill, where the Earl of Surry had built a stately mansion called Mount Surry, and took up their quarters in the house and the adjacent woods. In the mean time, the mayor and aldermen of Norwich having consulted together whether it would be best to attack the rebels immediately, or to wait until they had apprised the Duke of Somerset, who was then Protector of the realm during the King's minority, of all that had occurred, determined on pursuing the latter course, and immediately despatched a messenger to London. The insurgents continued to plunder and burn houses, obstruct high roads, stop up ferries, and by lighting beacons and ringing bells drew a great multitude from Norfolk and Suffolk, and the adjacent parts, to join them. They had in the course of their enterprise made many prisoners, among whom was the vicar of Saint Martin's, in Norwich, who by threats and violence they compelled to officiate as their chaplain, to perform the church service every morning,

and to pray to God to prosper their undertaking. They also got Thomas Cod, the mayor of Norwich, Robert Watson a Clergyman, and Thomas Aldrick a gentleman of some property, into their custody. These they compelled to be present at all the councils which they held, and to take upon themselves, jointly with Ket, the administration and government of the affairs of the council. Their offices, however, were merely nominal, Ket being in fact the sole dictator; but the names of his associates being subscribed to all proclamations and other documents, ensured extraordinary respect and obedience to them. Among other papers to which their signatures were affixed, was one which ran as follows:—

"We the King's friends and deputies, do grant licence to all men, to provide and bring into the camp at Monsold, all manner of cattle and provision of victuals, in what place soever they may find the same, so that no violence or injury be done to any honest or poor man; commanding all persons as they tender the King's honour and royal majesty, and the relief of the Commonwealth, to be obedient to us the governors, and to those whose names ensue."

By virtue of such commissions as this, many persons of rank and wealth were seized upon in their

houses and brought prisoners to the camp; also the ditches and hedges by which the commons in that neighbourhood were inclosed, were thrown down, and many persons were warned and called upon from various parts, to come forward and assist those who committed these outrages.

The citizens of Norwich in the mean time remained in great perplexity and anxiety, not having received any answer to their application for relief from the Protector. The cause of that nobleman's delay was, that he was at that time sufficiently occupied in quelling the insurrections which had broken out in other parts of the country nearer the metropolis. The power and numbers therefore of the Norfolk rebels, increased so much, that there were assembled in Ket's camp above sixteen thousand men, provided with artillery, powder, and other implements of war, of which they had plundered ships, gentlemen's houses, and other places that had sustained their attacks. They also scoured the country far and wide, and brought in cattle, corn, and wine, so that they were abundantly supplied both with weapons and provisions.

The spoils, however, were sometimes not very equitably divided: many provided for themselves at the expense of the commonwealth, and Ket, deter-

mined to remedy this inconvenience, decreed that a place should be appointed where judgments might be pronounced as in a judicial hall. For this purpose they selected a great old oak tree, where Ket, or some other person having authority, was accustomed to sit, and hear and determine the disputes of their adherents. This tree they called "the Oak of Reformation."

The mayor, Aldrich, and others who had been received into the number of governors, would often mount this tree and harangue the multitude, in the hope of inducing them to cease their violent and outrageous proceedings. Many clergymen also would come from the city of Norwich and other parts of the country, and exhort them to return to loyalty and obedience. These, among whom was Doctor Matthew Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, were commonly received and listened to with much respect. Parker, on one occasion coming into the camp, found the insurgents assembled round the Oak of Reformation, and listening to the Vicar of St. Martin's, who was reading the Litany. At its conclusion, Dr. Parker went up into the tree and preached a sermon, which he divided into three several parts. In the first, he exhorted his hearers to use with moderation the victuals with which they had

provided themselves, and not riotously and lavishly to waste and consume them. In the second, he advised them not to seek revenge for private injuries, not to chain or keep in irons those persons whom they detained in their custody, and not to take away any man's life. Lastly, he wished that they would have regard to their own safety, and leave off their rashly begun enterprise, giving ear to such heralds or other messengers as came from the King, and showing such honour to his majesty in his young and tender years, as that they might live under his rule when grown up, in virtue, with great joy, comfort, and gladness. The multitude for a long time listened with great attention, and even apparent emotion, and the doctor began inwardly to felicitate himself on the success of his appeal to their better feelings, when a stentorian voice from among them shouted out, "How long shall we suffer this hireling Doctor, who, receiving his wages from gentlemen, is come hither with his tongue, which is sold and tied, to serve their purpose? Notwithstanding all their prating words, let us bring them under the orders of our law!"

This was firing a train which, although it had hitherto appeared perfectly quiet and harmless, needed but a spark to make it explode in all direc-

tions. Some grasped their swords, others pointed their bows, and one exclaimed: "It were well that for his fair tale, we should bring him down with a mischief with our arrows and javelins." Doctor Parker began to repent his rashness, and fancied that he heard the clash of weapons immediately under him. The Vicar of St. Martin's, however, at that moment relieved him from his fears, by beginning, with the help of some choristers who were with him, to sing the canticle "Te Deum." The multitude, diverted from their anger by the sound of singing, almost unanimously joined in the canticle, and Parker, scarcely observed by a single eye, slipped down from the tree, and made his way towards the city, in which he arrived somewhat terrified but unhurt.

The rebels, proceeding from one outrage to another, after they had plundered the gentry of the neighbourhood of their goods, began to seize their persons, and to bring them by force into their camp; so that such as were fortunate enough to make their escape, were glad to hide themselves in woods and caves. Even the King's authority was used to sanction the proceedings of the insurgents, for commissions having been directed under the great seal to various gentlemen of the county, empowering them

to put down the rioters, Ket got these commissions into his possession, and tore off the seals, which he fastened to the documents signed by himself and his associates. They plundered the country in all directions, seizing cattle, breaking into parks, killing deer, and destroying woods. Their prisoners were treated with great barbarity: some were brought to trial before the Oak of Reformation, and the judges asking the multitude what should be done with the prisoners, the unanimous answer was "Hang them, hang them!" and the sentence was usually as summarily executed as it was pronounced.

A citizen of Norwich, named Leonard Southerton, being very obnoxious to the rebels, felt that his life was in danger, and fled to London. There he was examined before the Privy Council as to the state of the country. He then detailed all that he had seen and heard of the outrageous proceedings of the rebels, but declared that it was well-known that there were many among them who would be glad to abandon their associates and return to their allegiance, if they were but assured of receiving the King's pardon; and that if the King would issue a proclamation, promising a pardon for what had passed, to all those who would quit the camp and

return quietly to their homes, he had no doubt that the insurrection would be speedily quelled. His suggestion was immediately acted upon, and he was sent, accompanied by a herald and several other citizens of Norwich, to the camp of the rebels.

The herald entered the camp attired in his official dress; and, standing before the Oak of Reformation, proclaimed, with a loud voice the King's free pardon to all such as would on the instant depart to their homes; and laying aside their arms, give over their traitorous enterprise. After he had ended the proclamation, the multitude cried out, "God save the King!" Many fell upon their knees, and with tears in their eyes, expressed their sense of the lenity with which they were treated. Ket, alarmed at these indications of returning loyalty, mounted the Oak of Reformation, and harangued them with a zeal and eloquence which, combined with the habitual respect which they had learned to entertain for him, turned the feelings of the multitude once more in his favour. He told them that kings and princes were accustomed to grant pardons to such as had offended, and not to others; that they had committed no crimes, and therefore had no need of pardon; and, therefore, he besought them not to forsake him: but to remember his promise, that he was ready to lay down his life in their quarrel. The herald then

proclaimed John Ket a traitor, and commanded the sword-bearer of Norwich to attach him for treason. Then began a great tumult among the multitude; they crowded round Ket for his defence, and innumerable arrows, javelins, and swords, were pointed at the herald and his associates. The herald, then perceiving that the favourable effect which the proclamation had produced had been entirely dissipated by Ket's harangue, determined to leave them, and cried out with a loud voice, "All ye that be the King's friends, come away with me!" The Mayor of Norwich, Aldridge, and a few others who had been unwillingly detained in the camp, followed him, but the multitude only answered his invitation with jeers and threats, although no act of violence was offered to him or any of his party.

The mayor, on his return to the city, caused the gates to be shut, and such gentlemen as the citizens, during his absence, awed by the vicinity of the rebels, had committed prisoners to the castle or other places in the city, to be set at liberty. He soon, however, found that many in the city were in secret league with the rebels, of whom great numbers, notwithstanding his precautions to keep them out, were admitted within the gates. He therefore thought that his friends would be most

secure by being once more shut up in prison, lest the rebels, finding them abroad, should murder them. At length he contrived to eject all the disaffected from the city, and then began to see that the gates were properly watched and defended, to plant ordnance, and to take all necessary measures for resisting the insurgents.

At length the city and the camp began to exchange shots; but the rebels finding that their artillery, planted on the summit of the hill, did but little injury to the city, removed it lower down, and thence began to batter the walls. Shortly afterwards, Ket sent messengers to the mayor, to treat for a short truce, and to request that during its continuance, the insurgents might have free ingress and egress to and from the city to procure provisions; a great want of which began to be felt in the camp. This request was peremptorily refused by the mayor and aldermen, who protested that they would not permit any traitors to have passage through the city.

The rebels, incensed at this answer to their application, poured down in myriads from the hill, and assaulted the gates, but were beaten back by the arrows of the besieged. Such a determined spirit, however, prevailed among the insurgents, that it is

related that even the boys and lads plucked the arrows with which they were galled out of their flesh, and gave them to their bowmen to return them upon the enemy.

In the mean time, while the mayor and his forces were thus engaged on one side of the city, an alarm was raised that the rebels had entered at the other. The citizens immediately left the posts at which they had hitherto been stationed, and rushed to defend this new point of attack, but they discovered that they had been tricked by a false alarm. The place where the real assault was made being thus left undefended, the rebels rushed into the river which ran before the gate called Bishop's Gate, burst the gate open, and entered the city almost unresisted. The citizens, panic-struck at this unexpected event, having hid themselves in their houses, the rebels marched through the streets, possessed themselves of all the implements of war which they could lay their hands on, and removed them to their camp. The herald, being yet in the city, came into the market-place, and commanded all persons, in the King's name, immediately to lay down their arms and depart to their homes; promised a free pardon to such as should obey that commandment; and threatened the punishment of

death to such as should disobey it. The rebels heard the proclamation patiently; but at its conclusion told the herald, that "it was not his fair offers, nor his sweet flattering words, that should beguile them, since they made no account of such manner of mercy that, under a colour of pardon, should cut off all their safety and hope of preservation."* The herald, seeing that they were not to be moved either by the fear of punishment or the hope of pardon, departed from the city. The rebels, after his departure, made strict search for Leonard Southerton, but he contrived to elude their vigilance. They then seized upon the persons of the mayor, and others of the inhabitants who had been most active in resisting their attack, and abandoning the city, carried them prisoners to Mount Surry.

The Council, upon the Herald's return, were convinced that the Norfolk rebels could only be reduced by force; and therefore sent the Marquis of Northampton, with an army of fifteen thousand men, to Norwich, to act against them. The Marquis was accompanied by Lord Sheffield, Lord Wentworth, Sir Anthony Denny, Sir Gilbert Dethwicke, who held the office of Norroy King at Arms, with many other persons of distinction, and a small band

* Hollinshed.

of Italians, under the command of a captain named Malatesta. The Marquis was joyfully received by the inhabitants of Norwich, and on the night of his arrival, supped and lodged in the city, but he and all his comrades kept their armour on all night, that they might be prepared to repel any sudden attack of the rebels. He appointed diligent watch to be kept at the gates and on the walls; and the soldiers, kindling a large fire in the market place, which illuminated the whole city, remained there all night, well armed and prepared to resist the attempts of any enemy.

About midnight the rebels began to discharge their artillery upon the city, but with very little effect, as the shot passed over the heads of the inhabitants, without doing much injury. The Marquis of Northampton, who had retired to rest, was roused by the noise of artillery, and immediately summoned a council of officers, for the purpose of deliberating with them on the measures necessary to be taken for the defence of the city. It was determined that the gates which were on the contrary part of the town from the rebel's camp, and also such parts of the walls as had fallen to decay, should be made secure; so that if the enemy should assault the city, he might be more easily repelled.

While this determination was being carried into effect, the whole multitude of the insurgents sallied from their camp, and with loud shouts and yells rushing towards the city, attempted to fire the gates, to climb over the walls, to pass the river, and to enter the city at those parts of the walls which were decayed and ruinous. The parties within repelled this attack with great constancy and valour. The battle raged furiously for the space of three hours; the rebels making incredible efforts to possess themselves of the city; and the Marquis and his soldiers using equal exertions to drive them back. The courage and zeal of each party seemed equal, but the better discipline of the Marquis's troops at length prevailed over their opponents, who retreated in confusion to their camp.

The next day the Marquis received information, that many of the revolters in Ket's camp, would gladly desert their leader if they were certain of receiving the King's pardon; and that at Pockle-thorpe Gate, there were near five thousand men, who were willing to lay down their arms on being assured that the royal mercy would be extended to them. The Marquis immediately despatched Norroy King at Arms and a trumpeter to that gate, with instructions to proclaim a free pardon of all past

offences to such of the insurgents as should immediately lay down their arms. There was no one to be seen at the gate when Norroy and the trumpeter arrived there, but on the latter sounding his trumpet, a vast multitude came running down the hill, headed by a man of the name of Flotman. The latter demanded wherefore he and his friends were thus called together by sound of trumpet?

"Go thy ways," said Norroy, "and tell thy company from my Lord Marquis of Northampton, the King's Majesty's Lieutenant, that he commandeth them to cease from committing any farther outrage; and tell them that if they obey his commandment, all that hath passed shall be forgiven and pardoned."

Flotman, who in violence and desperation scarcely yielded to Ket himself, answered that he cared nought for the Marquis; that he and the rest of the insurgents were earnest defenders of the King's royal Majesty; and that they had taken up arms not against the King, but in his defence, since they sought but to maintain his royal estate, the liberty of the country and safety of the Commonwealth. To conclude, he utterly refused the King's pardon, and said that he and his comrades would either restore the Commonwealth from the decay into which

it had fallen, being oppressed by the tyranny and covetousness of the gentlemen, or that they would die like men in the quarrel."*

While Flotman and the King at Arms were thus parleying at the gate, a body of rebels entered the city by the hospital, and began to commit great devastation; but being encountered by some soldiers under the command of the Marquis, a dreadful fight ensued, which was fiercely contested by both parties. During the heat of the engagement the Lord Sheffield rushed into the midst of the enemy's ranks, and with his single arm committed great havock among them; but as he was about to turn his horse's head he fell into a ditch, and the rebels encompassing him prepared to kill him. He declared his name and rank, and offered them a large booty if they would spare his life. His enemies, however, were implacable; and as he pulled off his head-piece and showed his features, which were well known, to convince them that he was really the person whom he represented himself to be, a butcher of the name of Fulks struck him a blow on the head with a club, which immediately deprived him of life.

The death of Lord Sheffield, which was speedily followed by the slaughter of several other persons of

* Hollinshed.

distinction, greatly dispirited the royalist party, and infused fresh courage into the rebels, who advancing through the streets drove the Marquis and his soldiers before them, and finally compelled them to abandon Norwich and leave it to the mercy of the conquerors. Many prisoners were taken, and the Marquis, and such as effected their escape, fled with all speed to London. The rebels then set fire to Norwich, which, but for the fall at the same time of great abundance of rain, would have been utterly consumed. Many buildings, nevertheless, fell a prey to the flames; of the citizens, some fled with as much gold and silver as they could carry with them; others hid their goods in wells and other secret places; and the rebels, entering the houses of such of those as were reputed to be the most wealthy, seized upon all articles of value that they could find, and carried them away. The firing of artillery, the shouts and execrations of the rebels, the howling and groans of the wounded and dying, and the weeping and shrieking of the women and children, formed a dismal accompaniment to the tragedy that was acting in every street.

The Mayor's deputy (the Mayor being himself a prisoner in the camp) shut himself up in his house, and beheld the destruction of the city, but durst not

venture out. At length, a great multitude of the rebels surrounded his house and endeavoured to break open the doors; but finding their strength not equal to such a task, they began to fire the house, when the Deputy seeing that all resistance was vain, threw open his doors, and the lawless rabble rushed in and seized upon him, plucked his gown from off his back, called him traitor, and threatened to kill him if he did not tell them where the Marquis of Northampton had hidden himself.

The Deputy informed them that the Marquis had certainly made his escape, and was then far on the road to London. The insurgents, enraged at this information, affected to disbelieve him, searched every chamber in the house, and laying their hands on such valuables as they could possess themselves of, at length took their departure. Many of them, afterwards, partly pacified by presents of money and partly moved by the reproofs of the better disposed among them, gathered together vast quantities of the booty which they had seized, and threw them into the shops of those houses out of which they had previously taken them: still there were many of the citizens who were spoiled of all that they possessed, by the persons who entered their houses under the pretence of searching for the

Marquis of Northampton and his adherents. The houses of all those citizens who had fled were plundered and ransacked, for the insurgents branded them with the names of traitors and enemies to their king and country, that thus had forsaken their houses and dwellings in a time of such necessity. Many of the citizens, however, bringing forth bread, beer, and other victuals, for the refreshment of the rebels, somewhat calmed their fury, and so escaped their violence.

Ket having thus got possession of the city, and chased from it all who were hostile to his purposes, began to take precautions for his defence, and set a watch of citizens at each of the gates, threatening them with a shameful death if they did not faithfully execute the trusts which he reposed in them. In the mean time, the Protector and the Council, incensed at the defeat of the Marquis of Northampton, and alarmed at the example of successful insurrection, which the rebels of Norfolk set to the rest of the nation, determined to employ a numerous army, both of natives and foreigners, which had been destined under the command of the Earl of Warwick for the invasion of Scotland, in the suppression and punishment of these outrages.

The rumour of the intended attack upon them

soon reached the ears of Ket and his rebellious army. They, therefore, concentrated all their strength, and full of hope from their past successes, prepared to abide all the hazards which the fortune of war might bring. The Earl of Warwick was speedily on his march, and arrived at Cambridge, where he was met by the Marquis of Northampton and the wreck of his discomfited army. Here also he met many of the exiled citizens of Norwich, who falling on their knees before him, besought him to be "good lord unto them," and to take pity upon their miserable and destitute situation. Conscious that many among them had, either by cowardice and negligence, or by actual connivance at the designs of Ket, materially contributed to the success of his enterprise, they prayed that if in the grievous extremity to which they and their city had been reduced, they had through fear or ignorance committed any thing contrary to their dutiful allegiance, it might please the Earl to pardon them, for that "if any thing were amiss on their parts, the same came to pass sore against their wills, and to their extreme grief and sorrow."*

The Earl of Warwick answered that he knew, indeed, the dangers and sufferings to which they had been exposed, and that he was disposed to overlook

* Hollinshed.

many offences. "They had," he said, "committed one grievous fault in not, at the commencement of these disorders, steadily resisting the rebels:" he added, "that having, nevertheless, humbly submitted themselves to his clemency, he would grant them all the King's merciful pardon." He then commanded them to provide themselves with armour and weapons, and appointed them to march forth with his army. There were in this army, under the Earl of Warwick, many persons of high rank and character, lords, knights, esquires, and gentlemen in great numbers. Among them were Ambrose Dudley and Robert Dudley, the Earl's son and brother, the Marquis of Northampton, and many of his former associates, desirous to be revenged of their late repulse, and the Lords Willoughby, Powis, and Bray.

The Earl of Warwick marched from Cambridge towards Norwich, and came to Wimondham, where he was joined by all the gentlemen of Norfolk and the adjacent parts, who had not fallen into the hands of the rebels. On the day after his arrival he showed himself on the plain betwixt the city of Norwich and Eiton wood, and took up his own quarters at Intwood, a house belonging to a knight of the name of Tresham, which was about two miles distant from Norwich. Thence he sent a herald to the rebels in

the city, to summon them either to open the gates that he might quietly enter, or else to look for war at his hands, and such reward as rebels, who wilfully withstand their sovereign, ought to receive.

When Ket understood that the herald had arrived at the gates, he appointed the Mayor's deputy, Augustine Steward, and two of the principal citizens to go to him and demand the nature of his errand. They having heard the herald's message, answered that they were the most unhappy men in existence, since having endured so many calamities they were not now at liberty to declare the loyal duty which they bore and ought to bear to the King; that they accounted themselves most unfortunate, since their hard hap was to live in times when they must put either their lives or their reputations, as good and loyal subjects, in jeopardy: that they trusted that the King would be gracious to them, since they had given no consent to the wicked rebellion which had been raised against him; that so far as in them lay, they had endeavoured to keep the citizens in good order and dutiful obedience, and that they humbly desired of the Earl of Warwick one thing, since there were in Ket's army many unarmed persons, who were weary of the work which they had been compelled to under-

take, that the Earl would once again offer them the King's pardon, which they strongly hoped would be gladly accepted, and the insurrection quelled without more bloodshed. The herald returned to the Earl of Warwick, and communicated to him the answer which he had received from the citizens. The Earl, alike desirous to terminate the contest peaceably, and to deliver the prisoners who were in the hands of the rebels from the perilous situation in which they stood, sent Norroy king-at-arms to offer a general pardon. The king-at-arms accordingly entered the city, and the trumpeter who preceded him sounding his instrument, a great multitude immediately surrounded him. They however with acclamations and shouts made room for him by standing on each side of the way, and then pulling off their caps, cried "God save King Edward!"

Norroy then proceeded to address them. He reminded them how often, since they had first taken arms, the King had by offers of pardon endeavoured to reclaim them from their unlawful and rebellious courses, and that nevertheless they had shown themselves wilful and stubborn, in refusing his mercy freely offered to them, and despised the messengers whom he had sent to pronounce their pardons. Then he proceeded to sum up the outrages

of which they had been guilty; reminded them of the punishment to which they had exposed themselves, and assured them 'that the King was determined no longer to suffer such lawless acts to be committed in the very centre of his realm, for," he added, "he has appointed the Right Honourable Earl of Warwick, a man of noble fame and approved valiance, to be his General Lieutenant of this his royal army, to persecute you with fire and sword, and not to desist until he has utterly dispersed and scattered your wicked and abominable assembly. Such, nevertheless, is the exceeding greatness of the King's bountiful mercy and clemency, that he who was appointed by him to be a revenger of your heinous treasons committed against his Majesty, if you continue in your obstinate wilfulness, is also the interpreter and minister of his gracious and free pardon to so many as will accept of it. Unless you now embrace the mercy which is offered you, the Earl has made a solemn vow that you shall never have it offered to you again, but that he will persecute you until he has punished every one of you, according to your just deserts."*

The herald's address seemed to soften many of the multitude, who began to be fearful of the consequences of revolt, and their eyes glistened at the

* Hollinshed. Hayward.

prospect of pardon and mercy. The greater part, however, were highly offended at his discourse, and some cried out that he was not the King's herald, but some one tricked out by the gentlemen of the county in a gay coat, patched together with vestments and church stuff, being sent only to deceive them in offering them pardon, which would prove nought else but halters; and that therefore it were well done to thrust an arrow into him or to hang him up immediately. Others, however, who had served in Scotland and at Boulogne, and had seen Norroy there, recognized him, and assured their fellows that he was indeed the King's herald. This assurance had the effect of preventing them from offering him any injury; but the pardon which he tendered them they utterly refused, saying, as before, that they had been guilty of no crime, and therefore needed no pardon.

The Earl of Warwick, on hearing from the king-at-arms that his offers of pardon had been rejected, and receiving a secret intimation from the Mayor's deputy, that if he presented himself at Westwick Gate with his forces it would be thrown open to him, proceeded to that gate, and in a very short time the deputy redeemed his promise.

Warwick and his army immediately rushed into

the city, and, finding no resistance, proceeded to the market-place. There they made about three score of the rebels prisoners, whom they immediately put to death. Shortly afterwards the carriages belonging to the army were brought into the city by the same gate at which the Earl had entered, and passing through Norwich, were, by negligence and want of proper instructions being given to those who had the charge of them, passed through the city and carried out at the opposite gate. The rebels immediately poured down from Mount Surry, possessed themselves of this booty, and drove away the carts laden with artillery, powder, and other ammunition, to their camp, where they were received with great joy, Ket being much in want of such things. Although the Earl had entered the city, he found that the rebels were too strong for him to make them prisoners, and therefore his efforts were chiefly exerted with a view to drive them to their camp. Many of them placed themselves in the cross-streets and assailed the soldiers and committed great slaughter. The Earl, however, succeeded in driving them out of the city, after a great loss had been sustained on both sides. He then ordered all the gates to be closed up, with the exception of one or two which stood towards the enemy's camp, where he planted several great pieces of artillery.

The rebels understanding that the Earl of Warwick wanted ammunition, and perceiving that the persons appointed to guard the great pieces of artillery were not very numerous, and therefore not able to resist any great force, came suddenly down the hill in vast numbers. The first shot which they fired slew one of the Earl's principal gunners, whose death infusing fresh courage into the rebels, they made a fierce onset, drove back those who guarded the artillery, which they seized upon, and bore away in triumph to their camp. This success was a matter of no small importance, since they were in great want of artillery. The next day they crossed the river, and contrived to set a part of the city on fire, and to consume nearly the whole of two parishes. So great was the rage of the fire, that catching hold upon a house in which were laid up such goods as were brought by the merchants of Norwich to their city from Yarmouth, the house, with a great store of wheat and other riches, was speedily consumed.

Fortune thus seeming to crown every effort of the rebels, some of the Earl of Warwick's followers, despairing of the whole success of their expedition, represented to him that since the city was large, and their company small, (for the whole appointed numbers had not yet arrived,) it was im-

possible to defend it against such a huge multitude as were assembled in Ket's camp, and therefore besought him to regard his own safety, to leave the city, and not to hazard the lives of so many gallant men upon so uncertain an issue.

The Earl answered, "Do your hearts fail you so soon? do you think that while any life rests in in me I will consent to such dishonour? Rather than leave the city, and heap shame on myself and on you, I will suffer whatsoever fire and sword can work against me." Having uttered these words in a determined tone, he drew his sword. The weapons of all who stood around him immediately flew from their scabbards, and all the soldiers present made a solemn vow, that they would not abandon their enterprise till they had vanquished their enemies, or lost their lives in the attempt. Shortly afterwards, the Earl was joined by a reinforcement of 1400 men. The rebels were nevertheless not discouraged, for they relied upon the fulfilment of certain prophecies, in which they had great faith. The principal of these was the following:—

"The country gnuffes, Hob, Dick, and Hick,
With clubs and clouted shoone,
Shall fill up Dussindale with blood
Of slaughtered bodies soon."

Upon the faith of this prophecy they determined to remove to the place pointed out by it. They accordingly set fire to their camp, and marched down to the valley called Dussindale.

The Earl of Warwick, perceiving that they had abandoned their strong hold on the hill, marched with all his forces against them. Before he came in sight of them, he sent Sir Edward Knevet, Sir Thomas Palmer, and others, to ask them whether they would even now submit themselves and receive the King's pardon, which he offered to the whole multitude, with the exception of Ket and a few others. This offer they unanimously refused, and the Earl in consequence commenced the attack. The rebels put themselves in such order of battle, that their prisoners, among whom were the chief gentry of the county, were placed in their foremost rank, in order that they might be killed by their own friends who came to effect their deliverance.

The Earl caused a whole volley of artillery to be discharged at the rebels, and the foot soldiers getting near them, assailed them with their harquebusses, and broke their ranks. The prisoners, for the most part, escaped their danger, as the Earl endeavoured so to direct his fire that it did not touch them; but some were slain by the foreign troops in the Earl's army,

who knew not who they were. The Earl's light horsemen at length made so furious a charge on the rebels, that they were obliged to take to flight. The horsemen following in chase, slew them in heaps, as they overtook them, to the number of above 3500 men, and the prophecy on which they so much relied was literally fulfilled, but not in the way which they expected, being filled up with the slaughtered bodies, not of their enemies, but of themselves.

The Earl of Warwick having driven them into their trenches, sent once more the king-at-arms to them to renew his offers of pardon, if they would throw down their weapons and yield, and to threaten that if they still refused to accept those offers, there should not a man of them escape the deserved punishment. They answered that if they might be assured that their lives would be saved, they could be contented to yield; but that they could have no trust or confidence, that that promise should be kept with them; and that notwithstanding all such fair offers of pardon, they believed that it was only intended to entrap them into the hands of their enemies, and then to put them to death.

The Earl of Warwick seeing the desperate resolution of the rebels to refuse all offers of mercy, reinforced his army by drawing from the city such

forces as he left there for its defence, and once more put his troops, both horse and foot, in order of battle. Before, however, he renewed his attack upon the rebels, he sent to them to inquire whether, if he himself came among them and pledged his own word that they should receive a free pardon, they would lay down their arms and disperse. They answered that they had so much confidence in his honour, that if he would pledge his own word they would believe him and submit themselves to the King's mercy. He then went immediately to them, and commanded Norroy to read the King's pardon freely granted to all who would yield, with the exception of Ket and a few others, on which every man threw down his weapon, and an unanimous shout of "God save King Edward!" burst from the vast multitude.

Thus were the Norfolk rebels at length subdued by the high prowess, wisdom, and policy of the Earl of Warwick, but not until after the sacrifice of many lives.

The next day, the Earl was informed that Ket, having crept into a barn to hide himself, had been discovered and made prisoner, He was immediately brought to Norwich, and after undergoing a very summary examination or trial was hanged, together with several of his most flagitious associates, upon the branches of the Oak of Reformation.

The above details of the Norfolk insurrection, strange and improbable as they may appear, are faithfully drawn from the ancient chronicles, and are unalloyed with the slightest intermixture of fiction.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

Mary.

1553. THE death of Edward was kept secret for some time by Northumberland, who hoped to get the princesses Mary and Elizabeth into his power; but Mary, on her way to London, being acquainted with the event by Lord Arundel, fled to Framlingham, in Suffolk, on which the Duke ordered Lady Jane Grey to be proclaimed, much to her own dissatisfaction.

Mary raised troops in Suffolk, which the Duke went to oppose; but being deserted by them he was taken prisoner, and on Mary's arrival in London condemned. Thus ended Lady Jane's reign of 10 days.

Mary released from the Tower the Duke of Norfolk, who had been condemned in the end of Henry the Eighth's reign, and many prelates confined there on account of religion. The latter she reinstated in their benefices, and issued a proclamation to prevent every person from preaching who had not her licence.

Mary sent Cardinal Pole to Pope Julius III. to assure him of her wish to reconcile her kingdom to the holy See.

The Emperor was very unsuccessful against France; but he entered into measures with Mary to marry her to his son Philip, then a widower.

1554. The mass was every where performed, and the established religion totally changed.

Mary married by proxy Philip II. An insurrection, headed by Sir John Wyatt, broke out in Kent and other counties, but

was in a short time suppressed, and Sir John taken and executed.

The Queen treated her sister with great harshness and severity; and on her refusing to marry the Duke of Savoy, confined her under a strong guard at Woodstock.

Lady Jane Grey, her father (the Duke of Suffolk), and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, were beheaded.

Philip landed at Southampton. Mary was married to him at Winchester; after which they proceeded to London. He disgusted the nobles very much by his formal supercilious behaviour.

Pole arrived in England, as legate, and absolved the kingdom on its return to the subjection of the Pope.

Mary endeavoured to get Philip declared presumptive heir to the crown by the Parliament, but in vain.

1555. Violent persecutions and cruelties were practised on the Protestants by Philip and Mary, and their Chancellor, Bishop Gardiner.

Philip went over to Flanders.

1556. The Emperor Charles resigned all his dominions to his son Philip, and retired to the monastery of St. Just.

Archbishop Cranmer was burnt.

1557. Philip being at war with France, went to England to prevail on that kingdom to enter into the war; and the Queen obtained the consent of the Parliament to that effect, and sent 10,000 men to the Low Countries.

1558. The French, under the Duke of Guise, took Calais from the English.

Queen Mary died on the 17th of November.

Nuptials at Sark.

" Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touc

TWO GENTLEMEN OF

Nuptials at Sark.

In the latter part of the reign of Queen Mary, the government of the little island of Sark was committed to Sir Robert Dudley, a very valiant knight, of an ancient and honourable family, who was equally distinguished by the accomplishments of his mind and person, and by the brilliancy of his military achievements. He did not find the duties of his government very arduous. The island was defended by a fortress which was impregnable, except in one part, where the ascent was steep and difficult, and so narrow that only two persons could walk abreast. The place too being very barren, and the inhabitants zealously loyal to the Queen of England, there was nothing in it, with the exception of its commodious harbour, to tempt the approach of an invader. With a little garrison, therefore, of only twenty men, Sir Robert Dudley found himself sufficiently strong to bid defiance to any enemy, and sufficiently at leisure to seek such pleasures as so lonely and barren a rock as the island of

Sark could offer to his grasp. At first the Knight murmured much at what he called his banishment. His reputation as a chivalrous warrior, and his alliance to several noble houses, seemed to justify the hope which he had entertained of being appointed to a much more distinguished and profitable command. In time, however, letters of complaint were much less frequently received from him by his friends in London, and the rest of the garrison in the Island imagined that the symptoms of disappointment and dissatisfaction were far more faintly visible on his features Its barren soil, its rugged rocks, and the boisterous waves which roared around it, had not been able to banish love from the Isle of Sark.

Annette Dalbret, a young and beautiful orphan, was the heiress of the only family of any thing like wealth or importance in the island. Slender as was the revenue which she derived from the few productive acres which the isle produced, still it raised her so far above the condition of her neighbours that she was familiarly known by the appellation of the Queen of Sark. She was descended of an ancient and illustrious family, which had held large possessions in Normandy; but as her ancestors had always adhered to the fortunes of the sovereigns of England,

the conquest of that province by the French, (who had recently taken from Queen Mary the last remnant of her transmarine dominions, Calais,) deprived them of all their ancient patrimony, except what they held in the isle of Sark. Annette had been educated in England; and although her straitened fortunes obliged her to hide her head on a rock in the British channel, yet her high spirit, her well-stored mind, and her beautiful person, would have graced the proudest and most polished court in Europe. She was about the middle height, slightly but gracefully formed, with large bright grey eyes, a complexion of the most dazzling fairness, and long shining auburn locks, which streamed in rich profusion down her shoulders. Her charms were such, that there was not a heart in the island which had not, in a greater or less degree, felt their influence; but there was only one who was presumptuous enough to aspire to the possession of the hand of the Queen of Sark. This was her own cousin, Clement Amiot, the son of a deceased sister of her father's. This young man had been born after the death of his father, and his mother terminated her existence a few hours after his birth. His destitute condition had induced the Sieur Dalbret to send for him from Rouen, the place of his nati-

vity, and to bring him under his own protection at Sark. As the youth advanced in years he exhibited great courage, address, and intrepidity, mingled, however, with a brutal and sanguinary disposition, a violent temper, and a contempt of all restraint and control. The charms of his beautiful cousin were alone able to soften his obduracy, and for her he soon entertained a violent passion, which was not looked upon with the slightest degree of favour either by the object of it or her father. The mild and gentle spirit of Annette shuddered at the violence and impetuosity of Clement, and Dalbret, who saw how ill assorted an union between two such persons would be, was anxious that Amiot should be removed from Sark. An attempt which the young man made to carry off Annette from the island, soon afforded Dalbret a favourable pretext for sending him back to his father's relatives at Rouen. There he distinguished himself only by his violent conduct and wild debaucheries; but in a short time he obtained a commission in the service of the King of France, where his fiery and impetuous spirit found itself in its proper element. He soon obtained advancement and honour by acts of daring and romantic valour, and for a time at least appeared to forget the isle of Sark, and the bewitching being who had been the

occasion of his banishment from its shores. She, in the mean time, who was a stranger to the passion of love, congratulated herself on her escape from a troublesome and importunate suitor, whose solicitations she could not flatter with any prospect of success, and found herself sufficiently happy in the affection of her father, who doted upon his beautiful child. His death, however, which happened at the siege of Calais, deeply saddened her naturally joyous and cheerful temperament, and the tears which streamed down the fair cheeks of Annette Dalbret were regarded with a more than ordinary sympathy, because, like the weeds which Yorick plucked from the grave of the courteous monk, they seemed "to have no business there."

Spirits, the lightest and gayest, have been known to feel the influence of misfortune more deeply than those of habitual gloom and melancholy, as the shadow of the thunder cloud is more intensely visible on the waters of the calm bright summer sea, than on the turbulent and storm-tossed wave. So fared it with Annette. The death of her father was the first and a most fearful interruption to the simple quiet current of her thoughts. She had often before taken her leave of him on his departure for battle, but she had as often welcomed him back crowned with ho-

nour and glory. The probability of his death was a thought that had never intruded itself on her mind. The last time, however, that he left the island, an ominous sadness weighed down her spirits. "Father! dear father!" she said as she wrung his hand at parting, but her sobs rendered the rest of the sentence inaudible.

"Weep not, my fair child!" said the Sieur Dalbret, "but hope that I shall soon return to clasp you in my victorious arms."

"Have not those arms, my father," she said, "been already enough victorious? Remain with me, and my unwearied love shall find them employment enough in returning the affection of your daughter's heart."

"Sweetest, it must not be," said her father, smiling, and kissing away her tears. "This once, once only, must I again face the enemy, who threatens to deprive the Queen of the last poor remnant of her ancestors' splendid heritage in France. I will soon return, if Heaven pleases, alive and well; but if not, I shall have earned an honourable grave. My royal mistress will not bury the remembrance of my long services in my tomb. No, no; my coffin may prove more serviceable to my daughter than my life."

"Talk not of thy coffin, brave old soldier," said

Sir Robert Dudley; "and for thy daughter, trust her to my protection. Would that we could find," he added in a lower tone, "a bridegroom worthy of her."

The old man pressed the Governor's hand and smiled, while the lady hung down her head and blushed. Dudley then gently led her from the place of her father's embarkation, and Dalbret was speedily on board the vessel which was to convey him to Calais.

At the period at which this narrative commences, neither the grey-headed warrior nor his coffin had arrived at Sark; but the fatal intelligence had been received that he had been killed while making a sally on the besieging forces, and had been buried on the ramparts of Calais. Dudley since his departure had decidedly become, what he had for some time suspected himself to be, the passionate admirer of the Queen of Sark, and had flattered himself that he was gaining some ground in her affection, when the arrival of the news of her father's death rendered the farther prosecution of his suit indecorous, and compelled him to exchange the language of love and compliment for that of sympathy and consolation. Love, however, is a dexterous manœuvrer, and can carry on his assaults as well in the sable habiliments of sorrow, as when crowned

with the laurel garland of honour. The knight, as he checked her sighs and wiped away her tears, awakened emotions in her heart, compared with which the paroxysms of grief seemed to be tranquility and peace, and while he plucked away from it the arrows of sorrow, he planted those of a still more potent deity there. Although a decorous period elapsed after her father's death before Annette admitted that she understood the meaning of her lover's attentions, yet their result may be narrated in a single sentence. The knight was indefatigable and importunate, but delicate and respectful in his solicitations. The lady sighed, and blushed, and wept, and smiled, and at length consented; and finally a day was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials of the enamoured pair in the chapel attached to the fortress of Sark.

All was joy and gladness in the hearts of the three or four hundred inhabitants of the island when the glad news was published that Sir Robert Dudley was about to wed the beautiful Queen of Sark. The gloom which had hung on the spirits of all since the death of the Sieur Dalbret was immediately dissipated; the merry peal of bells and the joyful report of the cannon of the fortress proclaimed a day of jubilee, and young, old and poor,

(for there were no rich in the island,) hastened to the chapel to be witnesses of the celebration of this auspicious union. The chapel was a small neat Gothic edifice, of great antiquity, and capable of holding near two hundred persons, so that it was fully adequate to the supply of the spiritual wants of the island. At the altar stood the pastor of this insular flock, a venerable man, on whose forehead time had planted innumerable wrinkles, and whose long white beard swept the volume from which he pronounced the marriage rites. The bride stood on his right hand closely veiled, the bridegroom on his left, wearing his military, dress, but without his sword. The rest of the garrison (with the exception of one sentinel, who remained to guard the ascent from the sea of which we have already spoken) also were present, and had laid aside their weapons before joining in the celebration of so holy and peaceful a ceremony. They, as well as a few male and female domestics attached to the fortress, stood near the altar, while the area of the sacred edifice was occupied by the rustic inhabitants of the island, who had crowded in to witness an event which excited universal interest. At length the priest joined the hands of the youthful pair together, and was about to pronounce the words which pledged them

to the irrevocable compact, when a loud tumult was heard at the chapel door, shouting and the clash of weapons, and a party of soldiers, wearing French uniforms, and carrying drawn swords in their hands, rushed into the chapel.

"Forbear!" said their leader, advancing to the altar, and pointing his sword at the priest's breast "in the name of King Henry, I command you to forbear!"

Dudley and the rest of the garrison instinctively put themselves in attitudes of defence; but they were totally unarmed, and could only oppose their naked breasts to the swords of the Frenchmen. An appalling silence for a minute pervaded the assembly, which was broken by Annette, who clinging to her lover, and with a look of horror, hiding her face in his bosom, exclaimed, "'Tis Clement Amiot, save me, save me!"

"Who, and what are you, Sir?" asked Dudley, advancing towards the leader of the intruders; "and by what authority do you justify this intrusion?"

"Fair Sir," said the other, bowing courteously, "methinks that Sir Robert Dudley should not have yet to learn that in time of war strength and numbers form an authority sufficient for taking possession of an unguarded fortress of the enemy. My

name is Clement Amiot, a captain in the service of the Most Christian King, and by virtue of the good swords in the hands of myself and comrades, and of sundry pieces of gold drawn across the itching palm of your solitary sentinel, we have, while you have been dreaming of love and beauty, made ourselves masters of the Isle of Sark, and of the persons of its garrison."

"The perjured traitor! the base-minded mercenary scoundrel!" exclaimed Dudley in an agony of surprise and indignation.

"Nay, nay, gentle Governor," said Amiot, "wrong not the honest man with your injurious language, who has now become a soldier of King Henry. He stipulated for the lives and freedom of all the garrison before he consented to deliver up the fortress, and there is now a vessel in the harbour in which you are all at liberty to embark for Guernsey."

"Sir," said Seymour, "the terms which you offer us are frank and honourable, and were they otherwise we have no choice left us but to accept them. We must to Guernsey, gentlemen," he added, addressing his comrades; "and mine must be the task of excusing, as well as I can, to our sovereign the unfortunate circumstances under which

this capture has been made. In the mean time, Captain Amiot, suffer the ceremony, which your presence has interrupted, to be solemnized ere this fair lady and I take our departure from the isle of Sark."

"Pardon me, fair Sir," said Amiot, "I said nought touching the departure of the lady; my promise only extended to the persons of the garrison. The lady is a native of this island, and therefore owes allegiance to King Henry. She is, moreover, my affianced bride; and fortune has now put it in my power to compel the performance of those solemn and numerous promises which she has made me."

"Thy words are as false as thy conduct is base and wicked," said Annette; "no promise to thee ever passed my lips, except, that as long as the blood flowed in my veins I would despise and hate thee."

"Gentle Madam," said Amiot, "your memory is somewhat treacherous. Mine, thank Heaven! is more faithful to me. That fair hand must instantly be linked with mine, unless you would be provided with a lodging in one of the dungeons of the fortress."

"Villain!" exclaimed Dudley, snatching a

sword from the hand of one of the French soldiers who stood near him, and rushing towards Amiot. His blow, however, was coolly parried by the latter, and he was instantly surrounded by above a dozen Frenchmen, who beat the weapon from his hand, and being assaulted on all sides, he sunk faint with the loss of blood to the ground. "He is disabled from doing farther mischief for the present," said Amiot: "see to his wounds and bind them up, that he may be able to undertake the journey to Guernsey instantly. Ye, I presume, gentlemen," he added, turning to the officers of the garrison, "are content to accept the terms which I offer, and to retire from the island without loss of time?"

"We are content, Captain Amiot," said one who was second in command to Sir Robert Dudley: "our commander is exhausted from the loss of blood, but his hurts do not seem to be of a critical or dangerous nature."

"For the love of Heaven! Clement" said Annette rushing towards him, "let me depart with them."

"For the love of thee, fair cousin," said Amiot, "I answer no."

"Then thus," she said, taking up the sword which had been stricken out of the hand of Dudley, and pointing it at her bosom.

"Thus," interrupted Amiot, snatching the weapon from her hand, "thus do you make an exhibition of folly and madness which would justify my resorting to the severest measures to bring you back to reason, but that as your kinsman and your lover," (here his features assumed an expression of tenderness from which she turned away with abhorrence and disgust)—"I must take but too much delight in pardoning whatever fault you may commit. Farewell, gentlemen, farewell! commend me to the gallant knight who now rules in Guernsey, and tell him that Clement Amiot hopes shortly to pay him a visit."

The Englishmen bowed slightly to their victor, and, supporting the insensible form of Dudley in their arms, departed from the chapel. "See them fairly out of the harbour, good Eustace," said Amiot; "and should they evince any disposition to linger near the island, point the guns of the fortress at them: and now, Madam," he added, turning to Annette, who pale and trembling leaned her head against a pillar, while the tears streamed down her cheeks, and fell upon her heaving bosom, "now is Clement Amiot once more at your feet to prefer his suit. No longer your father's humble protegé, but a soldier (and not one of the least renowned)

of King Henry of France, he is still your passionate admirer, and offers his hand and heart for your acceptance."

"And that hand," said the lady, "red with the blood of the gallant Dudley, and that heart which has prompted you to offer violence to the daughter of your deceased patron and protector, do I reject with scorn and indignation."

Amiot's lip moved convulsively, and his dark eye shot fire as he listened to Annette's answer to his addresses. "Girl," said he, in a hollow suppressed tone of voice, and approaching his lips so close to her ear that his words were inaudible to all present but herself,—"trifle not with me! I love thee with a passionate—a desperate,—ay, it may be, with a deadly fervour. Thou art in my power. For thee have I resigned an honourable and lucrative command in order to lead the attack on this barren rock, hearing that this day thou wert to wed yon wittol Englishman. Torture, imprisonment, death —all these it is in my power to inflict on thee—and by Heaven!——"

"Away, ingrate and blasphemer!" said Annette, "call not Heaven to bear witness to thy atrocious intentions. Torture, imprisonment, death; all, all will Annette Dalbret suffer, ere Clement Amiot shall call her wife."

"Bethink thee, Annette," said Amiot in a low and calm, but firm and decided tone.

"I have bethought me," she exclaimed. "Traitor and parricide, who, while yet the ashes of my father and thy benefactor are scarce cold, offerest insult and violence to his daughter, how can I think of thee but with hatred and scorn?"

The shadow of his demon spirit mounted to Amiot's face as he unsheathed his sword, and rushed upon Annette. One of his own comrades, however, rushed between them, and turned aside his weapon. "Gallant captain," he said, "are there not stout English hearts enough on which to exercise thy sword? or, tell me art thou mad?"

"It may be, it may be!" said Amiot, as he smote his forehead with his hand, and quietly suffered the interference of his comrade. "Eustace, I have loved her with a constancy and truth which she has only requited with contumely and scorn. She was the morning star of my life; the being on whom my youth was spent in fond and passionate gazing. I could not touch the lute or the harp to please her ear; I could not weave a garland of wild flowers for her brow; I could not tread a light lavolta to charm her eye; but I could hunt the wild wolf to his lair and lay his yet warm and panting heart at her feet;

I could and did rush into the wave and snatch her fragile form from what seemed an inevitable death. I would have devoted all that I possessed: health and youth, and life itself, to win a smile from her, and she spurned me, she hated me, she despised me!"

Beating his forehead with his clenched hand, and pacing hurriedly backwards and forwards, while the big drops poured down his temples, he uttered these incoherent words. The horror and dismay which his attempted violence had at first excited in the bosoms of all present, now gave way to a general feeling of sympathy, in which even Annette appeared to participate. "Clement," she said, "I ever knew you to be bold and daring as the lion, and I had hoped as generous and noble-hearted too. He, it is said, will not prey upon a defenceless maiden, but will exert his resistless strength in her defence."

"Sweet Annette!" said Amiot in a beseeching tone, and apparently somewhat soothed by the mildness and gentleness with which she spake; "say but the word, bid yon reverend man unite us in those holy bonds—"

"Never, never!" interrupted Annette: "my heart is Robert Dudley's, and with him only shall this hand be united in those holy bonds."

"Your bolts, your bolts, good heavens!" exclaimed Amiot, tearing his hair, and pacing about the little chapel with frantic gestures; "why fall they not on my head, or hers, or both? away with her, away with her! I dare not trust my heart or my hand in her presence. The love which lives in the one, prompts the violence of the other. Annette, if you will not be my bride, you must for the present be my prisoner. Time and solitude, and consideration, may sway you from your cruel determination: your captivity shall be a gentle one, and happier, far happier than the freedom of him who dooms you to it."

"But less, far less happy," said Annette, "than that grave in which my father sleeps. Thanks, thanks, ye pitying heavens!" she added, falling on her knees, "that he has not lived to see this day."

"Name not thy father, girl!" said Amiot sternly.

"Does his name appal thee?" exclaimed Annette. "Well it may! Ha! now I do remember that when last he parted from me, he said, that his coffin might prove more serviceable to his daughter than his life. Surely he meant that his memory, when dead, would be more revered by thee than his presence while living. Then, by my dead father's ashes, Clement Amiot, I do conjure thee, spare his

daughter. Suffer me to depart and join my affianced husband, and, in requital of thy kindness, possess thyself, if thou wilt, of whatsoever in this island poor Annette Dalbret can call her own."

"Thyself, thyself! Annette, is all that I would possess," said Amiot. "Take her away from me—let not my eyes at present any longer encounter hers. See that she be committed into safe but kind and gentle keeping."

Shut up in a lonely chamber, in the fortress of Sark, Annette spent a week in utter solitude, which was unbroken, except by the occasional presence of a French soldier, who placed her meals before her. Amiot hoped thus to tame down her obdurate spirit, and that the prospect of a restoration to liberty and society, would induce her to favour his addresses. Her spirit, however, only grew stronger and prouder from the efforts that were made to subdue it, and the replies which she sent to several notes addressed to her by her persecutor, breathed only the most unconquerable firmness and determination. "The memory of my father,—my plighted troth to my affianced bridegroom,—my scorn for the base and malignant spirit, which wars upon a fatherless and unprotected female,—and my determination to endure captivity and death, rather than cease to

cherish that memory,—than break that troth,—than mitigate that scorn, render the further addresses of Clement Amiot needless." Such were the brief, but emphatic terms of the last answer which she condescended, to return to Amiot's letters. The Frenchman's resentment was exasperated to a degree that bordered upon madness. He swore by all the saints in the calendar to have her hand, or her heart's blood, and sent a peremptory message to her, bidding her meet him in the chapel of the fortress, on the ensuing day, at the hour of noon, when the priest would be ready to unite her to him in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The chapel of the fortress of Sark, therefore, on the following day, presented a scene very similar to that which we have already described. The same bride, the same priest, and, for the most part, the same spectators were there, but the men who composed the garrison, and who were also present, wore the uniform of the French instead of the English monarch, and in the countenance of the bridegroom, instead of the frank, open, and joyous features of Sir Robert Dudley, were traced the fierce gloomy glance, the lowering brow, the quivering lip and the pallid complexion which denoted the mingled anxiety, malignity, fear and conscious guilt, by

which the bosom of Clement Amiot was agitated. Annette stood at the right hand of the priest as on the former occasion, but instead of having her features closely shrouded as they were then, she had thrown back her veil, and exhibited to the gaze of the assembled multitude a face, pale indeed and sorrowful, but still surpassingly beautiful, and her features wore an expression of insulted dignity, and unshaken resolution. Amiot held out his hand towards her, in the hope that she would take it into her own; but she stood silent and immoveable as a statue, and as often did his unclasped hand seek his sword, which he half drew from his scabbard, while he gnashed his teeth, stamped violently on the ground, and darted on Annette a glance of fire.

"'Tis strange, reverend father," said Amiot, addressing the trembling priest, "that a maiden, on whom I wish to bestow the highest mark of favour and esteem that is in my power to confer, should thus contumaciously resist my kind intentions in her favour. The heart of Clement Amiot, however, can nurse resentment as well as affection, and within one half hour, unless Annette Dalbret consents to become his bride, she shall taste the bitterness of the vengeance which she has provoked. Here," he added, fixing the point of his sword on the ground,

and resting on its hilt, "will I for that period await her determination."

A solemn silence succeeded this address. The spectators gazed anxiously, sometimes on the features of Amiot and sometimes on those of Annette, but in neither could they discover any relaxation of the unyielding determination which was expressed in both. Annette's bosom heaved, it is true, more and more as the minutes wore away, but she betrayed not the slightest indication of an intention to yield to the wishes of her persecutor. Before, however, the time limited by Amiot had half expired, a soldier approached him, and informed him that there was a Flemish vessel in the harbour, in which some of the passengers craved permission to land on the island."

"Who and what are they, fellow, and wherefore would they land?" asked Amiot angrily.

"They are English soldiers, Sir," answered the soldier, "who bring the dead body of the Sieur Dalbret from Calais, whose last wish was, that his bones might be interred by those of his wife in the chapel of the fortress of Sark."

"Away with thee, fellow!" said Amiot, "it cannot be. No English soldier must land here while I am governor of the island."

"My father's coffin!" exclaimed Annette. "And wouldst thou, ingrate, spurn his bones from his native shore, in which they only crave a place of sepulture."

"They have agreed," said the soldier, "that before they are permitted to land with the coffin, they will submit to the strictest search for the purpose of ascertaining that no weapons are concealed upon their persons. They have promised a present of one hundred marks in money, and of goods now in their ship to the value of two hundred marks more if their friend may be buried in the spot in which, with his dying breath, he requested that he might be laid, and if twenty of his ancient comrades may follow his remains to the grave."

"Grant them their request, Amiot," said Annette, "so mayest thou in some slight degree expiate thy offences to God and me."

Amiot's heart, although principally occupied by ambition and love, (if the furious passion which he entertained for Annette deserved that name,) had still room in it for avarice. The stern rigidity of his features relaxed when mention was made of the three hundred marks.

"One hundred marks in money, sayest thou, Eustace?"

"Even so, Sir," answered the soldier, producing a bag, "which I am authorised to place in your hands, and farther to conduct so many persons as you shall appoint to the vessel for the purpose of taking possession of the goods."

"My garrison consists but of twenty men, Eustace, of whom four must proceed to the vessel to secure the treasure: and twenty Englishmen are to land. Nevertheless, methinks that fourteen well-armed Frenchmen will be a match for twenty men who will have nothing but their clenched hands to oppose to our sabres and pistols. Let them land, Eustace, and do thou with three comrades proceed to the vessel. Be sure, however, that the rogues have not so much as a knife about them, and that the goods are of the full value which they assign to them. We will hold the mourners as hostages until your safe return."

Eustace, with three other soldiers having left the chapel, Amiot flashed another of those glances, which sometimes lighted up his stern repulsive features to an almost demoniacal expression, upon Annette: "Prepare," he said, "to share your father's coffin, unless after the solemnization of these funeral rites you join your hand with mine."

"I am prepared," she said, lifting up her eyes to Heaven. "Holy Virgin, pray for me! My

father predicted, that by his coffin I should be released from my sorrows. He meant that they and I should alike be consigned in it to repose."

As she thus spake, the mourners entered the sacred edifice. Four of them bore the coffin of the old man upon their shoulders, and the others followed it. They wore long black cloaks, which instantly attracted the jealous gaze of Clement Amiot.

"Search them once more!" he exclaimed. "My knaves, perchance, have been negligent in the execution of their duty. Those cloaks may hide something more than the forms of these lachrymose mourners beneath them."

A very strict search was then immediately made upon the persons of the Englishmen, but not even a knife could be found upon them. "All is safe," said Amiot; "they may proceed; but stand, soldiers of King Henry, to your arms."

The Englishmen then descended with their mournful burthen to the vault which held the ashes of a long line of ancestors of the Dalbret family. Annette would have joined them, but Amiot, in a stern, harsh tone, commanded her to remain by his side. She sunk, however, on her knees, joined her hands in the attitude of prayer, and mentally supplicated Heaven for the repose of her father's soul.

"Have they despatched their work so quickly?" said Amiot, as after an unusually short interval he heard the mourners reascending the steps which led them into the body of the chapel. "Well, well, soldiers make brief work of these mummeries: Ha! by St. Denis," he added, "betrayed, betrayed!"

These last words were uttered, as, having divested themselves of their cloaks, with pistols stuck in their belts, and drawn swords in their hands, the twenty Englishmen showed themselves at the entrance of the vault, and rushed upon Amiot.

The Frenchman stood upon his guard manfully, cut a passage through his assailants, and made his way to the other end of the chapel, where his own comrades had stood panic-struck for a moment, but immediately afterwards joined him in endeavouring to beat back their enemies. Although the Englishmen mustered only four more than their opponents, yet that was a fearful disproportion where the numbers on both sides were so small, added to the sudden and unexpected nature of their attack, which gave them an overwhelming advantage. Two Frenchmen were struck to the ground almost at the moment that the attack commenced. Amiot, however, contrived to rally his little party, and stood boldly on the defensive, until a thrust from the sword of

the English leader pierced him to the heart, and he fell lifeless to the ground.

"Quarter! quarter!" cried the surviving Frenchmen, throwing down their arms. "Soldiers of England, the citadel is yours."

"And a richer prize," said the English leader, walking up to Annette, who had already recognized in her preserver the features of Sir Robert Dudley—"a richer prize than the citadel is mine,—the hand and heart of Annette Dalbret."

Annette, overwhelmed with surprise and joy, leaned her face upon her lover's bosom, while tears, but not of bitterness, coursed each other down her cheek, and her beating heart throbbed audibly.

"Thy father's coffin has saved thee, Annette," said Dudley: "it contained not the lifeless relics of the brave old soldier, but these good swords which have rescued thee from the power of the tyrant. Wilt thou be mine, sweet Annette?"

"Thine—thine for ever!" she exclaimed, grasping his hand. The lovers approached the altar, the priest pronounced the marriage rites, and the Nuptials at Sark, after having been subjected to so fearful an interruption as that which has been narrated in these pages, were at length happily solemnized.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

Elizabeth.

Of the events of this long and important reign, our historical summary must, of necessity, be unsatisfactorily brief. In 1558 Elizabeth was proclaimed Queen.

1559. The Protestant religion was re-established.

The Dauphin, and his wife Mary, Queen of Scots, assumed the titles of King and Queen of England.

1560. Civil dissensions raging in Scotland, a French army landed there for the purpose of putting them down. Elizabeth sent troops to the assistance of the malcontents. A treaty was signed at Edinburgh, by which it was stipulated that the French troops should evacuate Scotland, and that Francis and Mary should cease to assume the titles of King and Queen of England.

The Presbyterian form of religion was established in Scotland.

1561. Mary, Queen of Scots, on the death of her husband, Francis the Second, King of France, returned to her own kingdom.

1562. Elizabeth assisted the Huguenots in France, who put Havre de Grace into her hands.

1563. Elizabeth concluded a peace with France.

1564. Mary married Lord Darnley, the Earl of Lenox's son.

1566. Mary was delivered of a son named James, who afterwards became King of Great Britain.

Elizabeth paid visits to the universities of Oxford and Cam-

bridge, in both of which she was receive. with the greatest honours.

1567. The King of Scotland was assassinated, and Mary was generally believed to be an accomplice in the murder.

1568. Mary being deposed by the Scots, and her son James proclaimed King, sought refuge in England. Elizabeth sent her to Jedburgh castle, and afterwards to Coventry, where she was kept in close confinement. Elizabeth refused to see her until she had cleared herself from the charge of being concerned in her husband's murder.

1569. Elizabeth entered into a treaty with the Czar of Muscovy, who granted many privileges to English merchants.

1570. Murray, the Regent of Scotland, was assassinated, and the Earl of Lenox appointed his successor.

1571–2. A plot being discovered for the release of Mary and the subversion of Elizabeth's Government, in which the Duke of Norfolk was implicated, the Duke was tried, condemned, and beheaded.

1574. Elizabeth privately assisted the Huguenots of France and the Netherlands with money.

1577. The Seven United Provinces having offered the sovereignty over them to Elizabeth, she refused it; but assisted them with money, and entered into an alliance with them against Spain.

1580. The Spaniards invaded Ireland, but were defeated.

Drake returned from a voyage round the world. The Queen dined on board his ship and knighted him.

1582. Elizabeth carried on negociations of marriage with the Duke of Anjou, but suddenly broke off the match.

1584. A conspiracy against the Queen's life was discovered; on which the Spanish Ambassador was ordered immediately to leave the kingdom.

1585. The Queen formed a treaty with the States, and

sent them 500 men, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, and a fleet, under Sir Francis Drake, against the Spanish West Indies.

1586. A conspiracy was discovered, carried on by Babington and others to murder Elizabeth and totally overturn the religion of the nation, in which Mary Queen of Scots was supposed to be implicated. The Council determined to try Mary for treason; she was accordingly removed to Fotheringay castle, in Northamptonshire, where she was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death.

1587. On the 8th of February Mary was beheaded.

Philip, King of Spain, preparing great fleets to invade England, Drake was sent to the Spanish coasts and did them much mischief.

1588. Philip determined to make a serious attack on England, and employed three years in equipping so formidable a fleet as had never before appeared, which was called the Invincible Armada. In July this fleet, under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, appeared off the English coast; but by means of storms and hurricanes, and the prowess and vigilance of Lord Howard, who commanded the English fleet, this Armada was destroyed.

1590. The United States were very successful against Philip. Elizabeth assisted Henry IV. King of France, against the League and Philip.

1593. Several expeditions against the Spanish coast, at the expense of individuals, were carried on.

Henry IV. embraced the Catholic religion; on which Elizabeth wrote him a very angry letter; but she accepted his apology, finding it necessary to enter into an offensive and defensive treaty with him against the League and the King of Spain.

1597. This year Lord Effingham and the Earl of Essex

took and plundered the town of Cadiz, and destroyed a vast number of ships.

1599. A rebellion, under Tyrone, having broken out in Ireland, Essex was sent thither; but instead of acting with vigour against Tyrone, he at last granted him a truce, for which the Queen wrote him a very angry letter, which made him return to England without leave, when he was put under arrest in his own house.

1601. Essex, being of a violent temper and exceedingly ambitious, entered deeply into very dangerous designs, and, amongst others, into one for seizing the Queen's person. Being discovered, he was sent to the Tower, and at last beheaded.

Philip III. sent some Spanish troops to Ireland; but Lord Mountford, who commanded there, entirely defeated Tyrone, and compelled the Spanish troops to evacuate Ireland by a treaty, as he besieged them in Kinsale. He then harassed Tyrone in such a manner as obliged him to submit to the Queen's clemency.

1602. To keep the Spaniards employed at home, Elizabeth sent a fleet on their coast, under Levison and Monson, who made some rich captures.

1603. The Queen died on the 24th March. She named the King of Scotland as her successor.

Catherine Gray.

"Cover her face—mine eyes dazzle—
She died young."

WEBSTER.

Catherine Gray.

Catherine Gray was the only surviving sister of the unhappy Lady Jane who perished on a scaffold in the beginning of the reign of Queen Mary. She was heir not only to the talents and the virtues, but to the misfortunes, of her sister; for she inherited the same pretensions to the English crown, and consequently became an object of fear and jealousy to the reigning sovereign, although her quiet and unambitious character could not furnish the slenderest pretext for subjecting her to violence or restraint. Mary too found that the system of terror which she pursued, and her matrimonial alliance with the King of Spain, had established her throne on the firm foundation, not indeed of the love but of the fear and obedience of her subjects. She was consequently satisfied with the contempt and oblivion into which the pretensions of the house of Suffolk had fallen, and did not think it necessary to resort to any farther measures of severity against the members of that unhappy family. It was not, there-

fore until after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, that the Lady Catherine Gray became fully aware of the misery which was entailed upon her by the fact of her being the child of her own parents. She was also guilty of the same crime for which the Queen of Scots afterwards forfeited her head—that of being in the graces of form and feature infinitely Elizabeth's superior. The Queen nevertheless saw that her rival, or rather the phantom of a rival, which her imagination had conjured up, was of all persons, in temper and disposition, the least likely to disturb her by her pretensions to the English crown, but she dreaded the event of those pretensions being transferred by her to a husband or a child. She therefore determined to prevent Catherine from entering into any matrimonial engagement, and resolved at first to banish her to a distance from the Court, and to place her under the surveillance of her spies. The latter part of this resolution, however, she subsequently altered; and thinking that the mistress would keep a more vigilant watch than the most zealous hirelings, she kept her about her own person in a state of exalted but strict captivity.

This measure, however, defeated its object; for the Queen served but as a foil to the beautiful

Catherine Gray, who attracted the admiration and won the hearts of all the courtiers. Among others, the gallant and accomplished Edward Seymour, the son of the unfortunate Duke of Somerset, who was beheaded in the reign of Edward the Sixth, became captivated by her charms. Of this person it was believed that the Queen was herself enamoured. She, although very chary of conferring honours and dignities, had restored Seymour to the forfeited estates of his father, and created him first a knight, afterwards Baron Seymour, and at length Earl of Hertford.

The young Earl repaid his sovereign's benefactions by manifesting the utmost zeal and devotion in her service. So chivalrous and delicate in those days were the attentions paid by the courtiers to their Queen, that the latter often mistook the manifestations of respect and loyalty for those of tenderness and love. Believing that the latter were the feelings which the Earl of Hertford entertained towards her, her vanity and her affection became both too deeply interested to enable her to exert her ordinary watchfulness over the movements of Catherine Gray. That lady, of a naturally delicate and feeble constitution, having latterly discovered symptoms of an alarming illness, obtained, more easily

than she expected, the Queen's permission to retire to her country-house in Hertfordshire. Indeed, her royal cousin was so much pleased with the appearance of her decayed health, that she did not feel the least inclination to refuse her request. Catherine, therefore, was suffered to remain in retirement for near twelve months, undisturbed by the fears and petty jealousies of Elizabeth.

The Queen, however, soon discovered a new source of annoyance. She saw, or fancied that she saw, that the young Earl of Hertford came seldomer to her Court than he had been accustomed to; and that when there, he was no longer the same gay and light-hearted cavalier as he was wont to be, but was moody and reserved, and seemed anxious to make his escape as speedily as possible. In a paroxysm of hasty displeasure, she appointed him to a very subordinate situation in the embassy to Paris, and ordered his immediate departure. The visible reluctance which Hertford showed to undertake this mission, only confirmed Elizabeth in the determination at which she had arrived; and uttering threats of the most signal marks of her displeasure if he delayed his departure for a single week, she dismissed him from her presence.

Near twelve months had, as we have already in-

formed the reader, elapsed before Elizabeth's attention was again directed to Catherine Gray, and then the intelligence sounded in her ears like a thunder-peal, that that lady had been delivered of a son. Astonished, and for a long time incredulous, she at length received the confirmation of this piece of information with a mingled feeling of satisfaction and contempt. "The wittol harlot!" she exclaimed, "she has at length eased me of all my fears. The high-born and virtuous Catherine Gray might, by intermarrying with some powerful nobleman, have rendered my throne insecure; but who will now link his hand with the lewd leman who has listened to the blandishments of some obscure paramour? Her gallant is unknown; 'tis, perchance, some low-born groom, who, when discovered, will yet farther overwhelm her with infamy and disgrace."

Elizabeth considered that this opportune discovery would furnish her with a pretext for doing that which she had long desired, committing the Lady Grey to safe custody, and so placing it utterly out of her power to disturb her on the throne. Catherine, however, being so nearly her kinswoman, she resolved, in the first instance, to grant her a private audience, as well to show her own apparent graciousness and condescension, as to gratify the real

malice and tyranny of her nature. She was holding her Court in the Tower of London at the time that her unfortunate cousin was again introduced to her; and seated on a chair of state in a small private chamber, and surrounded by a few of her most confidential counsellors and maids of honour, she received the trembling culprit, who (followed by a single female attendant bearing the new-born infant in her arms) entered and threw herself at the Queen's feet.

"Pardon! gracious Madam, pardon!" said the Lady Catherine.

"Pardon, woman!" reiterated Elizabeth; "darest thou offend the ears of a virgin queen with a petition for pardon for a crime of so odious and black a dye. By God's head! we could have sooner pardoned an offence against our own crown and dignity than the crime of dishonouring the royal blood in thy veins. Thou must to the dungeons of this fortress, Madam, and there learn to cool your hot blood, and by prayer and penitence, and the perusal of such holy works as I shall take care abundantly to supply you with, know how to bear that life of captivity to which you are now irrevocably doomed."

"Say not so, great Queen," said the Lady Catherine, "the Princess Elizabeth once passed some

months of wearisome captivity at Woodstock;—let her think of the horrors which will attend a life so spent in the Tower of London."

"Peace, saucy Madam!" said the Queen; "when Elizabeth commits your crimes, she must learn to bear your punishment. Away with her to her dungeon, and let her congratulate herself that, instead of her limbs being confined in the Tower, her guilty head is not exhibited on its walls."

"It cannot be," said Catherine, breaking from those who had lain hands on her, "that my royal cousin means to execute her threats. Here, here, great Queen," she added, taking her infant in her arms and approaching Elizabeth, "is one, whose beauty and innocence will plead my cause with an eloquence to which thy kind and princely heart will not fail to listen."

"Away with her!" shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, as with an expression of disgust she turned away from the child. Yet ah!" she added, as the smile upon the infant's features caught her eye, and her lip quivered, and her cheek turned pale, "surely I have seen features that resemble these. Tell me, I charge thee, woman, ere I revoke that mercy which declared that thy life should be spared!" (as she spake these words, she rose from her

seat, and extended her clenched hands towards Catherine,) "who is the father of thy child?"

"And wherefore," said Catherine—"wherefore should I conceal his name, when that name designates all that is good and brave and generous,—Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford."

"God of my fathers!" exclaimed Elizabeth, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, and compressing her lips, while her cheek grew pale as marble, and large heavy drops poured down from her brow. "Said I, my Lords, that her life should not be forfeited?"

"Even so, Madam," said Walsingham, bowing feverently, "your royal word is pledged."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Elizabeth; "could not thy own vile passions be gratified without corrupting the noblest and most accomplished cavalier in my court. Could none but Seymour be made the accomplice of thy infamy?"

"Madam," said the Lady Catherine proudly, "although a Queen speaks, the names neither of Seymour nor of Gray must be branded with infamy."

"Ha! say'st thou? impudent harlot!" ejaculated the Queen.

"Neither a harlot, nor a harlot's daughter, Queen

of England!" said Catherine significantly, "is now addressing your Majesty. I am the child of Frances Brandon, and am the lawful wedded wife of the Earl of Hertford."

Queen Elizabeth gazed on her for a moment with unutterable wonder and rage. Every syllable of her exculpation, and the successive discoveries that Catherine Gray was delivered of a child, that the child was the offspring of the Earl of Hertford, and at length that it was born in wedlock, had only more and more exasperated the royal mind. Elizabeth's schemes of policy and of love were alike baffled, and the scene which she had got up for the purpose of exhibiting Catherine as "a mark for the finger of scorn" to point at, had ended in her own mortification and dismay. The changing features of the Queen were watched with the utmost anxiety by all present. Walsingham, who was profoundly read in the royal physiognomy, discovered the most fatal and desperate resolution there; but as often as her eye met his, she read with equal ease his disapproval of the violent measures to which she wished to resort. Elizabeth seldom acted in opposition to the counsels of that statesman, and fearing, as she did on this occasion, to lay open to him the secret weakness of her heart, she did not seek any

private conference with him for the purpose of endeavouring to win him over to her scheme. After standing therefore for some minutes silent, while the struggle of her mind was visibly depicted in her features, she put an end to the suspense of her attendants with an effort of clemency which evidently cost her much, and exclaimed, "Away with the harlot to her dungeon!"

The unhappy Catherine, who had been in momentary expectation of hearing a sentence of decapitation pronounced upon her, then walked unresistingly out of the presence-chamber, and was soon afterwards with her infant consigned to one of the gloomy apartments of that fortress which had been so often familiarized with the presence of royal and noble prisoners.

The captivity of the Lady Catherine was followed by a royal mandate to the Earl of Hertford, requiring his immediate presence in London. The news of his wife's being confined in the Tower having previously been received by him, he had left Paris before the Queen's command reached him; and Elizabeth, who had feared that he would endeavour to flee from her authority, received with some surprise the intimation that he was already in her capital. The Earl vainly petitioned for an inter-

view with his royal mistress, in which he hoped to be able to place the whole history of his courtship and marriage with the Lady Catherine Gray before her in such a light, that she would extend her pardon to both. The Queen, however, was inexorable, refused to admit him to her presence, affected to laugh at his allegation that Catherine and he were actually married, and finally committed him to the Tower, and gave strict injunctions that his lady should not be permitted to visit the apartment in which he was confined. Sir Edward Warner, the Lieutenant of the Tower, promised the most implicit obedience to his sovereign's commands; and although of a naturally compassionate disposition, he resisted the prayers of both his captives, who incessantly assailed him with their solicitations, that he would grant them but one single interview. Elizabeth, in the mean time, felt uneasy at the existence of the issue of this unhappy amour, and instituted proceedings in the Star Chamber, before the Archbishop of Canterbury, to inquire into the validity of the marriage between Catherine and the Earl. These proceedings were conducted with the greatest apparent show of justice and equity. A day was appointed, before which time the prisoners were to produce proofs of the alleged matrimonial union

between them. When that day arrived, they were not able to bring forward the necessary witnesses, and by an unusual stretch of indulgence the inquiry was remitted to a future time. The second period also expired, and also a third to which the final settlement of the inquiry had been still farther postponed, yet neither the captives nor their friends could discover the minister or any of the other persons whom Catherine and Hertford asserted to have been present at their marriage. The judgment of the Star Chamber was then pronounced, declaring the connexion between the Earl of Hertford and the Lady Catherine Gray adulterous and traitorous, condemning both the offending persons to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower of London, and fining the Earl, moreover, a sum of fifteen thousand pounds, he being considered the greater criminal in having debauched a princess of the blood royal.

The bitterness of their doom was yet farther aggravated to the wretched prisoners, by the fact that, on the day after the sentence was pronounced, the witnesses whose testimony would have restored them to love and liberty, were seen publicly in the streets of London. The sentence of the Star Chamber was however irrevocable, and the public were only left to their own conjectures as to the reason

of the sudden disappearance, and the as sudden reappearance, of these much sought after witnesses. Some believed that by bribes and threats, Elizabeth had kept them out of the way; and others, that Hertford and Catherine, conscious that the evidence of these people could not benefit them, had resolved to appeal to their testimony, when they knew that it could not be procured; having themselves taken care that they should not be forthcoming when called upon.

In the mean time, Elizabeth could not entirely stifle either her love for Seymour or her fears of Catherine. The hope that the confinement of the former, and his separation from the latter, might in time alienate his affections from her, and, combined with the hope of regaining the Queen's favour, might prevail upon him at length to disown his alleged marriage, induced the Queen still to retain him in custody; although her heart as well as her conscience often smote her when she recalled to her mind the graceful form and manly features of her prisoner, and reflected on the injustice which she was committing. Still the reports which the Lieutenant of the Tower made to her of the state and conduct of the Earl of Hertford, evinced neither change nor coldness in his affection. He was

continually soliciting Sir Edward Warner to grant him an interview with his wife, and as often received the Lieutenant's assurance that the extension of such an indulgence towards him was impossible. For his liberty he expressed not the slightest anxiety, but said that the whole world would be but one gloomy prison to him if deprived of the society of Catherine. The Queen, who held her court in the same building which contained his dungeon, sometimes made inquiry twice or thrice in the course of the day as to Hertford's behaviour, and the only reply which his gaoler could make to her was to the effect which we have stated. The Queen's love and hatred were alike goaded almost to madness by this information. Sometimes she determined to sacrifice the life of the Lady Catherine Gray secretly, but from this she was as often deterred by the obvious impolicy of such an act, and often, very often, did she resolve to visit her ingrate favourite in his prison, to unbosom her secret soul to him, and to adjure him by his duty, his loyalty, ay, even his love to his Queen, to spurn Lady Catherine from his heart, and to enthrone there a far more illustrious being in her place.

Catherine continued incessantly to assail the Lieutenant with importunities that she might be

allowed to visit her husband, or that he might be permitted to see her in her place of confinement. The lady was, as the reader has already been informed, young and beautiful; she was also eloquent, at least her suppliant posture, her streaming eyes, the thrilling tones of her voice, and the mild, pale, beseeching expression of her countenance, had the effect of eloquence upon Sir Edward Warner.

"Sweet Madam," he at length exclaimed, "your suit is granted. It is a fearful responsibility which I am incurring, yet surely even Queen Elizabeth may pardon that so slight a boon should have been extorted from me, by the charms of that face whose beauty makes her tremble on her throne."

"Sayest thou my suit is granted," said Catherine, falling on her knees before him, and pressing his hand to her lips. "Now may the blessing of the distressed and of the captive light upon your head!"

"Cease, cease these transports, gracious Madam. Even stone walls and iron bars have betrayed the most important secrets in these gloomy vaults. Stay thy fluttering heart for a short season, and thou shalt clasp the Earl of Hertford in thy arms."

Short was the period which elapsed between the Lieutenant's departure from Catherine's apartment

and his return, leading the Earl of Hertford in his hand; but that short period seemed to the lady to be an age of longer duration than the entire term of her captivity, which had preceded it. No newly imprisoned bird ever fluttered more wildly in its cage, than did the Lady Catherine Gray hurriedly and impatiently pace up and down the low roofed, and narrow apartment in which she was imprisoned, whose small dimensions seemed painfully to confine the beatings of her heart. At length, however, the door of her dungeon flew open, and the Earl of Hertford rushed into her arms.

We will not attempt to describe the rapture of that meeting, to enumerate the caresses, nor to repeat the passionate exclamations of joy and love which accompanied so unexpected, though so long sought an interview. We will therefore accompany Sir Edward Warner, who, after beseeching the lovers not to make the expression of their delight too vociferous, and to expect a very speedy separation, proceeded to the presence-chamber of the Queen, from whom he had just received a summons, commanding his immediate attendance upon her. He found Elizabeth alone, moody and agitated, and he thought that he could even trace the marks of tears upon her eyelids.

"Master Lieutenant," she said, "I am about to take a step that might probably expose me to the censorious prattle of impertinent curiosity, were it necessary to reveal it to any one but yourself, on whose discretion and prudence I can rely."

The Lieutenant bowed profoundly, and then assumed the attitude of a respectful and attentive listener.

"Heaven knows, good Sir Edward," resumed the Queen, "that in the government of my kingdom I have endeavoured to temper justice with mercy, and even in the case of the unhappy persons who have lately been committed to your custody, I would rather bring them to a conviction of their guilt by persuasion and remonstrance, than by the measures of severity which have been already pursued towards them."

"Persuasion and remonstrance, gracious Madam," said the Lieutenant, somewhat alarmed at the course which the Queen's conversation seemed to be taking, "have been already tried and found unavailing."

"With my infatuated cousin," said the Queen, "I believe that every attempt to induce her to acknowledge her crimes, and to throw herself on my mercy, will be without effect. The young Earl of

Hertford, however, will not, I think, continue to sully his fair fame, and to shut himself up in the gloomy dungeons of this place, for the love of one who is so unworthy of him."

"Would your Majesty commission me," said Warner, "to reason with the Earl, and to inform him of your Majesty's gracious intentions towards him?"

"Nay, Master Lieutenant," said the Queen, "I would reason with him myself, and will visit him in his dungeon, to see if his proud spirit can be tamed down by the condescension of a Queen. This very moment shalt thou lead me to him. With my features enveloped in my hood I shall be unknown to all but you. Thus, good Sir Edward, do I entrust you with a state secret, to which neither Cecil nor Walsingham are privy."

The blood faded from Warner's cheek, his knees knocked against each other, and so violent was the agitation of his whole frame, that he was for some time unable to utter a syllable in reply to the Queen's address.

"How now, Master Lieutenant!" asked Elizabeth; "what means this? My resolution is, perhaps, a somewhat singular one; but surely there is in it nothing so appalling that it should banish the

blood from your cheek, and prevent your limbs from performing their functions. Lead on, I say——."

"Gracious Madam!" said Warner," pause a moment ere you take this step."

"Not an instant, Sir Edward," said the Queen. "How! do you dispute the commands of your Sovereign?"

"Then, most dread Sovereign," said the Lieutenant, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his secret, and throwing himself at the Queen's feet, "pardon, pardon, for the most guilty of your Majesty's subjects."

"Ha!" said the Queen, using the favourite interjection of her father, while his own proud spirit flashed in her kindled eye, and lowered in her darkening brow; "what dost thou mean?"

"The Earl of Hertford is not in his dungeon."

"What, escaped! Traitor—slave—hast thou suffered him to escape?"

Warner grovelled on the ground in the most abject posture at the Queen's feet, and his frame trembled in every fibre as he said, "He is in the Lady Catherine's apartment."

"What ho there!" shouted the Queen as the white foam gathered on her lip, and her own frame became agitated, though not with fear, but

with uncontrollable anger. "Guards, seize the traitor!"

Several yeomen of the guard immediately entered the apartment, and seized the Lieutenant of the Tower, binding his arms behind him, but not depriving him of his weapons. The Queen, acting on the impulse of the moment, commanded one of the guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the Lady Catherine Gray, and ordered the others to follow her with Sir Edward Warner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy, all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of a Queen in her gait and gestures, excepting that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Catherine Gray in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.

"Seize him—away with him to instant execution!" said the Queen.

The guards gazed for a moment wistfully on each other, and seemed as if they did not understand the command.

"Seize him! I say," exclaimed the Queen. "I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that

I may be assured that he is in your custody, and led away to the death that he has taken so much pains to merit."

The guards immediately surrounded the Earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the Lady Catherine throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth, and seize the skirt of her robe.

"Have pity, gracious Queen!" she cried, "have pity!"

"Away, minion!" said the Queen; "he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed."

"Not yet, great Queen, not yet!" said Catherine, still grasping Elizabeth's robe. "Can naught save him?"

"Naught, save my death," said the Queen; and then she added in an under tone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, "or perchance thine."

Catherine's ear caught the last part of the Queen's sentence, and with the quickness of lightning she exclaimed, "Thy death or mine, O Queen! then thus," she added, plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands

bound behind him, a dagger, and brandishing it aloft, "thus may his life be spared!"

A cry of "Treason! treason!" pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between Catherine and the Queen, whose life she seemed to threaten, but ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand; she had buried it in her own bosom.

"Now, now do I claim thy promise, O Queen!" she said as she sunk to the earth, while the blood poured in a torrent from her wound. "Catherine Gray can no longer disturb thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour."

Her last breath was spent on these words—her last gaze was fixed upon the Queen—and pressing the hand of her husband, who was permitted to approach her, in her dying grasp, the spirit of Catherine Gray was released from all its sorrows.

The sacrifice of the unhappy lady's life preserved that for which it had been offered up. The Queen, touched with the melancholy termination of her kinswoman's existence, revoked the despotic and illegal order which she had give for the execution of Hertford, but ordered him to be conducted back to his dungeon, where he remained in close custody for a period of more than nine years. The death of Elizabeth at the expiration of that period, released

him from his captivity, and then, although he was unable to restore the Lady Catherine to life, he took immediate steps to re-establish her fair fame. In these efforts he was perfectly successful, he proved before the proper tribunals the validity of his marriage, and transmitted his inheritance to his son, who was the issue of that ill-fated union.

The Union of the two Crowns.

"The world the temple was, the sea the ring,
The spoused pair two realms, the priest a king."

BEN JONSON.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

James the First.

1603. JAMES the Sixth, King of Scotland, was proclaimed King of England by the title of James I.

The Queen arrived in England with her three children, Henry, Elizabeth, and Charles.

A conspiracy was detected against the Government, for which many suffered; amongst others, Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned, but reprieved, though not pardoned; he was confined in the Tower for many years.

The King entered into a treaty with France, to support the United States of Holland against Spain.

1604. Great disputes arose among the Episcopalians and Puritans; but James adhered to the former, and continued to uphold episcopacy in the Church of England.

James took the title of King of Great Britain; and English and Scotch Commissioners were appointed to enquire on what terms an union between the two nations might be effected.

A peace was concluded with Spain.

The United States lost Ostend after a siege of above three years, and a sacrifice of 120,000 lives.

1605. The Gunpowder Plot was detected on the 4th November, the day previous to that on which it was to be executed.

1606. All the conspirators who were apprehended were executed; and the Parliament ordered the 5th of November to be kept as a day of thanksgiving.

The King of Denmark paid a visit to the King and Queen of England.

1607. The House of Commons opposed the King in all his attempts to stretch his prerogative, and issued an order for the regular printing of their journals.

1609. The Spaniards, after a war of half a century's duration with the United States, agreed to a truce with them for twelve years, and negotiated with them as an independent people.

1610. James created his son Henry, who was very much esteemed by the English, Prince of Wales.

Henry IV. of France was assassinated by Ravilliac in his own coach in the streets of Paris.

1613. Prince Henry died, to the great regret of the whole English nation.

Frederick V., the Elector Palatine, arrived in England, and was married to the Princess Elizabeth.

Robert Carre became a great favourite with the King, who created him Viscount Rochester, and afterwards Earl of Somerset. He fell in love with the Countess of Essex: and after living with her some time, she procured a divorce from her husband, and married Carre. Sir Thomas Overbury having remonstrated with the latter on his connexion with the Countess, was thrown into the Tower and afterwards poisoned. The Earl and Countess were tried and found guilty of the murder. The King spared their lives and granted them a small pension, but they languished out the remainder of their days in obscurity and infamy.

James and his Parliament disagreeing, and the latter refusing to grant the King money, he created the order of baronets, and raised two hundred persons to that rank, from each of whom he received a considerable sum of money.

1615. George Villiers rose high in the King's favour, and in the course of a few years was created Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Buckingham.

Mr. Hugh Middleton, a citizen and goldsmith, having obtained a patent, brought water by means of pipes into all the streets of London.

1616. James being in great want of money, and not choosing to call a Parliament, gave up to the Dutch, for 250,000*l.*, the towns which they had placed in the hands of Queen Elizabeth, to secure to her the repayment of a loan from her of three times that amount.

1617. Sir Walter Raleigh, who had been confined in the Tower for twelve years, asserting that he had discovered, on a former voyage to the coast of Guiana, a gold mine, was at last released, but not pardoned; and undertook this voyage with many other adventurers: but finding no mine, and plundering St. Thomas, a Spanish settlement, his companions forced him to return home, and delivered him up to the King.

1618. The Spanish Ambassador, Gondemar, complaining of Raleigh's conduct in committing aggressions on the Spanish ships and colonies, the King, to please the Spanish court, with whom he wished to ingratiate himself, ordered Sir Walter to be beheaded on his former sentence.

1619. The Protestant States of Bohemia, who had taken up arms against the Emperor Matthias, in defence of their religion, still persevered against his successor, Ferdinand II. and declaring their kingdom elective, chose Frederick V. the elector palatine, their King; who, pleased with his new title, marched his troops there, without consulting either the King of England, his father-in-law, or the Prince of Orange, his uncle. James so highly disapproved of this step, that he would not allow him to be prayed for in the churches by the title of King of Bohemia.

1620. Ferdinand raised a great army, and gained an im-

portant victory at Prague; and Frederick and his family were forced to retire to Holland.

1621. The Parliament granted the King two subsidies to assist the palatines; and then, among other grievances which they preferred, they accused the Lord Chancellor Bacon of having taken bribes. They sent him to the Tower, and declared him incapable of ever being employed again.

1623. A marriage was negotiated between the Prince of Wales and a daughter of the King of Spain, which was delayed for some time by the death of the Pope. Buckingham, having ingratiated himself with Prince Charles, persuaded him to go over to Spain to bring home the Infanta. They wrung a very unwilling consent from the King, and departed for Spain, where they were received with great attention and cordiality; but the proper dispensation from the Pope was delayed by the death of Gregory XV. They both left Spain without having concluded the marriage.

1624. The Parliament granted the King money to carry on a war with Spain, and to recover the Palatinate.

A league was concluded with Louis XIII. of France, against the whole house of Austria; and a treaty of marriage set on foot betwixt Prince Charles and Henrietta Maria, Louis's sister, whom he had seen on his way to Spain.

1625. The King was seized with a tertian fever, which proved fatal to him on the 27th March.

The Captives.

" A grave, a grave, Lord Barnard cried,
To putt these lovers in,
But lay my lady on the upper hand,
For she comes of the better kin."

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

The Captives.

In the year 1611, Highgate, which is now almost a suburb of the metropolis, was a remote and secluded village far from the hum of business and the toils of state, and separated from the great city by numerous fair and smiling meadows, and cornfields, many a gentle elevation and fertile valley, and a few scattered cottages and farm houses, presenting an appearance of as perfect and simple rusticity as is now to be found in the most distant provinces of the island. On the brow of Highgate Hill, surrounded by extensive pleasure grounds, and commanding a noble view of London and the adjacent country, stood a stately mansion, the dwelling-house of Sir James Croft. This knight was a naval officer, whose achievements had raised him to a high place in the favour of King James the First, but who having grown old in the service of his country, and having a taste for rural life and the fine arts, had retired to his house in Highgate, where he spent the evening of his days in tranquillity and seclusion.

His house and grounds were decorated with the utmost taste and refinement The art of landscape-gardening was then beginning to emancipate itself from the fetters of formality with which it had been so long loaded and disgraced, and although the grounds of Sir James Croft could not vie with the enchanting landscapes which the magic wands of Brown and Kent afterwards called into existence, yet they presented a scene with which, for taste and beauty, few of the residences of the most exalted and opulent in the nation could compete. The genius of Inigo Jones, then at the summit of royal and popular favour, had been employed upon the mansion, and the numerous discoveries which were daily being made in the New World, had filled the knight's museum with rare gems, shells, plants and other curiosities, which excited the admiration and delight of all who gazed upon them. One day in the week the good knight allowed his house and grounds to be viewed by strangers, to whom he had much satisfaction in pointing out the beauties and rarities with which they abounded.

It was on one of these days, a bright and balmy afternoon of June, when the grounds were unusually crowded with visitors, that a poor pedlar appeared at the gates, apparently attracted thither

by the hope of finding some purchasers for his goods. He seemed very old and infirm. His long grey beard swept his breast, and his bent form appeared scarcely able to sustain the pack which he carried on his back. With one hand he grasped a long staff, and with the other he shaded his eyes as he peered anxiously through the gate, and seemed to be in search of a customer from amongst the motley multitude.

"I am weary of watching and waiting," he said, "yet my enterprise must not be lightly abandoned. Hist! gentle damsel, hist!" he added, as a female domestic passed near the gate and within hearing of his voice.

"What would you have with me, old man?" asked the Abigail.

"I have rare commodities to sell," said the pedlar; "silks and satins of the finest quality, tapes and laces, all kinds of head-gear, bugle bracelets and amber necklaces, lawns and cambrics; moreover, I can furnish a lady who is about to travel with every thing that it is fitting she should be provided with ere she undertakes her journey."

"But I am not about to travel, neither do I want any of your wares."

"But thy fair mistress, the Lady Arabella,

travels on the morrow to Durham. 'Tis a long and weary journey, gentle damsel. Lead me to her, that I may supply her wants, and I warrant thee she will thank thee heartily."

"Lead thee to the Lady Arabella!" said the damsel with a stare of indignation and surprise. "How knowest thou that she departs on the morrow for Durham? or what fiend of impudence prompted thee to think that thou mightest be admitted to her presence? Away with thee!—I must begone."

She was about to return into the mansion, but the pedlar called after her in a tone of so much earnestness, and so different from the feeble and tremulous manner in which he had before addressed her, that she stopped, and once more asked, "What would you with me, old man?"

"I would beg of thee to bear this ring to thy lady, and tell her, that he to whom it belongs waits to be admitted to her presence."

"Not for the wealth of England dare I grant your request. I am placed to watch as well as to wait upon my Lady, and Sir James Croft has strictly charged me to take care that she holds no communication with any one beyond these walls."

"Didst ever see, fair damsel," said the pedlar, pulling a pair of bracelets out of his pack, "aught

so beautiful as these? They belonged to the Princess of El Dorado, and were given by her to Sir Walter Raleigh, who brought them to England. The Queen of England might be proud to wear them."

The Abigail's eyes glistened, and she gazed wistfully at the old man as he displayed the princess of El Dorado's bracelets before her.

"They are rare, and doubtless costly, good man," she said, in an inquiring tone.

"They are not so costly, fair damsel," said the pedlar, "but that they may be thine at a very easy rate."

"Mine!" said the damsel,—"that is impossible."

"Lead me to thy Lady and they are thine."

"I dare not—must not—My Lady has retired to her chamber to avoid the company with which the house and grounds are this day filled. The poor Lady's sole consolation in her sorrows, is to sit and weep alone. I dare not permit any one to intrude on her privacy."

"Then bear her this ring with the message which I have already spoken."

"There cannot be much harm," said the damsel, "in that, and the poor Lady has doubtless sadly neglected the adornment of her fair person. She

can scarcely be provided with sufficient gear for her journey to Durham. Give me the bracelets and the ring, old man. I will do thy bidding."

The pedlar placed the trinkets in her hand, and then light of heart and foot she tripped away, and was soon lost to his sight in the windings of the garden grounds.

The person so often mentioned in the course of the above conversation, was the Lady Arabella Stuart. This lady was first cousin to King James I. being the daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, the younger brother of Lord Darnley, King James's father, and was by many supposed to have a better title to the crown than the reigning monarch, whose legitimacy they disputed. In the year 1603, the conspiracy which was called "Raleigh's plot," and at the head of which were Lord Cobham, Lord Gray, Sir Griffith Markham, and Sir Walter Raleigh, was formed for the purpose of deposing James, and setting Arabella on the throne. This plot was detected and frustrated, and the conspirators were sentenced according to their respective shares in it, to various degrees of punishment. The Lady Arabella, who was of a retired and pensive disposition, and attached to literature, had no participation in this plot, although the conspirators

made use of her name. She immediately, however, became an object of suspicion and jealousy to the King, who determined that whatever pretensions she had to the crown, should die with her. He therefore affected to believe that she was an accomplice in Raleigh's plot, and committed her for a time to close custody; but at length released and pardoned her, on condition that she should never marry, so that her claims to sovereignty might not descend to her posterity.

Poor Arabella was indeed guiltless of having cherished any ambitious thoughts, but her heart was not insensible to the influence of love. William Seymour, the grandson of the Earl of Hertford, had from his earliest years been passionately attached to the Lady Arabella. The affection was mutual; and the lady no sooner regained her liberty, than she made use of it to break the condition upon which it was granted. Seymour and Arabella were speedily, and as they hoped, secretly married, and were concerting a scheme for effecting their escape into France, where they might openly live in the relation of man and wife, when they were arrested and carried for examination before the Privy Council. By what means the King became acquainted with their marriage the annalists of that period do not

state; but so general and well regulated was then the system of *espionage* throughout the country, that the ears of the monarch soon heard the faintest whisper that was uttered against him, and his eye detected the slightest motion that was prejudicial to his interests. The lovers, on appearing before the Council, instead of affecting to deny the crime with which they were charged, boldly avowed that they were man and wife, denied the right of any one to prevent them from living in that relation, and claimed the protection of the laws in their behalf. The President of the Council having vainly endeavoured to convince them of the heinousness of their crime, and to extort from them a confession that their marriage was illegal, and that the connexion between them was unlawful and adulterous, committed Seymour to close custody in the Tower of London, and ordered the Lady Arabella Stuart to be confined in Sir Thomas Parry's house at Lambeth. The latter being shortly afterwards detected in carrying on a correspondence with her husband, she was removed from Lambeth to Highgate, and placed under the surveillance of Sir James Croft. The knight pitied her misfortunes; but so devoted was he to the service of his sovereign, and so paramount did he consider the interests of the state to all private considerations, that he would not have hesitated to sa-

crifice her ease, her happiness, or even her life, if he could be convinced that they stood in the way of the public welfare.

The Lady Arabella bore the restraint upon her own personal freedom patiently, but she shuddered as she thought of the perils to which Seymour was exposed. In the reign of James the First, few on whom the gates of the Tower of London once closed, ever recrossed that fatal threshold. This monarch was not so fond as his predecessors of exhibiting his victims on the public scaffold, but the work of death, although more secretly, was not less certainly accomplished than heretofore.

" I shall never see him more," thought the Lady Arabella, and wept as she sat alone in her chamber, and cast a melancholy glance on the preparations which had been made for her morrow's journey to Durham. " Alas, alas! what have I done to be thus early consigned to misery and despair. Fortune smiled on my birth. I was born a princess. Sages prophesied that I should live long and happily. Lovers surrounded me—numerous lovers,—from among whom my heart told me whom to select. Love and Death are surely nearly allied, for ever since the moment that I plighted the nuptial vow, I seem to have been travelling rapidly to the grave."

As she thus spoke, she took up her lute, and touched upon it a few sad querulous notes, which appeared to be in unison with the state of her feelings. A thousand painful recollections seemed to be awakened in her mind, tears streamed down her face, and then once more touching her lute, she drew from it notes of the most ravishing harmony, to which she warbled the following lines:*

" I stood by the towers of Ardenveile,
And the bells rang forth a jocund peal;
Loudly and merrily rang they then
O'er field and valley and sylvan glen,
And each cheek look'd bright as the blush of morn,
And each voice sounded gay as the huntsman's horn,
And each heart was glad—for a heiress was born.

" I stood by those time-worn towers again—
And prancing forth came a gallant train;
And there was the priest in his robes of white,
And there was a lady youthful and bright,
And a gallant knight rode by her side,
And the sounds of joy echoed far and wide,—
For the heiress was Rudolph de Courcy's bride.

" And again by those portals proud did I stand,
And again came forth a gallant band;
And I saw that same priest, but sad was his pace,
And I saw that same knight, but he shrouded his face,

* This ballad has already appeared in print, but it was originally intended for the situation which it occupies in these pages.

And I saw not that maiden in beauty's bloom,
But a pall and a bier and a sable plume,—
For the heiress was borne to her forefathers' tomb.

" And such is human life at best,
A lover's, a mother's, the green earth's breast,—
A wreath that is formed of flowrets three,
Primrose, and myrtle, and rosemary,—
A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave,—
A launch, a voyage, a whelming wave,—
The cradle, the bridal-bed, and the grave."

As the lady concluded her strain, she lifted up her eyes and saw her faithful attendant, Alicia, standing before her. Arabella's eyes were suffused with tears, and her face so wan and woe-begone, that the tender-hearted Abigail could not disguise the sympathy which she felt for her sorrows.

" Gentle mistress," she said, " be of good cheer! I had hoped to find you in better health and spirits, for I have a message for you."

"A message, Alicia! What, has my kind royal cousin altered his purpose, and determined that instead of being banished to Durham, I shall lay my head upon the block? I am ready, I am ready!"

" Nay, nay, sweet lady! I am commissioned to present you with this ring, and to tell you, that he to whom it belongs waits to be admitted to your presence."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Lady Arabella, "'tis my husband's ring; the ring, which on that happy day (yes, I will still call it happy!) I exchanged for that which I now wear. Where is he from whom you received it?"

"He waits your pleasure, madam, at the garden gate."

"Is he young, handsome, stately as the pine?"

"Nay, madam; old, decrepit, and twisted like the fibres of the time-worn oak."

"Alas!" said the Lady Arabella, "down, down my sanguine heart! But lead him to me, Alicia; I would fain see him, for the token which he has sent me, is a precious memorial of the bliss which I possessed for so short a time, and have now lost for ever!"

Alicia, with a duly grateful remembrance of the princess of El Dorado's bracelet, hastened to obey her mistress's injunctions. She found the old pedlar overjoyed at the narration which she gave, of her mistress's reception of the ring, and hastened to lead him to the lady's chamber.

"If thy presence," she said, "produce an effect proportioned to that produced by thy message, thou art a made man; for though the Lady Arabella is a prisoner, she is rich and generous, and well able to

reward those who are fortunate enough to secure her favour."

The pedlar did not seem to heed the prattle of Alicia, but followed her in silence, and at a quicker pace than could have been expected from one afflicted as he was, by age and infirmity, until he arrived in the chamber of the Lady Arabella. The latter gazed for a moment, silently and in a bewildered manner, in the old man's face, then an exclamation of wonder and delight burst from her lips, and then, to the utter astonishment of Alicia, she threw herself into the pedlar's arms.

"Seymour,—my own!—my best beloved!" she cried, "how is it that we meet thus?"

"Sweetest, calm these transports," said the pedlar, throwing down his pack, and starting up neither old nor decrepit, but youthful and stalwart; while his white beard dropped from his chin, and his long raven locks escaped from under the artificial scalp which covered his head. "Heaven has enabled me to escape from my gloomy prison. In this disguise did I quietly and without suspicion, walk out of the great western gate of the Tower, following a cart that had brought me billets. Thence did I walk to the Tower-wharf, and by the warders of the south gate to the iron gate, where I found our

faithful servant, Rodney, who was acquainted with my scheme, in waiting for me. He has a boat there ready to convey us to Gravesend, where we shall find a French bark waiting to carry us to Calais. You must away with me, sweet Arabella, instantly!"

"Alas, Seymour!" said the lady, clinging to his neck, "escape is for me hopeless; so suspicious and vigilant is Sir James Croft. But do thou ensure thy own safety. Yet to part thus soon, after so long-wished—but little hoped for—an interview; my heart will break!"

She was sinking on the ground, but Seymour supported her in his arms. "Listen to me, Arabella, listen! This fair damsel"—as he thus spake, he placed a rich necklace round Alicia's neck—"will not, I am sure, interpose to prevent the escape of two lovers, who have shown her no ill-will, and whose present guerdon is but a faint earnest of what they mean to do in reward of her connivance and assistance. Behold!" he added, unloosing his packet, and displaying a pair of great French-fashioned hose, a man's doublet, and peruke with long flowing locks, a black hat, black coat, russet boots with red tops, a rapier,—in short, the complete accoutrements proper for "a young gentleman of wit and fashion about town;"—"shroud thy fair face

and form, Arabella, in this disguise, and not even the lynx-eyes of old Croft himself will be able to detect the cheat. Then slip into the garden, mix for a short time with the gallants who are in the grounds promenading, and then thou mayest walk unquestioned out at the gate. Meet me there, therefore, in half an hour. I have two horses, fleet as the wind, ready to bear us to the water side; and soon, very soon! I trust that we shall both land in peace and safety on the coast of France."

"'Tis a rare scheme!" said Alicia, in whom the passion for plotting and intriguing natural to a waiting woman, added to the influence of the trinkets presented to her by Seymour, and also, it must be confessed, to her sympathy and affection for the Lady Arabella, overbalanced her loyalty to Sir James Croft—"'tis a rare scheme, and in its furtherance my assistance shall not be wanting."

Seymour then picked up his discarded pack, adjusted his fictitious beard and scalp, resumed his staff, and crawling out of the chamber at the same pace at which he had entered it, left Alicia to assist her mistress at her unusual toilet.

The Lady Arabella had been reduced by anxiety and sickness to a state of great weakness; and although the unexpected meeting with her husband,

had infused a momentary strength into her frame, she soon relapsed into her former feebleness and lassitude, and it was with great difficulty that she was able to complete her disguise. Equipped, however, at length, in the habiliments of a young gallant, she (to use a theatrical technicality) looked the character passably well, except that her very pale cheeks were not calculated to win her a formidable reputation for strength and valour. Nevertheless, encouraged by Alicia, and sensible of the critical position in which she was placed, she managed, like Rosalind,

> "To have a swashing and a martial outside,
> As many other mannish cowards have,
> That do outface it with their semblances;"

and sending Alicia before her to perform the office of a scout, she passed unobserved from her chamber into the gardens, where, mingling with the numerous visitors who were admiring the taste and liberality of Sir James Croft, she attracted no notice. She loitered for a short time in the grounds, appearing to take the same interest with the other visitors in the plants and waterfalls, the temples and statues, with which they abounded, and then summoning all the courage within her, she strode boldly down the

grand avenue, and passed through the gate which opened into the London road.

There she found Seymour waiting for her in a new disguise, that of a groom, and holding two horses; one of which he assisted her to mount. She then took the road to the metropolis, and her husband followed her on the other horse, as her attendant. As soon as they had proceeded such a distance from the house that their movements could not be observed by the inmates, he rode up to her, and found that his attentions were much wanted to support and encourage the lady, and to enable her to sustain her part in this adventure. Her feebleness and weariness appeared to increase every moment, and compelled them to travel at so slow a pace, that Seymour began to fear that ere they should be able to reach London, their plot would be detected and prevented. He knew that his own escape from the Tower must by this time be discovered, and that the flight of the Lady Arabella could not be kept concealed for more than a very few hours. The increasing illness of the lady however, obliged them after they had scarcely travelled a mile and a half, to stop and put up at a little public-house on the road side. Here the pale face and trembling form of Arabella, so much attracted the notice of

the ostler who tended their steeds, that he told Seymour, with whom, in consequence of his assumed character, he felt himself entitled to converse on terms of familiarity, that the young gentleman would scarcely reach London. An hour's resting, however, seemed to reinvigorate Arabella, and to show that her illness was rather the result of fatigue and anxiety, than of absolute disease. Being once more mounted, the stirring of the horse brought the blood into her cheek; and cheered by the converse of Seymour, and the hopes of ultimate safety, which grew stronger as the distance between them and the water side diminished, she arrived safely and not very seriously fatigued at Blackwall, at about six o'clock in the evening. Here they found two male and two female attendants waiting for them, and two boats lying in the river, one of which was filled with their trunks, and the other was ready to convey them to Gravesend, where the French vessel which was to take them to Calais was at anchor. The tide was strongly against them, but the watermen, for a double fare, engaged to row them thither.

Slowly, therefore, and tediously did they pull against the stream, the boatmen frequently urging that the farther prosecution of the voyage should be

postponed till the morning, and Seymour and Arabella, conscious that every hour's delay might be fatal to their hopes. Arrived at Gravesend, they learned to their inexpressible dismay that the French vessel had gone on to Lee, and was there waiting for a fair wind, which was every hour expected to spring up, to proceed to Calais. Seymour used the most pressing entreaties, and promised the most liberal rewards to the boatmen, to induce them to carry them to Lee, but for a long time unsuccessfully. At length, however, for a treble fare and after a delay of an hour at Gravesend, for the purpose of resting and refreshing themselves, they agreed to row them to Lee, at which place they arrived, and placed their passengers on board the vessel at about the hour of day-break."*

"Sweetest Arabella!" exclaimed Seymour, clasping her in his arms, "we have at length escaped our perils! Did the cold-hearted, short-sighted tyrants think that aught but death could separate two hearts which have loved so long and fervently as ours?"

The lady sunk on his breast, overcome alike by anxiety and joy. The excitement of the flight had enabled her to bear up against the sickness and weariness that oppressed her, but now being in a

* Winwood's Memorials.

state of comparative safety, and her mind partially relieved, her weary frame required repose and tranquillity. She therefore retired to the cabin of the vessel, and soon forgot her fatigues and her cares in the enjoyment of a profound slumber.

Some writers of the period imagine that the King of France was privy to the flight of Mr. Seymour and the Lady Arabella, and that he hoped to place the latter on the British throne, and so to restore the Catholic religion, to which she was supposed to be attached. The devotedness which the captain of the French vessel evinced to their cause, and the zeal and anxiety which he showed to land them speedily at Calais, gave rise to such a conjecture; but perhaps these may be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that he had been long and intimately acquainted with Seymour, who, during the reign of Elizabeth, had served on board the French navy in the war against Spain. 'Whatever was his inducement, however, M. de Ligny no sooner received the fugitives on board, than although the wind was adverse, and his crew wished him to wait until it was broad daylight, he steered immediately towards Calais. For two hours they crept lazily along, and when the morning was sufficiently advanced to enable them to discern objects at a distance, they

had not entered the channel. At this time, Seymour, whose naturally keen eye was sharpened by the anxiety and peril of his situation, was the first to see that which overwhelmed him with dismay, and seizing the captain's arm, he exclaimed: "De Ligny, crowd all sail! An armed pinnace is in chase, and gaining ground upon us rapidly."

De Ligny gazed in the direction to which Seymour pointed, and saw too certain a confirmation of his intelligence. "We will try, Seymour," he said, what superior sailing can effect; and if in that game we are beaten, we must e'en stick to our guns."

The superior sailing was, however, on the part of the pursuers, or rather the followers, for as yet it did not appear that any hostility was intended against the French ship, and the pinnace might perhaps be only in search of pirates, great numbers of whom then infested the Channel. It, however, continued to gain upon De Ligny, and when arrived within reach of the guns, a shot was fired as a signal to him to bring to. The pinnace was of vastly superior size and weight to his own, and seemed to have at least thrice its complement of men. He therefore stood on, crowding all sail, towards Calais; but the pinnace at length came alongside of him, and the commander, in whom Seymour immediately re-

cognized Sir James Croft, exclaimed—"Deliver up the persons of the Lady Arabella Stuart and William Seymour, or I will sink your vessel?"

De Ligny immediately poured a broadside into the pinnace; which was answered by another that did far more certain and terrible execution than his own, and Croft and his crew proceeded to board the French bark. Their attack was irresistible, and, carrying all before them, they poured into the enemy's vessel, at the moment that the Lady Arabella, roused by the noise of the engagement, rushed, full of anxiety and terror, on the deck. She arrived just in time to see her husband receive a thrust from a sabre in his breast, and sink lifeless on the pile of dead bodies beside him. She uttered a piercing shriek, threw herself upon his corpse, and closed her eyes in that sleep, which it was fondly hoped by those who beheld her, could only be disturbed by the trumpet of the archangel.

The sequel of this melancholy history may be speedily told. The Lady Arabella was recovered from the death-like swoon into which she had fallen, and consigned to the same gloomy apartments that had been so recently occupied by her husband in the Tower of London. It was soon discovered, that, although her life was restored, her reason had

fled for ever. Four long years did that part of the dismal fortress in which she resided, resound with the incoherent ravings of the lovely maniac, and then she sunk into the grave; not without some suspicion being excited of her end having been hastened by the care which her royal cousin took of the quality of her diet.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

Charles the First.

1625. THE first act of Charles's reign was to call a Parliament at Oxford; but he soon dissolved it, as instead of granting him supplies it presented him with petitions for the redress of grievances.

1626. The Parliament exhibited articles of impeachment against Buckingham, whom they petitioned the King to remove from his Councils. Charles dissolved this Parliament; and soon afterwards, for the purpose of assisting the King of Denmark, levied ship-money on his subjects by his own authority.

1627. Charles declared war against France.

1628. The King called a Parliament, which voted him five subsidies; but would not pass the grant into a law, until the King assented to the Petition of Right.

Buckingham was murdered by Felton.

1629. Peace was concluded with France and Spain.

1629 to 1636. During all these years Charles never called a Parliament, but raised money by his own authority.

1638. The Scots abolished episcopacy, raised an army to defend themselves against the King's violence, and appointed Leslie their general.

1640. The King raised an army, which marched to the North: but the Scots entering England, defeated Lord Conway at Newburn, and proceeded to Newcastle; shortly after which, Charles agreed to a treaty with them. He also was obliged to call a Parliament.

The Commons impeached Lord Stafford and Archbishop

Laud, of attempts to subvert the constitution of the Government, and introduce arbitrary power. Stafford was beheaded in the next year, and Laud in 1645.

1641. The King granted all the demands of the Scots, and went into Scotland to conclude the negotiations. During his absence in that kingdom, a rebellion broke out in Ireland, and more than 40.000 Protestants were massacred. The King was accused of having given orders for this slaughter.

1642. Charles impeached and endeavoured to seize Lord Kimbolton, Hollis, Hasting, Pym, Hambden, and Strode. The Parliament protected them as their leaders, and voted that the King had infringed their privileges. Charles went to York, taking with him the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and prepared for what was unavoidable, a civil war.

The King and the Parliament both levied forces, and the battle of Edge Hill was fought, in which both parties claimed the victory.

1643. The civil war raged with various success; but no decisive advantage was gained on either side.

1644. The King constituted a Parliament of his adherents at Oxford, and ordered the Parliament assembled at Westminster not to be obeyed as such.

The Scotch army, under the Earl of Leven, entered England and joined Sir Thomas Fairfax, the Parliament General, in Northumberland.

Prince Rupert was totally defeated by Lord Fairfax and Cromwell, at Marston Moor.

The King defeated the Earl of Essex at Lestwithiel, and prepared to march to London; but being himself defeated at Newbury, he retreated to Oxford.

Parliament abolished the use of the book of Common Prayer.

1645. The King was totally defeated by Fairfax and Cromwell, at the battle of Naseby.

He shut himself up in Oxford during the winter. The Scotch army took Carlisle, and advanced towards the South, while Fairfax conquered all the West.

1646. Fairfax advanced to besiege Oxford. The King fled from that city, and placed himself in the hands of the Scotch army before Newark.

The Scots, on being paid 400,000*l.* in lieu of all their arrears, agreed to deliver up the King to English Commissioners.

1647. The King, being delivered to the Earl of Pembroke, was removed to Holdenby, in Northamptonshire. He was afterwards conveyed to the army at Taplow Heath, near Cambridge.

The army advanced to St. Alban's, by which the Parliament was so much awed, that the Independents secured the entire authority in that assembly. The army afterwards retired to Reading, taking the King with them.

On a tumult happening in London, the army took that opportunity of advancing to the metropolis. They lodged the King at Hampton Court, whence he made his escape; but found himself obliged to trust to Colonel Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, a creature of Cromwell's, who, with much outward respect, in fact made him a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle.

1648. The House of Commons voted that no more addresses or messages should be received from the King: all his servants were dismissed, and himself made a close prisoner, and in fact dethroned.

The Scots, finding that the Independents meant to destroy the Presbytery, levied troops in favour of the King, with which they entered England under the Duke of Hamilton, to assist

the Royalists, who were combining together in many parts of the country. The Independent leaders being thus employed, the Presbyterians got the lead in Parliament, and immediately entered into negotiations with the King at Newport, which were never concluded upon, as Charles would not give up episcopacy. In the mean time, Cromwell defeated Langdale, near Preston, and afterwards Hamilton, whom he took prisoner. He then entered Scotland, and put every thing into the hands of Argyle, the head of the rigid Presbyterians, who would not assist the King until he signed the league and covenant.

During these troubles, part of the fleet declared for the King, and sailed to Holland. The Prince of Wales went from Paris, and took the command of it.

The Duke of York escaped from St. James's, and reached Holland.

The army remonstrated with the Parliament for treating with the King. Their remonstrance not being received with much respect, they seized on the King at Newport, and conveyed him to Hurst Castle. They then marched into London, and purged the House of Commons, turning out every member who was not a determined Independent. The House then voted that the King should be brought to a public trial for having made war on the Parliament. They also instituted a High Court of Justice. The Peers rejected the vote, and adjourned.

1649. Colonel Harrison was sent to bring the King to London, who being produced three times before the High Court of Justice in Westminster Hall, as often rejected its jurisdiction. On the 27th of January he was sentenced to be beheaded; which sentence was accordingly executed on the 30th, on a scaffold erected in the street before the palace of Whitehall.

Goodrich Castle.

"Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver———"

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Goodrich Castle.

The beautiful valley of the Wye, is a spot with which most probably few of the readers of these volumes are unacquainted. The country between Ross and Chepstow, presents a succession of fine scenery, which for variety and beauty, is perhaps nowhere to be equalled within the same distance. Tourists have been much divided as to the spot which is entitled to claim the superiority. Some have decided in favour of the steeps of Windcliff with their coronet of richly variegated wood, and the extensive prospect which they command of the fertile valley at their feet, the junction of the Wye with the Severn in the middle distance, and the boundless ocean itself terminating the horizon. Others prefer the seclusion and solemnity of Tintern; the grey but graceful pillars of the monastic ruin, seeming to hallow the lovely scenery in the midst of which it stands; the woods which embosom it, the hills which screen it from the wind, and the

river which murmurs at its feet, reflecting its mouldering and ivy-mantled form on its unruffled bosom. Perhaps, however, if we examine the subject impartially, we shall come to the conclusion that the vicinity of Goodrich Castle is to be preferred to all its sister beauties on the banks of the Wye. The artist probably would not agree in this estimate, but the artist (with reverence be it spoken,) too seldom yields up his mind to the uncontrolled influence of the scene, to be the best judge on such a subject. He is thinking not how the landscape looks before him, but how far it can be made available for the purposes of his art. Painting, with all its divine attributes, is the most limited of all the arts. There are many splendid landscapes to which the powers of a Lorraine would be inadequate, and which could not be transferred to the canvass, but which, nevertheless, awaken in the mind, higher and more admiring sensations than other celebrated scenes which have been selected and immortalized by the artist. One of these is the spot to which we have alluded. We have said that the pencil cannot delineate, and therefore shall not attempt to describe it: but it is an exquisite assemblage of all that is most fascinating to the eye

and to the mind,—of rock, wood, water, ruin, meadow, mountain, and wild heath.

But time

> " Has mouldered into beauty many a tow'r,
> Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
> Was only terrible."

At the period to which the following narrative refers, this place presented an appearance very different from what it does at present. The now mouldering turrets of the castle were then manned with many an intrepid v or; cannon were pointed from the walls, where ow the ivy clings and the bat builds undisturbed; and the deep moat, at present choaked up with forest trees, was then filled with water, and guarded by a drawbridge, which was lowered but seldom, and with extreme caution.

The castle was at this time obstinately defended by the Governor, Sir Henry Lingen, at the head of a small but gallant body of Cavaliers, against the attacks of the Parliamentary army commanded by Colonel Birch. The determined valour of the besieged, and the almost impregnable strength of the fortress, had already cost the assailants, in men and ammunition, more than, in the opinion of the best informed military judges, the place was worth; and Birch at

length determined to sit down quietly before the castle, and trust to the power of that slow but omnipotent ally—Famine, to subdue the resolution of the garrison, whose provisions were known to be nearly exhausted. Some feeling of compassion, mixed doubtless with no small portion of apprehension as to the consequences to themselves of this protracted siege, prompted the Parliamentary leaders to send various messages to the Governor, offering advantageous terms of capitulation, all of which were, however, indignantly rejected by Lingen. On one occasion, a Cavalier on the ramparts called to the pioneers at work in the mines, and said, they cared not for being blown up; they could from the sky laugh at the flourishing of the Roundheads.

This state of things had continued for some time, when, on the morning of a fine day in July, 1646, a person armed from top to toe and well mounted, was seen, preceded by a flag of truce, and followed by three horsemen, to issue from the Warren of Walford, belonging to the noted Colonel Kyrle, a fortified mansion where Birch had fixed his head-quarters, and take the road which led to Goodrich Castle.

It was not long ere they arrived before the gate

and sounded a parley. A few signals passed between the warder and the interior guard, the portcullis was drawn up and the party entered the castle. They were speedily assisted from their saddles and ushered into a great hall, where they found themselves in the presence of the Governor, surrounded by about twenty of the superior officers of the garrison. The leader of the visiting party raised his visor, and was immediately recognized as the son of the commander of the besieging army.

"Captain Birch," said the Governor, as he bowed to his guest with that courtesy for which he was celebrated, "I heartily bid you welcome; but if your object in coming here to day, be similar to that which procured me the honour of your last visit, you will pardon me for saying that you might have spared yourself an unnecessary journey."

"Sir Henry Lingen," answered Birch, "it is true that my errand is now somewhat different from that which last led me hither, but being here, I cannot avoid once more pressing upon your attention the impropriety, and, indeed, the absurdity, of wasting the lives of brave men in a fruitless struggle, which cannot be protracted at the farthest beyond a few days."

"You talk, Captain Birch," returned Lingen, "in

a way which proves how ignorant you and the persons from whom you came are, as to the resources of the castle, and the gallantry and resolution of the gentlemen by whom I am surrounded, (turning to his officers,) who are determined to defend it to the uttermost."

As Sir Henry Lingen spoke, his faltering voice and emaciated features too plainly indicated the resistless agency of famine; and the keen apprehension of Birch detected in the gloomy silence of most, and the but half suppressed murmurs of many, to whom the Governor's appeal had been addressed, that the resources of the Castle were in a very different state from that which Lingen would induce him to believe. A few swords, however, flew from their scabbards, in token of the determination of those who wielded them to act up to the spirit of their leader's declaration.

"Sir Henry," said Birch, as a smile, in which however there was more of compassion than of scorn, played over his dark features, "I perceive as plainly as yourself, what will be the result of our late interviews. We are at present, however, simply instructed by our commander, Colonel Birch, to claim from you the person of his ward and niece, who has eloped from his charge, and, as he is in-

formed, taken refuge in the fortress at present under your orders. Although the unhappy circumstances of the times have compelled two brave and honourable men to range under hostile banners, he presumes that Sir Henry Lingen is the last man in the three kingdoms to encourage the tearing asunder of domestic ties, or the violation of natural duties."

"Colonel Birch," answered the Governor, "knows enough of Sir Henry Lingen, to feel well assured of the truth of the assertion which you have just made and so insiduously applied. Tell him, however, that during the long period in which I enjoyed the friendship of the late Mr. Birch, although he died before these unhappy troubles broke out, I never found him, by word or deed, betray a sentiment which could be construed into an accordance with such principles as his brother has lately chosen to adopt; and that, in rescuing his daughter, who has voluntarily put herself under my protection, from the authority of a person professing such principles, and who, moreover, would force her into a match to which she has an invincible repugnance, however estimable (bowing as he spake these words) the object of his choice may be in other respects— I do not conceive that I encourage either the tear-

ing asunder of domestic ties, or the violation of natural duties."

"Your friend, as you term him," said Birch, "on his death-bed left his daughter to the guardianship of his brother."

"That brother," retorted Lingen, "was then a loyal subject of King Charles, and had not made war upon his countrymen."

"You are an ingenious casuist, Sir Henry; but you will pardon me if, without impeaching your veracity, I venture to say that you may probably mistake for an attachment to certain principles, a predilection for the interests of your own kinsman."

The captain's eye, as he uttered these words, glanced with a peculiar expression upon a young man to the right of Lingen, who had been among the few who had so ardently supported the defiance of the Governor. The object of this glance was not slow in acknowledging its reference to himself.

"Nay, Sir," he exclaimed, as he checked the ready reply of the Governor, "this quarrel is my own. Captain Birch, although the blood in your veins is the last which I would wish to shed,—notwithstanding your alliance with those unhappy men who are the cause of all our country's misery,—yet your presumptuous pretensions to the hand of a lady

who rejects, who scorns you, and the calumnious aspersion which you have just now cast upon the motives of my honoured kinsman, call for immediate chastisement. There is my glove; and if you dare take it up, here (drawing his sword) is that which shall make you repent your insolence !"

The features of Birch, except that they were lightened for a moment by a contemptuous smile, remained perfectly unchanged—as with one hand he took up the challenger's gage, and with the other unsheathed his weapon. Sir Henry Lingen, however, interposed. "Clifford," he said in a determined tone, "I command you to respect the rights of hospitality and the faith of truce. Captain Birch, I charge you not to forget the peaceable character in which you presented yourself at these gates, and under the sanction of which you have been admitted. For myself, I can readily pardon your personal insinuations, and as to the object of your embassy, tell your leader, that while Goodrich Castle is under my command, Alice Birch may rely upon finding protection within its walls." Birch bowed slightly as he withdrew from the presence of the Governor. "We shall meet again," whispered Clifford as he passed him. "Doubt not that," answered Birch, grasping his hand, and that hostile

pressure was returned with a fervour which perhaps the grasp of friendship never equalled. Shortly afterwards was heard the tramp of their horses' hoofs crossing the drawbridge, and then the heavy creaking of the chains, as the portcullis was once more lowered to forbid the ingress of hostile visitors.

"It is in vain, Clifford; it is in vain!" said Sir Henry Lingen, when the retirement of his officers had left him alone with his nephew; "our ammunition is nearly exhausted, and our provisions are still more scanty; not enough, indeed, to distribute to the garrison any thing like even the slender ration which was dealt out to them yesterday. You perceived that, with the exception of yourself, my sons, and the gallant Vaughan, none of my officers are disposed to hold out any longer, and that they could not even conceal their disaffection in the presence of our arch enemy. The refusal to deliver up his niece will, I have no doubt, exasperate Birch, and, combined with the intelligence which his son will communicate, induce him to make an immediate attack, the success of which appears inevitable. I shall stand out as long as I find any one to support me; but if it comes to the worst, I shall be able to make tolerable terms for myself, and for all but you and Alice. A price being set upon your head in consequence of

your being implicated in the King's escape to Newark, it would not be in the power even of Birch, were he so inclined, to save you; and Alice would be forced into a marriage with this man, who, with all his plausible exterior, and unquestionably soldier-like qualities, I know to be brutal, sanguinary, and fanatical. My valet Simpson, who was for twenty years a servant in this castle, while in the possession of good old Sir Hugh Stanton, will show you a way by which you may escape unobserved, and afterwards meet you at the ferry with means of transporting you across the Wye, to Ragland Castle. I will delay the surrender as long as possible, that your escape may not be discovered till you are beyond the reach of pursuit."

"And why not, my noble uncle, seek safety with us?"

"Nay, I must not desert my men. I have still a hope, although indeed a forlorn one, of being able to keep the castle, and at any rate my authority and management will be essential in procuring honourable terms of capitulation for them, while the escape of all, by the means proposed to you, would be impracticable. Find Alice, to whom Simpson has already communicated my design; lose no time in leaving the castle, and God speed you!"

Clifford wrung his uncle's hand in token of gratitude and affection; and with tears in his eyes, bade him farewell.

Alice Birch had just entered her nineteenth year, and was endowed with all those perfections, both mental and personal, which have been the property of the heroines of romance from time immemorial. At her father's house she had often met Sir Henry Lingen and his nephew, Charles Clifford; with the former of whom Mr. Birch, a gentleman of family and fortune in Gloucestershire, had been a fellow collegian.

The merits of Clifford soon made an impression on the susceptible bosom of Alice. He was nearly three years her senior, of approved bravery and personal beauty, and versed in all the learning and accomplishments of the time. A mutual attachment was the consequence, which, although it had not yet been so far avowed as to call upon Mr. Birch for an expression either of dissent or approval, was not, there was every reason to believe, opposed to his wishes. His death, however, soon took place, and Alice was put under the guardianship of her uncle, a sour Puritan, in whose character for honour and integrity his brother, nevertheless, placed the greatest confidence. A short time, however,

effectually unmasked him. Desirous of securing his brother's estates in his own family, he was anxious to force upon Alice a marriage with his son; and when the civil war broke out, and the party to which he attached himself gained the ascendant, he did not scruple either as to the decorum or the legality of the means which he made use of to accomplish his darling project. Alice was dragged in the train of her uncle, whose busy fears would not allow him to leave her behind him, when he went to lay siege to Goodrich Castle. Here she contrived to effect her escape, if such it could be called, into the beleaguered fortress, whose surrender in the course of a few days was deemed a matter of certainty.

Under these circumstances, it will be readily believed that when Clifford entered her apartment, he discovered in her no inclination to oppose the plan which had been laid down for her deliverance. He found her ready equipped for the journey, while Simpson was fortifying himself for it with the best fare which the larder of the castle, in a state so nearly approaching to exhaustion, could supply. Indeed, both the Governor and his nephew had contributed from their own scanty store, in order to furnish out such a meal as should put Simpson in good humour with the service which he had to perform.

"Dearest Charles," said Alice, "behold me ready to encounter all hazards in your company. Simpson, lead on!"

"Nay, not so fast, young lady! the palfrey is not yet saddled, and it will be ill waiting at the outlet of the subterraneous passage longer than is necessary."

"Well, well! we are at your disposal," said the lady; "but methinks I could echo the wish of Imogene, 'Oh! for a horse with wings!'"

"Trust me, Alice," said Clifford, smiling, "a tight stirrup, and a keen spur, will be of more avail than the pinions of Pegasus himself! But, good Simpson, despatch your meal as quickly as possible. Sir Henry told me that every thing was in readiness."

Another and another mouthful were taken, with even more deliberation than would have been necessary under circumstances of much less moment, before the carnivorous serving-man, either by word or deed, showed the least attention to Clifford's importunities. He then with a slow and cautious step moved on, bidding them follow him, which they did with much more alacrity than seemed agreeable to him, on account probably of the number of his years, or the fullness of his meal. Having

led them to a remote part of the castle, they arrived at a small door, so concealed by being in a dark part of the passage, that it was scarcely discernible. Here Simpson, after trying various keys, found that he had left the only one which could be of any service to them behind him. "Curse on you, for a dilatory dotard!" exclaimed Clifford, "hasten for it; and should you not use a little more expedition, though I shall not honour you with the discipline of my sword, do not expect for equal immunity from my cudgel!"

The old man left them muttering his discontent. Clifford, vexed and mortified himself, had much to do to support the sinking spirits of Alice. His threats, however, were apparently not without their effect upon Simpson, who returned as soon as they could reasonably expect. The door being unlocked, they descended a flight of steps for a considerable time, and long before they reached the bottom, they had lost the light of day. A faint glimmering induced them to hope that they were approaching the outlet, but it turned out to be only the lantern of one of the sentinels, of whom there were twelve, placed at various intervals within ear-shot of each other, to guard this secret entrance to the Castle. The approach of any enemy, should he be able to

discover this entrance through accident, or the treachery of any person acquainted with it, could thus be speedily discovered, and communicated to the inhabitants of the castle, in time to enable them to guard the inner entrance to the passage from surprize, even should the outer one be forced.

In this manner the fugitives traversed the length of nearly half a mile, sometimes ascending, at others descending, and at others treading a level plain. They now arrived at a flight of steps which led to a door in the roof, and before which a sentinel, armed and with a lamp, was pacing. Here Simpson took his leave, promising to meet them at the ferry, which was near three miles from the mouth of the cavern, but telling them that they need not travel at the pace with which they had hurried through the passage, unless they could discover any advantage in being there long before him, and that they would find Sir Henry Lingen's page with the palfrey, soon after getting clear of the cavern. The sentinel then unclosed the trap-door, when Clifford and Alice found themselves in a thick wood, which they had entered from the hollow of an enormous oak, in the bottom of which was the trap-door which had just closed behind them.

By certain letters carved on the bark of the trees,

with which Lingen had made him acquainted, Clifford tracked his way through this otherwise pathless forest, and at length found himself at its outskirts. Here he perceived the palfrey held by a young man, who, as soon as he saw them, made eager signs to them to quicken their pace.

"Ye have been long coming, Sir, as though this were a time to toy with a fair lady, when Birch reckons your blood as already red upon his weapon. I set out long after you, and took a much more circuitous route through the windings of the secret passages, for my steed would find the road which you have come but a sorry one, and yet here am I before you."

"That tedious fool, Simpson, delayed us; but let us lose no more time in words."

Clifford and the page assisted Alice to mount the saddle: the former got up before her, and then after waving his hand to the page, who immediately disappeared in the thickest of the forest, he plunged his spurs into the courser's side, and made the best of his way towards the ferry.

The day had changed from fine to stormy, and the rain, of which they had not felt much while in the forest, was now pouring in torrents, while the swollen Wye, whose banks they were traversing,

was foaming furiously as they passed. They had not proceeded far before they were alarmed by the appearance of an armed horseman, who occupied the centre of the road before them. Although he seemed startled and chagrined to see them, he advanced rapidly towards them, while applying a bugle to his mouth he made the valley ring with its echoes.

"Curse on ye! are ye here so soon, and my tardy villains not arrived; but this right arm will suffice to do the work."

Thus saying, while with one hand he again applied the bugle to his mouth, with the other, which held his weapon, he made a furious lunge at Clifford, who, however, parried the blow, and retreated a few paces.

"Captain Birch," he said, (for he soon recognized his rival,) "is this honourable, like a highwayman to waylay me, or co[illegible]eous to assault me while protecting a lady?"

"Talk ye of honour, coward, who are deserting your comrades in their last extremity, and flying from the consequences of your own challenge?—die!"

While uttering these words, he renewed his attack yet more furiously, and rage, as well as the

necessity for self-defence, gave redoubled vigour to Clifford. With one arm twined round the almost lifeless form of Alice, and with the other aiming at the heart of Birch, he waged for a long time a very unequal combat. The horse of the latter, however, stumbling, precipitated its rider to the ground. Clifford was on the point of generously waving this advantage and dismounting, but his adversary with the speed of lightning recovered his legs; then, foaming with fury and covered with mire, he advanced, and would have sheathed his sword in the bowels of Clifford's horse. Clifford, perceiving his object, struck him a deadly blow on his head, which cut through his helmet, and made a deep incision on his temple. The unhappy man uttered a dreadful groan, and fell lifeless to the earth.

Clifford, gasping for breath, and covered with the blood both of his opponent and himself, perceived, nevertheless, the necessity for immediately resuming his journey. The consciousness of this necessity also operated upon the weak frame and shattered spirits of Alice more effectually than the utmost skill or care could possibly have done, and they were both speedily remounted, and on their way to the ferry. Clifford now began to doubt the fidelity of Simpson, and to suspect that his hesitation and

delay had their origin in a cause less venial than the cravings of his stomach. It was evident that Birch expected them, and that had they been much later they would not have encountered him alone. Still the long-tried fidelity of Simpson, who had been the confidential servant both of his uncle and Sir Hugh Stanton, and who had fought gallantly with the former at Edgehill and Marston, rendered it very difficult to suspect him of treachery.

These thoughts agitated the mind of Clifford, and kept him in a very torturing state of uncertainty while he impelled his jaded steed toward the ferry. When arrived there, his heart sunk within him at beholding nought but the foaming Wye lashed into fury by the wind, and swollen by the excessive rains, without any trace either of Simpson or his boat.

"Alice," he said, "the fates make war against us. There is no peace or safety here. The headsman's block will be my portion, and the dungeons of Goodrich or Chepstow will be yours."

"We shall find peace, if not safety, Clifford," returned Alice, "in the bed of yonder Wye."

Clifford grasped her hand fervently. "Nay, one chance remains for us yet. Our steed may bear us to the opposite bank, and then let Birch and his

myrmidons howl over their disappointed malignity. But hark! I hear Simpson's voice."

The trampling of horses was indeed heard, and Simpson's voice enforcing the necessity of speed. A light broke on the faces of Clifford and Alice as they turned round to hail their deliverer; but it was changed to the blackness of despair when they saw, at the distance of about fifty yards from them, Simpson and Colonel Birch riding abreast of each other, and followed by six horsemen. Clifford plunged his spurs into his courser's flanks, and impelled him to the water's edge. The horse, however, terrified at the appearance of the foaming river, reared and backed, and had nearly thrown his rider. A yell of savage exultation burst from the lips of Birch, who was now within hearing, but what was his astonishment at seeing the lovers dismount, and after tenderly embracing each other, disappear in the foaming torrent. Once the mounting wave raised them on its bosom towards the skies—then subsided and closed over them for ever!

That evening, 31st July, Goodrich castle surrendered, and only four barrels of powder were found left. The lives of Sir Henry Lingen and his officers and soldiers were guaranteed to them; but they were all declared prisoners of war, to be at Colonel Birch's disposal.

It is said that to this day, the spirit of Alice and Clifford haunt the ruined towers of Goodrich, and are heard in every storm, shrieking on the swollen waters of the Wye. The vicinity of the fatal spot is carefully shunned on the anniversary of their catastrophe, and a peasant more hardy than his comrades, who once ventured there on that day, is reported to have seen a horseman, with a female behind him, vainly urging his steed to cross the river. The terrified spectator hastened home to his companions, and the tale which he told heightened and confirmed the religious awe with which that spot has been ever since regarded, and which has kept it sacred from the intrusions of mortal footsteps on the day in question.

A Legend of Pontefract.

"Come mourn, come mourn for me,
You loyal lovers all,
Lament my loss in weedes of woe
Whom griping griefe doth thrall."

THE BRIDE'S BURIAL.

A Legend of Pontefract.

When the war between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians had been brought to an end, by the reduction of all places and persons that had held for the King, and when the hopes of the partizans of the latter had been rendered desperate by his imprisonment in the Isle of Wight, those officers and gentlemen who had served under his banners while there was any service to perform, betook themselves generally to their habitations in the several counties, where they lived quietly and privately, unmolested by the prevailing party. When the Parliament had finished the war, they reduced and slighted the inland garrisons, the maintenance of which was very costly; yet by the influence of some persons interested, or in consideration of the strength and importance of the place, they still kept a garrison in Pontefract Castle, a noble royalty and palace belonging to the crown, and then part of the queen's jointure. The situation in itself was very strong, no part being commanded by any other ground; the house

very large, with all offices suitable to a princely seat; and though built very near the top of a hill, so that it had the prospect of a great part of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and of Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, yet it was plentifully supplied with water. Colonel Cotterell, the governor of the Castle, exercised a very severe jurisdiction over his neighbours of those parts, which were inhabited by many gentlemen and soldiers who had served the King throughout the war, and who were known to retain their old affections, though they lived quietly under the present government. Upon the least jealousy or caprice, these men were frequently sent for, reproached, and sometimes imprisoned by the governor in this fortress. When there appeared some hopes that the Scots would raise an army for the relief and release of the King, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in his way to Scotland, had visited and conferred with some of his old friends and countrymen who now lived quietly within some distance of Pontefract, who conversed with him on the subject of the fortress and the garrison, the place being well known. He assured them that it was the determination of the principal persons of the kingdom of Scotland, to make an effort for the deliverance of the King; that they had invited him (Sir Marmaduke) to co-operate with them; and

that, in consequence of such invitation, he was then going thither. They agreed, that when it should appear that an army was raised in Scotland upon that account, which must draw down the Parliament's army into the other northern counties, and when there should be risings in the other parts of the kingdom (which the general disaffection and discontent, besides some particular designs, made of very probable occurrence,) then those gentlemen should endeavour the surprise of the castle of Pontefract; and after making themselves strong in it, and furnishing it with provisions to endure some restraint, they should draw as formidable a force to their aid as those counties would yield. This scheme being approved of, they arranged such a mode of correspondence with Sir Marmaduke as enabled them frequently to give him an account of their proceedings, and to receive his directions relating to them. In this disposition they continued quiet as they had always been, and the governer of the castle conducted himself towards them with less of his accustomed jealousy and hostility.

Besides maintaining a garrison in Pontefract Castle, Cromwell, who well knew the disaffected spirit of the inhabitants, kept up a considerable army in these parts, whose head-quarters were at Doncaster, under

the command of Colonel Rainsborough. This officer stood high in the favour of his general; was bold and daring, and fit to be entrusted with the most desperate undertakings, and was the man to whom the Independent party always intended to commit the superintendence of the maritime affairs, when a convenient opportunity should offer for dismissing the Earl of Warwick,—Rainsborough having been bred to the sea-service, and being perfectly acquainted with its duties.

Sir Richard Shirley was a great landowner, and the proprietor of a splendid mansion in the neighbourhood of Pontefract. His family had been greatly distinguished for their loyalty, and he only succeeded to the estates by reason of the deaths of his father and his elder brother, while fighting in the ranks of the Royalists at the battle of Edge Hill. He himself espoused the same cause with the utmost zeal and gallantry, until the fatal battles of Newbury, Marston Moor, and Naseby, and the treacherous surrender of the King's person by the Scots, convinced him that the affairs of the Royalists were desperate, and he retired chagrined and mortified to his estate in Yorkshire, where he was permitted to reside unmolested, but under the strict *surveillance* of the governor of Pontefract, and Co-

lonel Rainsborough. The persons who had entered into the compact which we have mentioned with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, were very anxious to get this gentleman to join in their scheme, whom his ancient lineage, large possessions, and personal reputation, as well as the enthusiastic devotion of his numerous tenantry to his fortunes, rendered a very important ally.

"Sir Knight," said the principal mover in the confederacy, a gentleman of Yorkshire, of the name of Cartwright, "the capture of the fortress of Pontefract will form a rallying point for the King's friends, revive the hopes of thousands, and stimulate generous spirits in other parts of the country to follow our example and attempt similar enterprises."

"But know you not," said the Knight smiling, "the dark saying relative to the destinies of our house, which has induced my ancestors for the last three centuries to avoid all contact with Pontefract or its fortunes:

> 'When the heir of Shirley scales Pontefract wall,
> Then shall the race of Shirley fall,
> And the rank grass grow in Pontefract Hall?'"

"I have heard of such a saying," answered Cart-

wright, "but I never heard that the enlightened mind of Sir Richard Shirley placed any faith in a ridiculous tradition, which took its rise in an age of superstition and ignorance, and has been handed down to posterity by the folly and credulity of the vulgar."

"Thou art right, Cartwright, thou art right!" said Shirley; "my mind is, I believe, sufficiently bright to show me my way clearly through the fog and mist of ancient traditions: but in truth I cannot see my way quite so clearly through your hopeful scheme for surprising the castle. I have, I fear, already witnessed the total wreck of the King's fortunes, and have had many occasions for observing the large and useless sacrifices of life and property in enterprises such as that which you have in hand, and must therefore decline becoming a party in it."

A motive, however, which Shirley did not avow was supposed to have no slight influence in determining him. The gallant knight, after escaping the sword of Mars, had been transfixed by the arrow of Cupid. The Lady Isabella Vere was, like himself, the last relic of an ancient and illustrious house. Her father and her brothres had all died in the service of the King, and the family estates, which were declared forfeited to the nation, had

been bestowed upon Colonel Rainsborough, as a reward for his services to the Parliament. The Colonel had not yet entered upon his new property, and the Lady Isabella still remained in possession. Rainsborough, however, preferred a claim which was to her still more odious than that to her patrimony. He became her wooer, and offered to settle upon her the inheritance of her forefathers, on condition that along with this boon she would accept his hand. A more-ill assorted union could scarcely be imagined than that here proposed. Isabella was scarcely twenty years of age, of a fair and delicate complexion, of a slight and somewhat fragile form, but one which seemed the very personifications of grace and elegance, light blue eyes, long flowing flaxen ringlets, and a voice whose softest tone thrilled to the very heart of the hearer: her mind was moreover richly furnished. She was a zealous Royalist, and like all her family, not only a staunch Episcopalian, but shrewdly suspected of having a secret leaning towards the [illegible] tenets of the church of Rome.

Rainsborough was a bulky but strong and well-knit figure, somewhat under the middle size; his features were harsh and stern, but wonderfully expressive of the decision, boldness, and energy, of

his character; his brows were black and bushy, his complexion of a dark lurid red; and his eye, small, black, bright, and continually glancing to and fro, seemed the appropriate symbol of the mingled bitterness, malignity, acuteness and activity of his mind. He was above fifty years of age, and as the reader will guess from the post which he occupied, one of the most zealous Independents and determined anti-monarchists in the nation. He was also a gallant soldier, a strict disciplinarian, and a severe moralist; but at the same time sanguinary and ferocious, a pitiless enemy, and a tyrannical master and commander. With these contrasts of person, character, and age, it is not to be wondered at that the high aristocratical heiress received the proposition of the Roundhead Colonel with abhorrence and disgust. Her heart too was devoted to Sir Richard Shirley, and the importunities of Rainsborough only determined her to hasten the period at which she would seal the happiness of her more favoured lover. At length, on one occasion, when the solicitations of the Colonel had been more urgent than ever, and he had even descended to threaten her with beggary and ruin if she did not accede to his proposal, she told him that he might seize on her estates as soon as he pleased, for that tyranny and oppression had

made them his, but that her heart was Sir Richard Shirley's, and that in three days her hand would be his also. With malice and fury in his heart and his looks, Rainsborough rushed from her presence, and bent his steps towards Pontefract Castle, to seek the commiseration and counsel of the governor.

There remains one more personage to be introduced to the notice of our readers. Colonel John Morice, when a very young man, and at the beginning of the war had been an officer in some regiment of the King's. He afterwards, "out of the folly and impatience of his youth," according to Clarendon, but, in fact, from a conviction that the civil and religious liberties of the nation were menaced by the arbitrary proceeding of Charles and his favourites, and never anticipating that the opponents of government would go to their subsequent excess of violence and fanaticism, had quitted the royal service and engaged himself in the army of the Parliament. His courage, talents, and agreeable and engaging manners, not only made him a welcome acceptable accession to the cause of the revolters, but procured him a colonelcy in their forces; and, being anxious to distinguish himself, he undertook many enterprises of great peril, and performed actions of extraordinary valour. A more intimate ac-

quaintance with his new associates, however, disgusted him, and he began to think that the liberties of the nation stood in even greater peril from their proceedings, than from those of the royalists.

After the new modelling of the army,—of which Oliver Cromwell became the actual, although Fairfax remained the ostensible head,—and the introduction of a severer discipline, his life of great license kept not his reputation with the new officers; and being a free speaker and censurer of their affected behaviour, they left him out in their composition of the new army, but with many professions of kindness and respect for his eminent courage, which they assured him that they would find some occasion to employ and reward. He was a gentleman of a competent estate, and as he had grown older, he had heartily detested himself for having quitted the King's service, and had resolved to take some reasonable opportunity to wipe off that blemish by a service that would redeem him, and so was not troubled at being set aside by the new general, but betook himself to his estate, enjoyed his old humour, which was cheerful and pleasant, and made himself most acceptable to those who were most trusted by the Parliament, and who thought that they had dismissed one of the best officers that they had, and were sorry for it.

He now, as a country gentleman, frequented the fairs and markets, and conversed with equal freedom with all his neighbours, of what party soever they had been, and renewed the friendship he had formerly held with some of those gentlemen who had served the King.

But no friendship seemed to be so dear to him as that of the Governor of Pontefract castle, who delighted so much in his company that he made him remain with him sometimes a week and more at a time in the castle, when they always lay together in one bed. Morice, however, knew that the Governor, although he professed and might even entertain a great personal attachment to him, had been active in procuring his removal from the army, as one whose carnal and unregenerate spirit did not fit him to hold a command in that saintlike body. Stung, therefore, by the affront offered him, although happy to have an opportunity of once more serving the cause which he had deserted, and prompted by both motives to join in the enterprise for surprising the castle, he entered into communication with Hugh Cartwright, the prime mover of the conspiracy, and told him that he would undertake to surprise that castle whenever they should think the season ripe for it. Cartwright, who knew him very well, believed him so impli-

citly, that he told his companions that they need not trouble themselves with contriving the means to surprise the place, which, by trusting too many, would be liable to discovery; but that he would take that charge upon himself by a way that they need not inquire into, but which he assured them should not fail. They all very willingly put themselves under his direction, which they knew he would not have assumed, unless he felt sufficiently confident of the success of the undertaking. Morice was now more frequently with the Governor, who never thought himself well without him. He always told him that he must have a great care of his garrison, and be assured that he had none but faithful men in the castle, for that he was confident that some men who lived not far off, and who many times came to visit him, had some designs upon the place. Morice would then, as it were in confidence, mention the names of Cartwright and many other persons to him; some were those very men with whom he communicated, and others were men of another temper and most devoted to the Parliament. "Trouble not yourself, my good Cotterell," he would say to the Governor, "concerning these machinations. I have found out a false brother among them, from whom

I am sure to have seasonable advertisement, and I can at any time, within a few hours' notice, bring you forty or fifty good men into the castle to reinforce your garrison when there shall be occasion." He would show the Governor a list of such men as would be always ready, and would sometimes bring some of these men with him, and tell the Governor before them, that those were in the list he had given him of the honest fellows who would stick to him in case of need; others would accidentally tell Cotterell that they had enlisted themselves with Colonel Morice to come to the castle whenever he should call or send for them. All these men, thus enlisted, were persons very notorious for the bitterness and malice which they entertained towards the King, not one of whom did Morice ever intend to make use of.

This wily intriguer made himself very familiar with the soldiers of the castle, and used to play and drink with them; and when he lay there, would often rise in the night and visit the guards, and by that means would sometimes make the Governor dismiss and discharge a soldier whom he did not like, under pretence of his always finding him asleep, or of some other fault that could not be inquired into. Then he would commend some other to him as very

fit to be trusted and relied upon, and by this means he had great power and influence in the garrison. The Governor received several letters from his friends in the Parliament, and in the country, warning him to take care of Colonel Morice, who, they informed him, had resolved to betray him, and had been seen in the company of Cartwright and of other persons who were generally esteemed most malignant, and had great intrigues with them. All this intelligence was, however, previously well known to the Governor; for Morice was never in the company of the confederates, though with all the show of secrecy, in the night, or in places remote from any house, but he always told the Governor of it, and of many particular passages at those meetings; so that, when these letters came to him he showed them to Morice, and then both of them laughed at the intelligence. After this, Morice would frequently call for his horse and return home, telling his friend, that though he had, he was sure, no mistrust of his friendship, and knew him too well to think him capable of such treachery, yet that he should not for his own sake be thought to slight the information, which would make his friends the less careful of him,—that they were right in giving him warning of those meetings, which, if he had not

known himself, would have been very worthy of his suspicion. He would therefore forbear coming to the castle again till the jealousy of friends would be over who would know of this and be satisfied with it. No power of the Governor's could ever prevail with him at such times to tarry in the castle, but he would be gone and stay away till he was after some time sent for again with importunity, the Governor desiring his counsel and assistance as much as his company.*

Such was the state of affairs in the castle of Pontefract and its neighbourhood, on the morning that Sir Richard Shirley arrived at the mansion of the De Veres to claim the fair hand of the heiress of that ancient and honourable and once wealthy house. "Believe me, sweet Isabella," he said, "though this is not the time to attempt any thing in the cause of our royal master, that the period will arrive when the diadem shall once more sparkle on his brows, and when these fair domains of thy forefathers shall be restored to their rightful heiress."

"Thy love, Sir Knight," said the lady, blushing, "is a dominion extensive enough for the desires of Isabella Vere. The spirits of my forefathers will

rest in peace, though the step of the stranger profanes their halls—though the form of the stranger presses their pillows—though the laugh of the stranger echoes at their social hearths, and his glass goes round at their festive board."

These words were uttered in such a tone of solemnity and feeling, as convinced the knight that his fair bride suffered more in departing from that venerable mansion which had been occupied by her ancestors for many generations, than she chose to express. "Sweetest!" he said, as he kissed away the falling tear that had gathered in her eye, "let us away to Shirley Priory—the minister of Heaven awaits to link us in those holy bonds which man cannot rend asunder."

At that moment the noise, as of a conflict, was audible from a distant part of the house, and presently the heavy tramp of footsteps was heard distinctly resounding through the hall, and approaching the door of the chamber in which the lovers sat. Soon afterwards the door flew open, and twelve men, armed with swords and pistols, entered the apartment, in the foremost of whom Sir Richard Shirley recognized Colonel Cotterell, the governor of Pontefract castle.

"What means this intrusion, Colonel?" said the

knight indignantly, while his hand instinctively grasped his sword.

"No intrusion in the world, good Sir Richard," said the Governor coolly; "and as for your bodkin, you may spare yourself the trouble of drawing it, for behold——," pointing his pistol at the knight, while a ferocious grin discomposed the gravity of his own features.

"Ruffian and traitor! crop-eared villain!" exclaimed Shirley.

"Good words, good words, Sir Knight! or again, I say, behold!" returned Cotterell, once more pointing his pistol.

"Gallant men!" said Shirley, approaching the Governor's followers, "may I crave of you an explanation of this uncourteous riddle? You surely know your duties too well, as English citizens and soldiers, to countenance and second this man in any act of lawless violence which he may purpose to commit."

"Sir Richard Shirley," said Cotterell, with the same imperturbable coolness, "you know that I am empowered to administer martial law in this district; and if you attempt to obstruct me in the execution of my duty, or to seduce my men, knight as you are, your gilt spurs shall not save your heels

from dangling from the first tree in Shirley Park. I come hither to take possession of this fair mansion and its demesnes, in the name of that gallant soldier of his country, and that honoured servant of the Lord, Colonel Rainsborough."

"Dear Sir Richard!" exclaimed Isabella, trembling, and clinging to her lover's arms, "obstruct him not; he has authority from persons who, though wicked and barbarous as himself, are far too powerful for us to contend against. Let him possess himself of the ancient heritage of the De Veres; but, may the insulted spirits of its former occupiers haunt his pillow as long as his unhallowed grasp is upon it!"

"Fair Lady," said Cotterell, "even curses become your pretty mouth so well, that I must forgive that sin; but it is my duty farther to take such care of you and place you under such holy and religious teaching, that you will see the error of your ways, and learn to eschew the profanations and vanities in which you have been brought up: I have authority not only to take possession of the heritage of the De Veres, but of the heiress also."

"Man!" exclaimed Shirley, "art thou mad, or is it a part of thy commission to drive me so?"

"Neither, neither," said the Roundhead; "but

I am authorized, since madmen are dangerous characters, to take such measures as shall prevent those in whom I discover symptoms of insanity from disturbing the peace of the commonwealth."

"Insolent varlet!" exclaimed Shirley, unsheathing his sword.

"Beware, Sir Knight!" said the Governor, cocking his pistol; "I see indications of mental aberration in your eye. Take the advice of a physician well skilled in cases such as yours."

"Dunghill! dirt!" said Shirley; "do you mean to persist in attempting to possess yourself of the person of this lady?"

"As sure as God is in heaven, and as you will shortly be there, unless you speedily alter your conduct, I do," said the Governor.

"Then strike at her through my heart!" said Shirley, advancing and brandishing his sword.

"Amen! amen!' said Cotterell, discharging his pistol; and the ball would certainly have entered the knight's heart, had he not, as he vehemently rushed towards Cotterell, suddenly stumbled and fallen; and, as he brandished his weapon above his head, received it in his sword arm. The sword dropped from his hand, and, uttering a dreadful groan, he sunk with his face towards the earth.

"He's slain! he's slain!" shrieked Isabella, as she threw herself upon the body. "Nay, nay, Madam," said Cotterell, "'tis not so; these malignants, I verily believe, bear charmed lives. Remove her, fellows,—remove her gently, if you can,—but at any rate, remove her; so, Ezekiel Wellbeloved, hold her arms. These tears will speedily be dried. Good Morice, I leave six of my fellows with you, to take possession of the mansion. Look to this wittol Knight's wound; 'tis but a scratch, I believe. His folly deserved a more complete reward."

Thus saying, the Governor and six of his troop departed with the Lady Isabella in their custody, whose tears and shrieks had as little effect in softening the hearts of her captors, as her feeble strength in resisting their violence. The rest of his followers remained behind with Shirley, one of whom, raising him from the ground, assisted him to a couch. "You are hurt, Sir Knight," said he, "but not dangerously." The ball had struck him in the arm, but had not lodged there, and the blood was flowing copiously. His attendant bound up the wound, and was speedily assisted in his kind offices by the domestics and the family surgeon, who, soon after the departure of Cotterell, entered the apartment. The surgeon prescribed rest and quiet as the specifics

most likely to conduce to convalescence. "Rest!" exclaimed the sufferer; "how can I enjoy rest, while Isabella is in the hands of these inhuman ruffians? Whither have they borne her?"

"To Pontefract castle," said he who seemed to be the leader of the troopers whom the Governor had left behind.

"To Pontefract castle!" groaned Shirley; "then are we both indeed lost!"

"Good friends," said the leader, addressing the troopers and the servants, "give me leave awhile. I would address a few words in private to the knight." The troopers bowed in respectful acquiescence and retired, having first, by a significant motion of their swords, induced the servants to do the same.

"What say you now, Sir Knight?" asked the leader; "will you assist the Cavaliers in their scheme for gaining possession of the castle?"

"Ha!" said the knight, in a tone of surprise, raising his head, and gazing stedfastly in the face of the querist; "who are you, that ask me such a question?"

"One, Sir Knight," replied the other, "deeply pledged to the same project, and who will never cease his exertions till it is accomplished."

"Away, away!" said Shirley; "thou mockest me, or thou thirstest for my blood, and wouldst lure me into this plot and then betray me. How am I to believe that one who has even now been so active in the service of the Governor of Pontefract, is in league with his bitterest enemies?"

"The masked battery, Sir Richard, is the most destructive;—read and be satisfied." Thus saying, he put a small billet, directed to Shirley, into his hand, which he recognized as the writing of Cartwright. He opened it and read, '*You may trust him.*'"

"And who, then, are you?" asked Sir Richard, in a tone of anxiety and surprise.

"I am Colonel Morice," returned the other.

"Colonel Morice," exclaimed Shirley; "the bosom-friend of Cotterell—the sharer of his bed—the counsellor of his intrigues—the leader of his excursions: it is not possible!"

"It is as true," said Morice, "as that the Lady Isabella Vere is by this time safely immured within the four strong walls of Pontefract. Will you join those gallant servants of King Charles in that enterprise, by the success of which alone her rescue can be effected?"

"I will! I will!" said the Knight, with so much

vehemence, that all his remaining strength seemed exhausted in giving utterance to his determination.

"Then remain tranquil for a few days," said Morice. "My power extends to granting you permission to reside here for a short period, until you can with safety be removed. In the mean time, I will communicate to Cartwright and the other Cavaliers the intelligence of your accession to our plot; and shortly, very shortly, good Sir Richard, I hope to see the Lady Isabella Vere restored to your embrace." Shirley wrung his new friend's hand in token of acquiescence in his arrangement, and then the latter took his departure for Pontefract castle.

"Ellis," said Colonel Morice, as he crossed the court of guard to one of the soldiers, "ye know your cue."

"Fear me not, Colonel," said Ellis; "only place me in that post, and my part in the scheme shall be performed to your heart's content."

"Your reward shall be ample, my gallant friend!" said Morice; "and King Charles's livery will be a more becoming covering for such a stalwart frame and loyal heart as thine than the dishonourable badges of these round-pated traitors. I go to the Governor to concert the necessary

arrangements; for he, although unconsciously, must be one of the principal agents in the execution of our plot."

"Thrice welcome, good Morice," said the Governor, as the Colonel entered his apartment: "yet I was but even now told," he added, smiling "that I was only working my own destruction in bidding thee welcome. Ezekiel Wellbeloved has just sent me word from De Vere manor, that he was accidentally an auditor of a most traitorous and wicked conversation between you and Sir Richard Shirley, which had for its subject no less a project than that of rescuing the Lady Isabella from my custody, and placing Pontefract castle in the hands of the Cavaliers."

Morice started at this intimation, for he had not the slightest suspicion that his conversation with the knight had been overheard. The Governor, however, fortunately, did not notice his emotion; and Morice, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise, replied, "It is most true, my dear Cotterell. The train which I have been so long laying, is fired at last. The wittol knight, like a bee-stung bull-dog, has jumped headlong into the lion's jaws. The abduction of the Lady Isabella has goaded him to madness; and I have persuaded him, as the only

means of procuring her rescue, to join in the plot which the Cavaliers have been so long brooding over, for surprising the castle."

"And of which plot," said the Governor laughing, "thou, Morice, art the great head and instigator?"

"Even so, good Governor!" said Morice, joining in the laugh. "How wilt thou stare, when thou seest me by thy bed-side, holding my pistol to thy head, and shouting 'Thou art my prisoner!' But this knight has, as I tell thee, rushed into the lion's jaws:—we must let him go on till he has sufficiently committed himself, and then denounce him to the Lord-general. The gates of Shirley Priory will then speedily be decorated with the head of their [illegible]inless proprietor, and the broad acres attached to them, will be divided between those good servants of the Commonwealth, John Morice, and Charles Cotterell, in recompense for their timely and important intelligence."

"My better angel!" said the Governor embracing him, "go on and prosper in your scheme, and make such arrangements in the castle, and with the garrison, as you think will best conduce to its successful issue."

"I have but one alteration to propose, Governor, in your arrangements," said Morice; "this Well-

beloved, who seems so eagle-eyed in detecting the treachery of others, is himself, as I am well informed, a traitor of the deepest die, and has engaged to deliver up the castle to Cartwright and the Cavaliers. This man is one of the sentinels stationed at the outward eastern wall, a post where you require, more than at any other, men on whose fidelity you can depend. Let him be removed to some station in the interior of the castle, and put in his place, Ellis, one of the stoutest and honestest soldiers in the garrison. If this man proves false, then believe that John Morice is as great a traitor as Ezekiel Wellbeloved represents him to be."

"It shall be as thou sayest, Morice," replied Cotterell; "I will but give directions for escorting the Lady Isabella to the quarters of Colonel Rainsborough at Doncaster, and will then see Ellis placed in the post of Wellbeloved."

"'Sdeath, man!" exclaimed Morice, alarmed at the intimation of the Governor, "thou must not be suchesty. Detain the Lady Isabella in the castle for a month, or at least a week. If you send her to Doncaster to-day, the peasantry, who are now exasperated and indignant at her seizure, will be up in arms, and endeavour to intercept her on the road, when, even should they be unsuccessful, much

riot and commotion will be excited, for which the Parliament will not thank us very heartily, when they learn that the cause of all was a love-affair of Colonel Rainsborough's. Guard her closely for a short time, till the discontent of the peasantry is abated and their watchfulness laid asleep, and then we may easily and quietly rid ourselves of her."

"Colonel Rainsborough," said Cotterell——

"Tut, man!" interrupted Morice, "Colonel Rainsborough's private interests must yield to the general good. Should Sir Anthony Shirley hear that his bird is flown he will not care about getting possession of the cage, and then this goodly scheme that we have been concocting for cutting off an unnecessary head, and dividing between us some hundreds of the fattest acres in Yorkshire, tumbles to pieces like a house of cards."

"I must write then to Colonel Rainsborough?" said Cotterell.

"Write, man! aye, write, and speedily; and tell him," he added, as the Governor left the apartment and closed the door behind him,—"what an ass's head thou wearest upon thy shoulders."

It took a full week after the occurrence of the incidents which have just been narrated, to recover Sir Anthony Shirley from the effects of his wound,

and to mature the plans of the conspirators. At length a night was fixed upon, on which a body of five hundred men, composed chiefly of the tenantry of Cartwright and Shirley, should approach the castle, on that part of the eastern wall where Ellis was stationed inside as sentinel. Ellis was to provide a ladder of rope, which he was to let down, by which means Cartwright, Shirley, and about a dozen of the most determined of their followers were to get over the wall, where they were to be joined by Morice. This part of their scheme accomplished, they were to proceed to the court of guard, overpower the guard, which consisted but of three men, and then open the castle-gates to the main body of their companions. Morice had managed to protract the departure of the Lady Isabella from the castle to Doncaster, (a measure which the Governor was very anxious to carry into speedy effect,) until the day after the night on which he hoped to put the Cavaliers in possession of the castle, and Shirley of his betrothed bride. The only difficulty they had to encounter was the vigilance of Anderson, the other sentinel on the eastern wall, of whose bravery and watchfulness Cotterell had so high an opinion, that Morice found it impossible to induce the Governor to place any other person in his post. He at

length, however, succeeded in persuading Cotterell, that as this was the last night of the Lady Isabella's residence in the castle, extraordinary care should be taken to prevent her escape, and that the services of Anderson might be that night much better employed than at the eastern wall, where Ellis was sufficient to perform every duty, by watching outside the chamber of the Lady Isabella. To this arrangement the Governor consented, but on the condition that three or four times in the course of the night, Anderson should repair to his accustomed post at the eastern wall, to see that all was right, and then return to his charge on the outside of the lady's chamber. Morice, therefore, took care that the assault upon the castle should take place at a period as remote as possible from the times stipulated for these visits of Anderson to the scene of the intended operations.

In the mean time the Lady Isabella was kept closely confined to her chamber, for Cotterell dreaded even the sympathy of the domestics of the castle for the altered fortunes of the heiress of De Vere. "Was it not enough to seize the poor lady's lands," muttered the grey-headed porter, "but that her goodly person must be immured in this gloomy fortress, and then given up to the gloomier custody

of Michael Rainsborough." The huntsman declared that her form was statelier than the noblest deer that he had ever started in the forest; and the falconer, that her eye was brighter than the proudest vulture's that ever soared from the fist of an emperor. But the person who seemed most deeply to sympathise with the fair captive, was a tender-hearted damsel who was appointed to wait upon her during her incarceration. Annette, previous to the reception of the Lady Isabella into the castle had attracted all eyes, and won all hearts that approached the fortress; and now that she felt eclipsed by the more powerful charms of the prisoner, she could even forgive that flagitious female crime superior beauty, since she knew that one heart, that of John Anderson, the sentinel, remained constant to her. Her compassion for Isabella increased to a tenfold degree, when she learned that it was intended to force her into an union with Colonel Rainsborough, with whose person and character she was well acquainted, and for both of which she had an equal abhorrence. It was, therefore, with streaming eyes and a bleeding heart that she informed the lady, after about a fortnight's residence in the castle, that she was on the next day to be removed to Doncaster, for the purpose of being

placed under the guardianship of Colonel Rainsborough.

"Is there no hope, Annette, no chance of escaping?" asked Isabella.

"Alas, Madam! the walls are high and well guarded; the sentinels are vigilant and active, and there is moreover a guard to be placed at your chamber door this night, in order to cut off the slightest chance of your effecting your escape. There is yet one hope, nevertheless," she added hesitatingly.

"Name it, sweet girl!" said Isabella; "enable me but to escape once more the infliction of an interview with this detested Rainsborough, and I will give thee—at least," she added, after a short pause and in a desponding tone, "thy reward shall be as rich as the disinherited Isabella Vere can make it."

"Sweet lady!" said Annette, "I will ask for no reward but the joy of knowing that you are safely liberated from the clutches of Rainsborough and his myrmidons. John Anderson, who is to keep guard at your chamber-door this night, is a kind-hearted lad, and is (a deep blush suffused her features as she spoke) not one who is accustomed to look at a pretty face and bright eyes with indifference."

"Haste thee to him, my good girl!" said Isabella, taking a rich chain of pearls from her neck, and

thrusting it into Annette's hands; "give him this, and tell him that his reward shall be doubled if he will but aid me in effecting my escape from this horrible place. Tell him that Sir Richard Shirley (here it was the Lady Isabella's turn to blush) will not fail to reward the deed nobly, however limited the means of Isabella Vere may be. Tell him too, that sooner or later King Charles will come to his own again, and that then the services of those who have helped his loyal followers in their adversity, will not be forgotten."

Annette darted from the chamber holding the lady's precious gift in her hand, and soon after returned leading in the stout form of John Anderson. The sentinel made a profound bow, and the lady, bending her beautiful eyes upon him, began to explain the cause of her having solicited this interview. The result will be communicated to the reader in a subsequent part of this narrative.

On that day, at about an hour before midnight, the Cavaliers started from Shirley Priory for the purpose of putting into execution their project for surprising the castle. The day, which had been cloudy and tempestuous, was followed by a night of comparative calmness. The heavy rains had ceased to fall, but the trees and the bushes having been satu-

rated by the moist element, had hoarded the relics of the shower, which they now distilled upon the Cavaliers as they passed. The wind no longer blew with the violence of a hurricane, but made a low melancholy moaning, which struck on the ear of Shirley as ominous of an unprosperous issue to his enterprise. The clouds were driving rapidly through the sky, and the pale moon breaking at intervals from behind them, threw a fitful and uncertain light upon the adventurers, and compelled them by its unwelcome splendour sometimes to seek the shadow of the trees, which on the left hand skirted the road that led to the eastern wall of the castle. There they crept cautiously along, fearful lest a steel morion or a sword should glisten in the betraying light, until the clouds once more veiled the midnight orb; and then they again emerged into the broad road, and careful only that their footsteps should be as nearly as possible inaudible, picked their way with watchful eyes and ears, firm but cautious steps, and anxious and agitated but undaunted hearts. As the moon gleamed on the castle wall, they beheld the ladder of ropes already placed there for their ascent. They could see, too, their ally, Ellis the sentinel, pacing slowly backwards and forwards on his post, and they also saw with

equal satisfaction, that the other sentinel, Anderson, who was not privy to their plot, was absent. Shirley now placed a bugle to his mouth, and blew so low and faint a note, that the sound could not have been caught by any ear but one that was anxiously watching for it. The note was immediately answered by another equally low and faint from the sentinel on the walls. "All's right, Shirley," said Cartwright: "I will now therefore wheel round to the great gate of the castle with the main body of our followers, and do you, with these twelve, scale the wall. As soon as you have mastered the guard and opened the gates to us, we shall be prepared to rush in and complete the enterprise which you have begun."

Shirley wrung his friend's hand, and each proceeded in silence to execute his own part of the adventure. The heavens were enveloped in total darkness as the knight approached the wall, and the little party was obliged to pause some minutes, until a gleam of moonlight should once more indicate to them the ladder by which they were to ascend. At length the wished-for blaze illuminated the entire wall: "By Heaven!" exclaimed Shirley, "our friend Morice has been better than his promise. There are two ladders, although I only ob-

served one when we first came in sight of the castle. Do thou, Capel," he added, addressing one of his followers, " with these six men, mount the first ladder which we beheld; myself, with the others, will find our way over the wall by the second."

Thus saying he began to mount the wall, being once more involved in total darkness. A heavy shower of rain, too, now began to fall, and made his footing slippery and uncertain; he, however, clung fast to the ropes, and was rapidly approaching the summit of the wall, when he heard one of the soldiers who preceded him, exclaim—" Betrayed, betrayed! Anderson is at his post!" At that moment the moon again steeped the whole wall in a flood of splendour; and Shirley, looking up, beheld Ellis welcoming Capel and his companions at the top of the other ladder, while on that part of the wall where he was to make his own ascent, stood a soldier whose movements and gestures, although they indicated that he was not privy to their scheme, showed rather a person stricken with alarm at their presence, than one who should himself fill them with apprehension. He appeared to be about to descend the ladder when the moonlight enabled him to recognize the intruders. Uttering a tremendous shout, or rather scream, he darted back as soon as he be-

held them, and ran along the wall. "By Heaven!" exclaimed Shirley, rushing past his own soldier, who had preceded him, and pursuing Anderson, "he will alarm the guard! He must be silenced, although it be at the expense of his life." The pursuer gained ground on the pursued, and at length clutched him in his sinewy grasp. "Be silent, or thou diest!" said Shirley. "Ha! Sir Richard Shirley," exclaimed the soldier, in a tone of vociferous surprise. "Knowest thou me?" said the knight; "then thy intelligence has doomed thee, even though thy clamour could have been pardoned. Down, down! to silence and to death!" Thus saying, he seized the soldier in his arms, and with herculean strength flung him over the battlements. One long loud shriek burst from the unhappy man as he was falling, and after an interval of a few seconds, his body was heard to dash violently upon the pavement of the yard below.

Sir Anthony Shirley shuddered, and stopped his ears. "'Twas a fearful necessity," he said, as he joined his comrades: "Heaven have mercy on his soul! Draw in the ladder and let us descend, lest this man's noise should have roused the Governor." They lost no time in descending, and at length reached the ground, but not until they saw lights

glancing in various parts of the castle, and heard the sentinels passing the word of alarm from their various posts.

" Hasten, hasten !" exclaimed Morice, whom, together with Ellis, Capel, and their other friends, they found below ; " let us hasten to the court and seize upon the guard ! The Governor is roused, but we can yet reach the court of guard before any one else ; and if we can open the gates to our friends ere the Governor arrives there, then the castle is our own. What unlucky chance could have brought the ill-fated Anderson to the wall ?"

" I knew not that he was there," said Ellis, " or that there was any other ladder than my own on the wall, until a sudden gleam of moonlight showed him to me descending it."

By this time they had reached the court and rushed upon the guard who, being only three in number and stupefied by the suddenness of the assault, immediately surrendered. The porter, who sat by them, was then compelled to unbar and unlock the great gate of the castle, and let down the drawbridge, while Morice held his sword to his throat. Cartwright and above five hundred men immediately rushed into the court of guard, almost at the same moment that the Governor and about

twenty of the garrison entered it from the interior of the castle. The latter were immediately surrounded and overpowered, and Morice, walking up to the Governor, said, "Colonel Cotterell, you are my prisoner!"

"You jest, friend Morice," said Cotterell, "you cannot be so black a traitor!"

"Traitor! sayest thou, Governor?" returned Morice, "nay, now it is thou that jestest! If I have been a traitor, it has been not to thee, but to my friends here, Sir Richard Shirley, and Mr. Cartwright; for I made you acquainted with all the details of the plot, and the names of the parties implicated. Nevertheless, one thing is certain, that the castle is now mine, and that you are my prisoner. I owe you, however, many good offices, and will take care to procure your pardon from the King. Now, Sir Richard Shirley, it is time that you, as a true knight, proceed to set free the fair and oppressed lady whom this foul Paynim has immured in his enchanted castle. Proceed we to her dungeon. I will be your guide."

Thus saying, Morice led the way to the chamber of the Lady Isabella, followed by Sir Richard and two or three of the parties engaged in that night's enterprise; who, being tenants of the De Vere es-

tates, were anxious to be assured of the safety of their lady. The tumult appeared to have aroused the lady; for they found her chamber door opened, and her with her back towards them, seated at a small table. Shirley stole softly behind her, and Morice followed him at a distance of a few paces, anxious to participate in the delight of the lovers at being thus restored to each other. The knight gently touched her on the shoulder. She started, and turning round, showed to him features to which he was totally a stranger,—but in which the astonished Morice recognised the bushy eye-brows, the war-grained cheek, and the black beard of Anderson, the sentinel. Morice started back as though he had seen a spectre. "What am I to understand!" he exclaimed, "can I believe my senses? Shirley, I thought you told me that this man was slain?"

"What mean you?" asked Shirley, his lip quivering and his face turning as pale as ashes.

"'Tis Anderson," said Morice, "whom you told me you had precipitated from the eastern wall."

"Pardon me, noble Colonel," said Anderson, in a tone of mingled gratulation and compunction, "'tis the first act of disobedience that John Anderson ever committed. I can listen unmoved to the roar of

artillery, but not to a lady's sight; I can see, without flinching, the blood of brave men moistening the plain, but I dare not look on the tears streaming down a fair cheek!"

"Cut short thy prating, dotard!" said Morice, in an agony of anxiety. "What means this unseemly metamorphosis?"

"Then you must know, noble Colonel," said Anderson, "that the distress of the young lady at the prospect of being given up on the morrow to Colonel Rainsborough so melted my heart that I consented to exchange habiliments with her, and sent her to occupy my place as sentinel on the eastern wall; furnished, moreover, with a ladder of ropes, to enable her to make her escape from the castle to Shirley Priory."

"Look to the knight," exclaimed Morice, as he saw the unhappy Shirley falling backwards, with a face bloodless and ghastly as the features of the dead. The attendants rushed forwards and received his sinking weight in their arms.

The *eclaircissement* was now completed by a party of soldiers, who entered the apartment bearing the dead body of the person whom Shirley had precipitated from the wall. The corpse was fearfully shattered and mangled by the fall, but notwith-

standing this disfigurement and the soldier's dress which she wore, Morice had no difficulty in recognising the features of Isabella Vere. A convulsive shudder ran through his frame, and a groan burst from his heart, which was echoed by all present as he stooped to gaze on the yet bleeding relics of this ill-starred fair one. "Unhappy Shirley!" he exclaimed, "the ways of Heaven are inscrutable. Just at the moment that thou hadst hoped to clasp thy loved one to thy heart, thou findest thy own hand mysteriously embrued in her blood. Bear him away, while yet he remains insensible. lest the first object recognised by his reviving eyes should be this fearful spectacle."

The whole of that night Shirley remained in a deathlike trance, and indicated only by his low faint breathing, that the vital spark within was not extinct. On the morning he opened his eyes, but they were lustreless and meaningless. His speech was rambling and incoherent, and his once fine expressive features wore a melancholy look of blank vacuity. Many years afterwards rolled over his head before he sunk into his grave; but his mind never returned to its dwelling, and the last gaze from the eyes of the last of the Shirleys, before they were closed for ever, was the wild and

wandering stare of a maniac. Long before that event took place, the castle of Pontefract had been retaken by the Republicans under General Lambert, and its once aspiring towers razed to the ground; so that the ominous prediction which was mentioned in an early part of this narrative was literally fulfilled:—

"When the heir of Shirley scales Pontefract wall,
Then shall the race of Shirley fall,
And the rank grass grow in Pontefract-hall."

THE END.

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